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LIBERTY NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

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February



Illustrous French Warriors

Who Helped Us Win Our Independence. Pershing
and Sims Are Returning Their Visit.—See Page 14.

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We Shall Face Starvation Next Winter if the Farm Labor Problem Is Not Solved at Once

THE guns and ammunition we are making and the soldiers we are training will be useless if we fail to produce the food requisite for our people and our army and a surplus sufficient to supply the needs of our allies. All our tremendous war preparations will prove a worse than useless sacrifice if so mismanaged as to impair the productiveness of our farms by drawing away from them the laborers necessary for their efficient operation, and thereby cause a world famine. Precisely that danger is threatened by the present chaotic labor conditions in America. This alarming situation must be intelligently and vigorously dealt with and effectively remedied at once if we are to raise sufficient crops the coming season to avert the double calamity of defeat by starvation.

Europe already is on the verge of starvation despite the immense food shipments from America, and while the war lasts we must continue to supply our allies and, if possible, increase the allowance we send them—they can not do with less. In view of the stringent regulations for food conservation and the fact that we are already on short rations with respect to some of the most important articles of diet, nobody need be told that the present food supply in this country is inadequate. There is every reason for our Government's urgent request for the farmers to raise larger crops the coming season. Our basic hope of victory in the present war depends on our farms and farmers, and yet, since entering the war, our Government has permitted and in a way encouraged an industrial policy that is crippling our agriculture by causing a deficiency of farm laborers and a wage rate so high as to be well-nigh prohibitive to the farm owner or renter.

There is a general shortage of labor but of farm labor most of all. The calling of nearly one and one half million men from civil life to the army and navy unavoidably caused a large depletion of the ranks of industrial workers, and the progress will be repeated in still other drafts to follow in rapid succession. But men necessarily employed in the manufacture of war material are exempted from military service, and there is equal if not greater need of exempting those who are working the farms.

The enormous expansion of ship-building, munition plants and factories engaged in making various other kinds of army supplies has suddenly created a largely increased demand for labor, which could be supplied only by robbing other industries of their help. The huge profits of the munition makers enabled them to offer wages that attracted hosts of laborers from other industries which in turn had to raise wages or lose all their help. This competitive bidding for labor, together with numerous strikes and threats of strikes, has raised wages even of unskilled labor to a rate that the farmers cannot pay and has caused such an exodus from the country to the cities that farm help is almost unobtainable.

You labor men, please don't take offense at what we have said. Don't misunderstand our position. Don't assume that we are hostile to your interests. We are heartily in sympathy with all proper efforts to improve the laboring man's condition. We are merely calling attention to known facts and pointing out the natural consequences which all must suffer unless an effective remedy is found and applied before it is too late.

Even this winter, when there is little doing on the farms, laborers in many rural sections are receiving \$3.00 to \$3.50 a day. The farmers say that, at present prices of farm produce, they cannot pay such wages; that the labor cost with the high price of fertilizer and other increased expenses of operation would make it a losing venture to hire help for farming even with a favorable growing season and good crops and would mean ruin in case of bad weather and short crops. There seems to be a prevailing disposition among

the farmers not to take the chance unless the Government will guarantee them a fair margin of profit as it does the shipbuilders and manufacturers of war materials. And who can blame them?

We are personally acquainted with some, and have reliable information of many farmers, previously accustomed to employing hired help, who are planning to plant no more than they can cultivate by their own personal labor for the reasons already stated. Even those who have sons at home dare not rely on their help because of their liability to be drafted for the army before the crops are harvested. So far as we can discover present indications point to a serious curtailment of agricultural operations in this crisis which demands the largest possible production. One of the most prosperous farmers in this vicinity, who has recently sold his large herd of cows and purposes to reduce his farming to what he can handle without hired labor, remarked: "People are complaining of high food prices, but, unless the Government takes action—and it can't come too soon—to provide a sufficient supply of farm laborers and a guaranty of living prices for produce, next winter it will be a question not of food prices but of starvation."

To hasten the building of ships and the production of munitions the Government is loaning the owners money to enlarge their plants and increase their output, and, because of the rising prices of materials and labor, is guaranteeing them a net profit of ten per cent over and above the cost of production. To the extent that this guaranty makes the manufacturers indifferent to the scale of wages they pay, the Government has helped to bring about the farm labor situation. If we are to escape famine next winter the Government must give the farmers some more substantial encouragement than merely urging them to raise larger crops as a patriotic duty. However patriotic they cannot accomplish the impossible; and, if handicapped by the present shortage of farm labor, it will be impossible to even approximate last year's production. There must be an ample sufficiency of farm laborers even if the Government has to draft men for this service which is no less important than that of the army.

Labor Imperils its Own Interests by Taking Advantage of the War

THAT labor agitators have taken advantage of the war to promote their selfish interests is evidenced by the largely increased number of strikes for higher pay and shorter hours. In many instances it has been proved that the strikes were instigated, engineered and financed by agents of the Kaiser. The exigencies of this war require the utmost efforts of every man and woman physically able to work. It is no time to shorten hours of labor, but rather they must be lengthened to the limit of strength and efficiency, for there is vastly more work to be done and fewer workers to do it because of the men drafted into the army and navy.

In France every able-bodied man is in the army and, so far as possible, the work they had to quit is being done by women. Everybody there works to the limit of endurance and yet France has had to import more than a hundred thousand Chinese coolies to relieve the pressing necessity for more laborers. Much as we should dislike to see it done, our country will be forced to resort to the importation of Chinese laborers if American laborers persist in impeding the war work by strikes and demands for shorter hours and more frequent holidays. In a recent speech Judge Gary, the head of the U. S. Steel Corporation, strongly urged that our Government arrange for or at least permit the importation of Chinese coolies to make good the labor shortage which imperils our food supply and the outcome of the war.

We should regard the opening of the door to Asiatic immigration, which we have always opposed, as a national calamity, and we hope that

organized labor, in its own interest, will take care that there shall be neither need nor excuse for adopting such a remedy. Policy and patriotism run parallel as incentives for labor to do its utmost to help win the war.

Will You Stand for Magazine Postage Rates 3 to 20 Times the Canadian Rate?

THAT the American people have to pay so much higher second-class (newspaper and magazine) postage rates than their neighbors across the line in Canada pay for better service is an outrage that is apparent on glancing at the map and considering the difference in the conditions of the two countries. There is every reason—shorter distances, larger and denser population and greater wealth on our side of the border—why the rates should be lower instead of higher in the United States than in Canada, except one; and that one reason is that the Canadian Government is more progressive than ours, and the Canadian Parliament has a broader and wiser conception than our Congress has of the people's interests and the national welfare.

More than thirty years ago a wise Congress, for the purpose of promoting the dissemination of knowledge by enabling the people in every section of the land to have their magazines and newspapers at small cost, established our second-class postage rate at one cent a pound throughout the length and breadth of the land regardless of distance. This uniform, level rate has been in effect ever since, and has been the means of building up the magazines of nation-wide circulation which have given the people better reading matter than the small local papers, besides serving the higher purpose of broadening their views, breaking down sectionalism and upbuilding and unifying national sentiment. But the Canadian Parliament was still more progressive and more appreciative of the inestimable benefit and national importance of the wide distribution of periodical literature, and made a level rate of half a cent a pound throughout Canada, just half our present rate, and from a third to a twentieth of the rates Congress has doomed us to pay.

No country has made more rapid growth or greater progress than Canada during the last twenty years. She has done her full share in the world war without making any fuss about it and without any public scandals. She has raised and equipped a half million soldiers famous as among the best and bravest on the battle front in France, and the world has heard no charges of inefficiency in her War Department nor in her Post-Office Department. We should have to raise an army of six million men to equal Canada's stunt in proportion to our population. Though Canada has been in the war three and a half years she finds it unnecessary, unwise and inexpedient to raise her second-class postage rate. Why should our Government raise our rate which is already double the Canadian rate? Is it not foolish to make it three to twenty times the Canadian rate? Is it not a crime to chop our country into magazine zones with prohibitive rates in the larger zones?

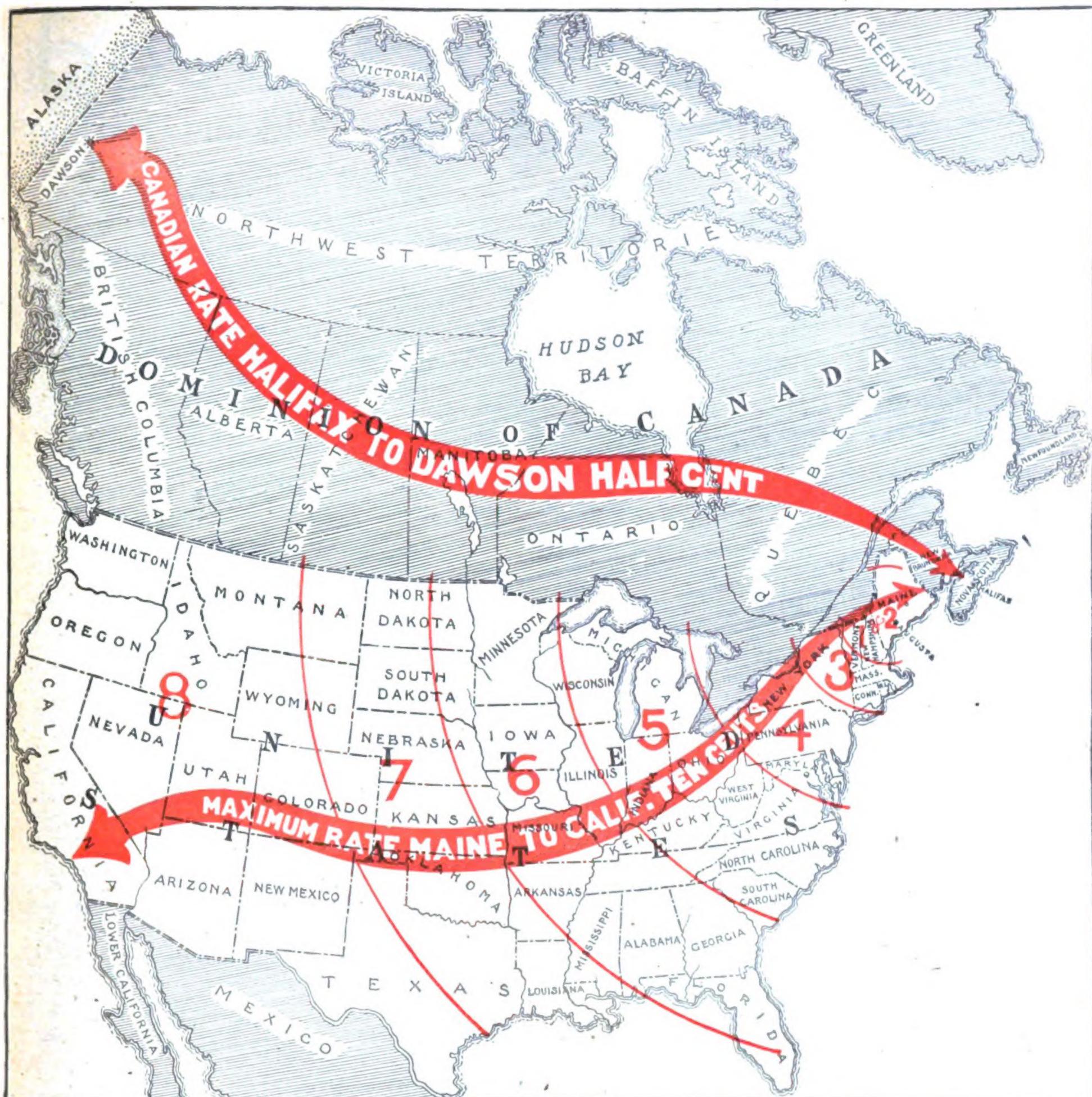
At present we have the old cent-a-pound level rate, but soon we shall have much higher rates, in fact eight different zone rates after the first day of next July, unless Congress can be induced, before that date, to change its mind and repeal the recently adopted zone rate law. These rates are so high that the increase will have to be added to the magazine subscription price; and as the rate increases rapidly with distance the burden will rest most heavily on the people in the rural sections remote from the place of publication. If, after studying the map and reading the explanation on the opposite page, you favor a level rate not over three times the Canadian rate, sign the petition to Congress printed on page 29.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Entered at the post office at Augusta, Maine as second-class mail matter. Copyright, 1918 (Trade-Mark Registered), by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.



Why Should the Magazine Postage Rate in the United States Be 3 to 20 Times the Canadian Rate?

THE above map shows the size of Canada as compared with the United States. Canada is a country of magnificent distances and sparse population. In this immense area, a quarter larger than the United States, dwell eight million people, while our population is more than one hundred millions. We have twelve times the population and our national wealth exceeds that of Canada by a still larger ratio.

In Canada the postal routes are long and expensive to maintain, but the postal revenues are much smaller than ours because the cities and towns in Canada are smaller, fewer and farther apart than in the United States and they have only one twelfth as many people to serve.

Yet the Canadian Post-Office Department charges only half a cent a pound for carrying newspapers and magazines anywhere in its immense domain regardless of distance.

Follow the course of the red arrow stretching from Halifax, where the recent terrific explosion and fire occurred, to Dawson, the metropolis of the golden Klondike, near the border of Alaska, and note the distance that a publisher in Halifax can send his magazine for half a cent a pound. In all that vast Canadian territory there are only eight million people to be served, but wherever they are and however far distant, Canada gives them all equal privileges and uniform, level postage rates.

Canada does not inflict on her farmers, her miners, her empire-building pioneers, who are pushing civilization far into the wilderness, the punishment of exorbitant rates of postage on the magazines and papers they take to keep themselves informed of what is going on in the world.

Canada does not promote ignorance and sectionalism by chopping the country into second-class mail zones.

Patriotism and the spirit of national unity run high in Canada, and they are fostered by the Canadian Government, which encourages and facilitates nation-wide circulation of Canadian magazines.

At present we have to pay a cent a pound, double the Canadian rate, for which we receive

inferior service because our Government transports our magazines by freight instead of on the mail trains on long hauls, and this causes much delay. Surely that rate is high enough.

But just look at the map of the United States, where the red arrow is drawn from Maine to

can see what zone they will be in as subscribers to COMFORT.

After the zone rates reach their maximum, the rate in the first and second zones (which are classed together and included in the smallest circle) will be a cent and a half to two cents a

cording to distance, on the advertising matter. Heretofore there has never been any difference in rate between reading and advertising matter, and there is no difference in Canada—both go for half a cent a pound all over Canada.

Besides the high cost of postage these double rates in each zone (except the first and second) will cause no end of trouble, delay and expense in sorting and weighing and mailing, to both the publishers and the government.

There is no need of any increase in our second-class postage rates, because our Government made a clear profit of nearly ten million dollars on last year's business of the Post-Office Department.

Why can't we have as low a second-class postage rate as the Canadians enjoy?

Simply because our Government is obsessed with the notion of running our Post-Office Department as a money-making business, while the Canadian Government's idea is to operate theirs for the convenience, benefit, and best interests of the people. It should not be a money-making institution any more than the public highways, bridges and schools.

If our people do not wish to suffer such unjust oppression, it behoves them to make their objections at once in the form of petitions to their Congressmen. Remember, the zone rate law has already been adopted and will go into effect July first, unless before that time Congress can be influenced by a vigorous expression of the people's displeasure. Remember, too, that you have to overcome the influence of powerful interests that are opposing the rights of the people and trying to crush the magazines—interests which shun publicity and would keep the people in the darkness of ignorance, also interests which would profit financially by the destruction or weakening of the magazines. If, after studying the map and reading our explanation, you favor a level magazine postage rate, uniform throughout the country and not more than three times the Canadian rate, sign the petition printed on page 29 and mail it to your Congressman at Washington.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

Our Country Must Not Be Split into Seven Sections

California, and see what will happen on the first day of July. The country will be divided into eight zones with eight different magazine rates increasing with distance from place of publication.

The zone lines are drawn in red, taking Augusta as the place of publication, so our readers

will, and from that they will increase in each successive zone to the eighth, in which the rates will be a cent and a half and ten cents; the cent and a half being on the reading matter and the ten cents on the advertising matter. In each zone there will be two rates, a cent and a half on the reading matter, and a higher rate, varying ac-



The Girl He Loved

by Adelaide Stirling



"She is very well." He glanced at his wife across the buzzing room.

A white face with gleaming eyes, pressed to the window pane of the embrasured window.

Both of them saw the same sight.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Annesley, stepmother to Sir Thomas and Ravenel, disapproves of Adrian Gordon, who is in love with Ravenel. Receiving an appointment to India, Adrian seals his proposal and Ravenel's promise for an early marriage, by giving her a beautiful ring of diamonds and opals. Not daring to wear it, she slips it on a ribbon on her neck. Ravenel bids Adrian good-bye, unconscious that their conversation, held near the edge of a quarry, is heard by Lady Annesley's confidential maid. Four days later Ravenel receives a letter from Adrian that he will go to the Duchess of Avonmore's party and names the following day for their marriage. Lady Annesley, apparently anxious for Ravenel to make a good appearance at the party, provides her with a new dress. Ravenel is suspicious of intrigue, but Sir Thomas, only sixteen, suspects the scheming woman and her designs on Lord Levallion, a former suitor for her hand, as Ravenel's future husband. Going to the party and not meeting Adrian, Ravenel, with a sob in her throat, wanders through the garden, where she meets Lord Levallion, not knowing it is he. Weary and wanting to go home, he offers to take her there. Arriving home she hunts for the lost ring but does not find it. The next day Ravenel prepares for her wedding and waits for Adrian, who fails to meet her. Going home she enters the drawing-room, where she finds Lady Annesley and Lord Levallion, the latter telling her of his cousin Adrian Gordon's departure for India. The Duchess of Avonmore, to Lord Levallion's delight, takes Ravenel and Sir Thomas to her home. Ravenel is invited to Hester Murray's to lunch and at the instigation of Lady Annesley she gives Ravenel the impression that there is a Mrs. Gordon. Believing Adrian false, she marries Lord Levallion. Coming from the altar, the groom sees a woman in black with a child clinging to her hand and wonders if Ravenel notices her. Three months later Adrian Gordon is reported missing. Lord Levallion goes to the War Office to learn the truth. Sitting alone on the lawn, Ravenel sees Adrian Gordon standing before her and she catches the glint of a ring on his hand. Suffering from a shattered arm, Lady Levallion catches him as he falls in a faint. He is carried into the house and the doctor stays with him that night. A lady calls to inquire for Captain Gordon and Lord Levallion is unable to determine where she lives. Riding alone, a new bungalow attracts his attention; going inside, he confronts Hester Murray, and advises her to leave the place and never to call on his wife. Ravenel hears Adrian in his delirium; going to him, she tries to soothe him. The doctor cuts the ring from Adrian's hand and gives it to Lord Levallion. He requests Ravenel to see Adrian and to give him his ring. She asks him where he got it and to show the letter. It is in town, but he repeats it from memory.

CHAPTER XVI. (CONTINUED.)

THANK you very much for your present." In spite of his puzzled anger, he obliged her, in a voice utterly flat and lifeless. "But I don't want to keep your ring. I send it back in this. You had better wear it yourself." RAVENEL.

"And, as you see, I did, being, as I said, a fool."

"Lady Annesley! It was Lady Annesley's ring," she said, standing as if her wits had gone from her, wild, shamelessly truthful. "Listen! I never wrote to you; I didn't know your address, since you never gave it to me. And if I had written I couldn't have sent you back your ring, for I lost it the day before the duchess' garden-party. Yes, two days," marking them off on her fingers, "before that afternoon I waited for you and didn't know you'd thrown me over to sink or swim!"

"You waited—you!" Sister Elizabeth would have screamed with wonder to see the invalid get up like another man, cross the door between him and his hostess in three strides, and catch her by the shoulder with his sound hand. "For God's sake, Nel, speak out, since you've begun!"

The old name, the old voice with the passion in it, broke down her courage, made her forget for one short while that more than lost rings lay between him and her. With a lump in her throat that made her hoarse, she told him all the sorry little story in quick, husky whispers, lest some one might overhear.

"So when you said in your note that you'd be at the duchess', I went. Lady Annesley gave me a gown. You were not there, and I came home. You said you would come the next day and you never did. And Levallion told me you had sailed—without a word to me. And I'd lost that ring," passionately.

"Levallion! How did he come across you?" with a ghastly wonder if Levallion were quite clean of the business, and heedless that he had never said why he was not at the duchess'. But Ravenel noted.

"He was at the party and was kind to me." With a sudden aside she remembered, and faced him stonily. "But there's no earthly sense in all this! Of course, when I heard you had a wife already I knew you had excellent reason to leave me. It was the first honorable thing you ever did."

"A wife—me?" His hand on her shoulder relaxed suddenly. "Who told you a lie like that? And how in the name of God did you dare to believe it?"

"Mrs. Murray—Hester Murray—told me. As for believing it, it seemed all of a piece."

"Hester Murray told you—Hester!" His face

had been pale enough, but it was blanched now. He remembered suddenly that he was in Levallion's house, talking to Levallion's wife—that at any cost no one must come in and find her like this.

"Sit down," he said. "And I can't stoop; would you mind picking up that ring?" for it looked like a glove cast down for battle. "Now, tell me about Mrs. Murray. What did she say?"

"That you found Mrs. Gordon very expensive and a drain on you, and that it had been a boyish folly of yours," she said from her chair at a decent distance from his. "Who did she mean, if not your wife?"

Adrian Gordon was dumb. In Levallion's house Levallion's wife asked him this:

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SEALED LETTER.

"She was not my wife," Gordon said at last, for there was no reason he should not clear himself, if he dared not answer her plain question. "I never had a wife and never will have. The woman Hester Murray meant was nothing to me, though it was true she was in trouble and I helped her, till I found out she was a worthless liar. If Mrs. Murray dared," he hesitated, "to tell you that some one must have made it very much worth her while."

"Adrian," said Ravenel, her eyes straight on his, "you mean that? Because we're just as if we were dead, you and I. We've got to tell the truth."

"You know it's true," he answered heavily. "That woman lied to you. Only I can't see how it was her business," with the wife conviction on him that only at Levallion's own bidding would Hester Murray have helped him to take a wife, and with pressure even then. He roused himself sharply.

"Never mind that, it doesn't matter." Since it was too dangerous to touch on it! "You say I didn't go to the duchess'. Well, I wrote to you that I couldn't go; that it was my only day to marry you." She could hardly hear him, saw him as in a mist through scalding tears of relief that was yet worse anguish. "I waited all day. I came back that night and threw gravel at your window, tried every door in the house, and couldn't wake you or Tommy. Jacobs came out to bark, and found it was a friend—but no one else. And at dawn I had to go. Surely you must have heard, or Tommy must! I made all the noise I dared."

"I never heard," she answered, with a tearless sob, "and Tommy could not have heard any one in the garden, for he slept on the other side of the house." She would not tell him how she had cried herself to sleep on the floor that night, and never waked till dawn. She went on sharply: "If I had heard Jacobs bark I should never have thought of you; because our letter said the next day was—was when you were coming for me."

"Not the pains of hell could have made her say 'our wedding-day.' "I was only wretched because I'd lost your ring and had such a dreadful disappointment at the party. I never dreamed you had come for me while I was out."

"But, of course, I came! I wrote I should." He stared at her with a puzzled frown. "And you said you got my letter?"

"Oh, I got it," slowly. "But you must have made a mistake in it. It said you would come for me on the 14th, and be at the duchess' on the 13th. Look!" with an uncontrollable impulse she did what she had meant not to do, and threw on the table that lying letter she had kept because she was not brave enough to burn it. "Read for yourself."

Tear-stained, rubbed out with long pouring over, it lay in his hand, but he was looking at the envelope instead of the enclosure.

"You see it was sealed!" she cried. "No one could have opened it."

"That is just it," said Gordon quietly. "I never sealed a letter in my life. I never owned a seal with 'A' on it. That was some one else's work, Nel, not mine." He shook the letter out painfully with one hand and let the light slant across it.

"Look," he said, "the dates have been rubbed out and altered. Just five minutes' work and a bit of sealing-wax, but they've ruined you and me. See, I wrote, 'I can't go to the duchess!' And one flick of a rubber made it, 'I can go!' But who could have done it? Who could care?"

"Lady Annesley." There were no tears in her eyes, just as there lurked no doubt in her heart.

The letters all went to her first. I thought it had escaped her notice, because of the London postmark, and the seal—like a fool!—for in an An-

nesley house there must have been plenty of seals with 'A' on them. And Tommy warned me that very morning that he thought she had her eyes on you and me. I might have known it—when her ladyship was kind!" bitterly. "She couldn't have dared to do it. She had no reason."

Lady Levallion laughed, and it was ugly laughter.

"She is allowed a thousand a year now, and a house," she said, in a voice like her laugh. "She has been able to shake the dust of dullness and Annesley Chase and mortgages off her feet. Oh!

she had reason enough, Tommy said she meant Levallion to marry me, but the funny part of it is that in the end she had nothing to do with it."

"What do you mean?" with a dull horror at the look on her face. "And what did you mean just now about Lady Annesley's ring, when I said you sent mine back?"

"I meant just that," she answered bitterly. "I thought I lost your ring, but I never did, since it's here in my hand. Who could have sent it to you but Sylvia? And I know now how she got it. She cut the ribbon off my neck when she tried on that wicked dress she gave me. She pretended to arrange the train just to pick the ring off the floor—thought even then I must have dropped it in her room, but I was afraid to ask. And then when I was going to stay with the duchess she gave me a ring of hers—and it was the note I sent that ring back to her in that you know by heart. She simply enclosed my ring in it to you. Oh!"—she was getting out each jerky sentence breathlessly—"I see it all now! Just like A. B. C. one thing after another. Except," listlessly, "how she found out about it in the first place; but she was always suspicious. It all began with my trying on that dreadful dress—that I only took for you to see."

"And Levallion saw you instead," quietly.

"You're wrong!" she cried. "It was all Sylvia. Levallion had nothing to do with it. It was I! I, who, after you went, got wicked. Married him with my eyes open, to hurt you." She covered her face.

But all he said was almost to himself.

"Nel, my Nel all the time!"

"Not now," fiercely, "nor ever! Adrian, can't you see it? We're done for, just as though we were dead."

"I'll see Lady Annesley first," grimly.

"You can't!" she whispered. "Not now. She lied to me, but I—I married Levallion of my own accord. And he was good to me. I can see now that if I'd had the sense to tell him he might have—but what had I to tell?" breaking off with a sick sob. "Only that you had thrown me over. I couldn't expect him to write and ask you to take me back again. And I thought you were married and had lied to me."

"You couldn't do anything," feeling sick as he saw himself as he had been all this time in her eyes. "I wouldn't wonder at anything you did. Tell me, is Tommy also thinking me a scoundrel?"

A penciled letter seemed such a little thing to be able to drag a man's honor in the dust, and take away from him all that life held. There were both dismay and anger in his eyes as he waited for her to answer.

"Tommy only knows I was engaged to you, that I lost my ring and you left me without writing. You needn't think I told any one the rest," simply. "Adrian, what are we going to do? Tell me, is Tommy also thinking me a scoundrel?"

He knew her white lips were not for Levallion.

"We can't do anything. I must go away," and he touched the lace at her wrist as if the very hem of her garments were sacred to him; his eyes swept with the old look from her bronze hair to her little shoes. But from the sight of her wet eyes, her trembling lips, he turned away, cursing himself that in blind madness he had believed even at her own handwriting against her; wincing at the remembrance that Levallion had been kind."

Levallion, whose kind acts, to his knowledge, had been two, and one of them might very well bear another significance. He could not forget that it was Levallion who had sent him to India.

"Go? You can't go! You're not fit!" She was frantic as she looked at his changed and ravaged face. How worn he was—how like, with quick horror—to Levallion! "Where can you go?"

"Town," laconically. "Rooms, till I'm better."

Like a flash she saw him sitting alone in those rooms, with a broken ring, a lying letter, in pain, old in his youth.

"You can't go. It would kill me!" she said quietly. But she drew away from him so that her lace was out of his reach. If he touched the flesh

of her wrist she knew that not Tommy, nor Levallion, could keep her from following him to the end of the world.

"I must. I can't stay here!"

"I could nurse you, take care of you!" wildly, her face bloodless over her lace tie, her collar of Levallion's pearls.

"Any one on God's earth but you!" said Gordon, with a quick shudder. He leaned back in his chair as if he were faint. He had known the light of his life was gone out, but he had not known alien fingers had extinguished it against Ravenel Annesley's will.

The hard words, the exhaustion in his face, steadied her, as pain always did.

"You're worn out, I had no right to tell you," she said miserably. "I've only hurt you."

"You've shown me heaven," he answered, and bravely, for all his pain of body and mind. "Just that, after being through hell and out again. Go now, Nel. They'll wonder—you've been so long!" Give me the ring. I can keep that, can't I? It's all I have, you know."

"But I'll see you again?"

"Not alone," gravely. "It isn't likely. So this is good by."

Good by. After today, then, she would see his face no more. Would never hear his voice, that could move her as no voice on earth would ever do; would be alone till she died, the ungrateful, unloving girl Levallion had been good to. And he would be alone, too, but out in the world where he could forget her, as men forget and women never.

Ashy pale, she put that unlucky ring in his hand; silent, broken-hearted, turned away from him; and had never loved him so much as now, when he bade her go.

"Nel!" he said, and she turned at the door. But not to go back to him, not to touch his hand not to kiss him but once before she went, for she read his face aright and knew he would have died a thousand deaths first. Only to stand and look at him as he at her, the truth for the first and last time spoken between them. After this it would be Levallion's wife who met him, never Nel Annesley who had loved him neither wisely nor well, but madly and in the bitterness of her soul.

"Good by, sweetheart," he murmured. "Be good. Don't forget me," and shut his eyes that he might not see her go.

And neither of them heard the quiet breathing of Sister Elizabeth, where she stood goggling in Adrian's bedroom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GROWING CLOUD OF WITNESSES.

"My dear child, how are you?" cried the duchess and kissed Ravenel on both cheeks.

She was the last arrival of the house-party, and she sank into a low chair by the fire and surveyed the scene, covertly and without her long-handled glasses.

The big hall of Levallion Castle was lit by two fires and a sufficiency—no more—of shaded lamps. There were plenty of cozy corners and secluded chairs behind the great square pillars supporting the low roof, where dull gold gleamed fitfully in the fire flicker. Among the orderly disorder of chairs and tables and palms, people were sitting in twos and threes—occasionally drinking tea, laughing, warming themselves, and wondering what sort of a married man Levallion made. His past record happily did not point to a dull sojourn under his roof.

But the duchess, like Gallio, cared for none of these things.

Her red, comfortable handsome face was turned to the sumptuous figure at the tea-table, all white velvet and Russian sable and floating, wavy chiffon.

"I am Annesley's little girl, turned into an acordion-plaited angel!" thought her grace, blind to everything but surprise. For Ravenel under her wing had been only a remarkably pretty girl, rather quick, almost shy. And here stood a beautiful woman, utterly self-possessed, and a work of art from her carefully dressed hair to the way her great gray eyes looked up from her tea-making.

"A maid, that's the reason of those beautifully done waves!" thought the duchess. "But how much prettier she is than I imagined. A woman with those eyebrows and that upper lip might do anything. But what color there is in her face, with those gray-blue eyes and black eyebrows and that surprising bronze hair! She looks—eh, what—Levallion? Oh, tea!"

"It's usual at this hour—or would you rather—"

"Don't worry me, my good man!" smartly.

"She looks well, Levallion; happier, I think!"

"She is very well." He glanced at his wife across the buzzing room. The duchess was right, she did



Comfort Sisters' Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondents for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

A PROPOS of nothing in particular, (and these stormy, blustery February days—the kind we get here occasionally)—aren't especially conducive to deep thinking but bearing in mind the need of every cheering sentiment to tide us over these troublesome war times, the days of scarcity and nights of anxiety, I am giving you a little poem which has been of great help to me, and as such I want to pass it on to others.

Today

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

"Sure, this world is full of trouble—I ain't said it ain't, Lord! I've had enough and double Reason for complaint, Rain and storm have come to fret me, Skies were often gray; Thorns an' brambles have beset me On the road—but, say, Ain't it fine today!"

"What's the use of always weepin', Makin' trouble last? What's the use of always keepin' Thinkin' of the past? Each must have his tribulation, Water with his wine, Life it ain't no celebration. Trouble? I've had mine—But today is fine!"

"It's today that I am livin', Not a month ago, Havin', losin', takin', givin', As time wills it so. Yesterday a cloud of sorrow Fell across the way; It may rain again tomorrow, It may rain—but, say, Ain't it fine today?"

OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: As I have never seen any letters from this part of Ohio, I will speak up. Mrs. Pearl Lackey, please move over just a wee bit so I may sit beside you, as I want to ask some advice about adopting a child. We have been married quite a long time and we want a little one to share our home with us. My sister was, at one time, a nurse in a children's home, and she has told me much about the dear little ones wishing for a father and mother to love them. I know of one home, but you have to pay \$300 before you adopt a child. I don't think that is right, do you? I had rather spend that amount on the child's education or something that would do the child good. We would like a little boy between two and three years old. My husband is away all day and I get lonesome staying by myself, and think a child would be company for me. My husband and I dearly love children. Well, Mrs. Lackey, I will say good-bye to you and go over and sit beside Mrs. V. M.

My dear Mrs. V. M., I can sympathize with you because I know just how you feel. I was quite young when I was married and I do not think I loved my husband as a wife should, and, like you, I married to get a home, as my mother was dead, and missing her love, I wanted someone to love me. My husband hasn't a very good education, either, but just think of the many worse faults some husbands have. Whenever my husband says a word incorrectly I tell him the right way to say it and in such a way that he doesn't become offended and he says I have helped him a lot. He has always been good to me and I got ashamed of myself to think that I didn't love one who was good and kind when I was so hateful in return. My dear, I wouldn't wait for that true love for you may wait in vain. I would give all my love to the one who was trying to make me happy. Cheer up and get all the joy out of life that you can for the years are short.

COMFORT SISTER AND READER.

COMFORT Sister and Reader. It is quite out of the ordinary to be obliged to pay a certain sum of money to the home upon the adoption of a child and there must be other homes near you where it is not necessary and where you have only to prove your financial and moral fitness to care for the child. Instead of thinking how much company the child will be and how much good it will do you, can't you make yourself feel, first of all, how much good you are going to do the child? But you meant that all the time, didn't you?—Ed.

NEW YORK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As I was reading the sisters' letters tonight my heart was stirred with pity for the husband of Mrs. V. M. God pity the man who is worthy and is still denied the love of a wife who took the marriage vows and is now asking the advice of strangers as to leaving him until she knows whether she cares to spend the rest of her life with him or not. Would you be willing he should do the same by you if you were the one that loved? Be warned before it is too late. You have married a good man and now stick to him, respect him, and pray that you will learn to love him. Many wives have made the mistake you are about to make and repeat when too late. Do your duty and trust to the Father in Heaven and I am sure you will never be sorry. Let us hear from you in the future.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

MRS. E. B.

PASCO, WASH.

DEAR SISTERS: Let's give Uncle Charlie a Valentine dime shower (every single one of us) the fourteenth of February. Just think what 1,000,000 dimes would mean to him.

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

LIKE the woman who ordered a can of sardines and a box of crackers from her grocer, explaining that she "always liked to have something on hand in case she had company," so do we like to be prepared for the unexpected guest, and if our cellars and storerooms retain part of their original supply of canned goods, and the common, everyday vegetables and fruits are obtainable, we need not mind if meats are soaring as high as the cow of our childhood days, who performed the seemingly impossible feat of jumping over the moon. Just get busy and invent new and appetizing ways of preparing common foods.

LIVER LOAF.—Parboil liver and put through chopper or sieve. To each cup of liver add one half cup bread crumbs, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon of salt, a little sage and two eggs, well beaten. Mix well, pour into buttered baking dish and bake one hour in slow oven. May be served hot with gravy or eaten cold.

MEAT PIE.—Line bottom and sides of baking dish with pie crust. Into dish put a layer of meat, chopped into small pieces, and covered with a few slices of thinly chopped onion. Over this put a layer of thinly sliced raw potatoes, season with salt and pepper, add another layer of meat and so on till dish is nearly full, having a layer of potatoes on top. Season, add small pieces of butter, dredge with flour and fill dish with milk or water. Cover with thick crust and bake about an hour and a half. Any left-over meat can be used.

SCALLOPED POTATOES WITH CHEESE.—Peel and cut raw potatoes into thin slices. Butter a baking dish, cover bottom of dish with layer of potatoes, season, add a little butter, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Add another layer of potatoes and cheese, as before, and so on till dish is full, having grated cheese on top. Pour in enough milk to nearly cover and bake in moderate oven three quarters of an hour, then uncover and let brown.

SCALLOPED HAM AND POTATOES.—Fill buttered baking dish with alternate layers of cold mashed potatoes and thinly sliced or chopped ham, season to taste. Cover with bread crumbs and grated cheese, dot with bits of butter and bake about half an hour in moderate oven.

CORN MEAL MUFFINS.—To five cups of boiling water, add one teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, and slowly stir in one cup of corn meal. Cool one hour in double boiler. Pour into mixing bowl, smooth the top and cover with a few tablespoons of cold water to prevent a

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup sugar, two squares of chocolate, one teaspoon butter, one half cup milk or water. Set dish in boiling milk and stir until thick enough, spread.

CARAMEL.—One cup of sugar, two squares of chocolate, one teaspoon butter, one half cup milk or water. Set dish in boiling milk and stir until thick enough, spread.

MAS. E. F. LANTOW.—Summer, Iowa.

BUTTER SCOTCH PIE.—One cup boiling water, one cup brown sugar, three tablespoons flour, one heaping tablespoon butter, yolk of one egg beaten with a little water, and one teaspoon vanilla. Mix sugar and flour together, add boiling water and place on stove till mixture boils. Stir in egg and butter, cook till thick and remove from stove and flavor. Pour in baked crust. Add beaten white of egg, with sugar, to top of pie and put in oven to brown.

MRS. M. COLE.—Conway Springs, Kans.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Two cups of pumpkin for each pie, one egg, well beaten, three quarters cup of sugar, or half a cup will do, two cups sweet milk, one half teaspoon salt and a little cinnamon or ginger.

BANANA PIE.—Fill crust with slices of bananas and cover with the following: One beaten egg, one half cup cream, one half cup sugar, a few specks of butter and a little cinnamon. Bake.

MRS. FRED A. NEILSON.—Maple Plain, Minn.

EGGLESS CAKE.—Two cups sugar, one half cup butter, two cups sweet milk, three cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder and one teaspoon vanilla. Cream butter and sugar together, add one cup of milk, then part of flour and beat well. Add the other cup of milk and rest of flour and beat 10 minutes. Flour and baking powder should be sifted four or five times before mixing.

MRS. WILLIE HOLZHEAUSER.—Inez, Texas.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon lard, one half cup milk and one teaspoon vanilla. Beat eggs with sugar, stir in flour sifted with baking powder. Put lard in milk on stove till lard is melted, add to batter. Add vanilla last. Bake in loaf and spread with icing. Some may think this cake will not be thick enough but the flour mentioned is sufficient.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

MEAT BALLS, BOILED ONIONS AND LIMA BEANS.—Chop one pound of clear meat with one onion and season with pepper and salt. If there is no fat on the meat, add a little beef suet or pork fat. Form meat into balls.

MRS. M. COLE.—Conway Springs, Kans.

CARROT CROQUETTES.—Boil carrots till tender, drain and rub through sieve, add thick white sauce to moisten, season to taste, shape into croquettes and fry.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Peel onions and place in saucers of boiling salted water and cook till tender. Leave uncovered while cooking. Remove the hearts of the onions and chop with bread crumbs; season with sage and a little butter. Fill the onions with this and place in oven to finish cooking. Serve with mashed potatoes.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

PARSNIP CROQUETTES.—Mix a cup and a half of hot mashed parsnips with two tablespoons of butter, salt and pepper to season, and one egg, well beaten. Cool, shape in balls, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs and fry in hot fat.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter of two eggs, one cup of milk and a little flour. Have ready apples cut in thick slices. Dip the slices in the batter and fry in deep, hot fat. Serve with sauce.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

POTATO AND CHEESE BALLS.—Season left-over mashed potato with salt and pepper, moisten with milk. Add one egg, well beaten, and half the quantity of cheese as you have of potatoes. Form into cakes and bake in hot oven.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

LATER CAKE.—One cup sugar, one half cup lard, three eggs, one cup milk, two teaspoons baking powder, three cups flour and a little salt.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

FILLING.—One pint of milk, one cup of sugar, two eggs and one tablespoon corn-starch. Let boil till thick.

MISS LETITIA BURTS.—Del Rio, Texas.

CREAM CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup cream, pinch of salt, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, and vanilla or any desired flavoring.

MRS. FRED A. NEILSON.—Maple Plain, Minn.

RICE OMELET.—Beat one cup of boiled rice with one and one half cups milk to a smooth paste. Add two eggs, well beaten, and salt and pepper. Fry till brown and dust with powdered sugar.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

LEMON HEARTS.—Chill five tablespoons each of lard and butter, and chop into two cups of chilled flour till like meal. Make into a stiff dough with ice-water. Turn onto a floured board, roll half an inch

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

CHERRY DUMPLINGS.—These dumplings are easily made from materials always at hand. They supply a delicious dessert for the simple dinner of a busy day. Make a sauce of one quart of cranberries, one and one half cups of water and two cups of sugar. Better still, use cranberry (or plum) sauce, which is already prepared by simply heating it to the boiling point. Use a granite or aluminum kettle. For the dumplings make a thick batter from two cups of flour, one heaping teaspoon of baking-powder, a pinch of salt and three quarters of a cup of milk. Drop the batter by large tablespoon into the boiling sauce. Steam under a tight cover, for twenty minutes. Serve plain or with a favorite pudding sauce.

MRS. A. KELLY.—Ely, Minn.

CARROT PIE.—Scrape carrots and boil until tender. Mash, and to one cup of carrots add a cup and a half of milk, one well beaten egg, sugar to sweeten, and salt, cinnamon and ginger to taste. Bake in one crust like custard pie.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

PRUNE TURNOVERS.—Cook prunes, remove pits, sweeten, and add lemon juice according to amount of prunes. Have ready a pie paste cut into circles or squares; place a tablespoon of prunes on one half of crust and fold other half over, pinching the edges together. Bake.

MRS. WALTER ALVERSON.—Detroit, Mich.

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MRS. A. KELLY.—Ely, Minn.

RHUBARB SHORTCAKE.—Make a shortcake by any preferred recipe. Split and butter it while hot and spread with the following: Cook together two cups of thick, well sweetened rhubarb sauce and one cup of raisins, chopped fine, for about five minutes. Spread each layer while hot and on the top layer, over the rhubarb, spread a layer of sweetened whipped cream.

KATHERINE D. HOZA.—Ely, Colo.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—One quart pink rhubarb, one cup white sugar, two tablespoons corn-starch in enough water to make thin paste. Clean and cut the rhubarb into inch lengths. Cook until tender, then put through a strainer. Cook the juice obtained, add sugar and starch mixture and let cook till very thick. Pour into wet molds and serve cold with cream.

MRS. MARCELLA ALEXON.—Northfield, Minn.

CARROT PUDDING.—One cup grated carrots, one cup grated potatoes, one cup brown sugar, one cup raisins, seeded and chopped, one half cup currants, one cup suet, two cups flour, one half teaspoon soda, one half cup sour milk and any desired flavoring.

MRS. MARCELLA ALEXON.—Northfield, Minn.

PRUNE PUDDING.—Stew until tender one pound of prunes, remove stones. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoons sugar, beat well and add this to the prunes. Bake half an hour. Serve with cream.

MRS. A. R. HAGEN.—Wittenburg, Alta., Can.

COOK two minutes. When cold, fill pastry hearts, cover with meringue.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE.—One cup of chocolate, two cups of brown sugar, two cups of butter, two eggs, three cups of flour, one half cup of sour milk, one teaspoon of soda, dissolved in one cup of cold, strong coffee, one teaspoon of vanilla and one pound blanched almonds, chopped fine; bake in layers and when cold spread with caramel filling between layers. Boiled icing flavored with vanilla may be used between the layers instead of the caramel filling.

BOILED ICING.—One and one half cups powdered sugar, one half cup water, let come to a boil, and boil a few minutes until it drops heavy and forms threads; then pour on the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Use any flavor preferred.

MISS MARY BROWN.—Branson, Texas.

ONIONS IN PUFFED POTATO RING.—Boil potatoes, mash and season with salt. For two cups, add one third cup of hot milk, two tablespoons of butter, white pepper, and the beaten yolk of one egg. Beat,

ONION IN PUFFED POTATO RING.

Sibyl's Influence

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Prescott, wife of Sir Athelstone Prescott, and her son Raymond, while traveling by coach, lose their way, and night overtaking them, they stop at a miserable inn, in a little fishing village on Flamborough Head. They are attracted to a little girl, Sibyl, who waits on them. Her winning ways, her admittance of the cruel blows given by Mistress Sloan, and that her own mother would not do it, convince them that the innkeeper is not her father, and they determine to take the child away. Seeking Mistress Sloan, they learn that a woman who had been in railroad smash up and injured leaves the child, who for weeks cries for Nanzie. Mistress Sloan, for the consideration of thirty pounds, consents to let the child go, muttering she will keep her secrets. That night Sibyl is awakened and overhears Jem and his wife talking over the terms of the bargain, and through a chink in the wall she detects the place where an invaluable trinket, belonging to her, is concealed. The next morning she secures it. To Lady Prescott she traces three letters "S. H. S." which she dimly remembers and which convinces Lady Prescott that the gem is Sibyl's, and by it she may be restored to her own people. Five years later, her nineteenth birthday, Lady Prescott introduces her to society. She clasps a beautiful chain, to which is suspended the trinket, around her neck, and with Raymond they seek the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ASTONISHING REVELATION.

THIS was to be Sibyl's first real introduction into the gay and fashionable world, although Lady Prescott had permitted her to accompany her into society a very few times as an unobserved observer of the customs and manners of polite society for her future benefit.

Yet Sir Athelstone and Lady Prescott's ward had been a subject of much comment and curiosity for many a year.

At nineteen, and during the six years which she had spent with Lady Prescott, she had gained an education superior to that acquired by very many persons of her age, who had received the best advantages during all their lives.

Still she was not satisfied even yet.

Making Raymond's high attainments her standard, nothing could satiate her desire for knowledge, until she could feel that she stood on a level with him; and she persisted in devoting several hours of every day to study, even though she was now to be introduced into that magic world called "society."

Standing as in awe of him, Sibyl had always been very shy of him, "barricading herself," as he had said, behind an impenetrable reserve, which, to say the least, made him exceedingly uncomfortable. Yet he had written to her regularly, and suggested many things regarding her studies, which she had persisted in following out to the letter, and sometimes even in opposition to her masters.

These letters she had treasured with a feeling almost amounting to reverence, and only her own heart was conscious of the shrine which she had allotted to him in her great and sensitive soul.

Yet with all her happiness, and though surrounded by every luxury that heart could desire, there was ever one void which could not be filled—ever that longing and reaching out after her own mother.

She never went into a crowd but what her eyes would search and read the faces of those around her, eagerly seeking for some familiar lineament which still clung like a faint mist to her memory.

But tonight these thoughts were all set aside, and with her beautiful birthday gifts in her hands, and gleaming upon her bosom, her eyes luminous with joy and anticipation, she stood beside Lady Prescott to assist in receiving her guests, and also to receive necessary introductions.

Raymond, a little at one side, watched her keenly—her every motion and expression—as guest after guest came forward and was presented to her.

His face, at first, had worn the least look of anxiety, fearing lest she should not pass this trying ordeal as gracefully as he could desire.

But gradually the lines about his mouth relaxed, his brow cleared, a satisfied smile crossed his lips, and his eyes grew deep and tender, as if his heart were softly stirred with some glad emotion.

Sibyl's manner was perfect, simple, and unassuming, yet stately and self-possessed, as though she had been accustomed to it all her life, to the homage and admiration which she was in reality now receiving for the first time.

"Sibyl is very beautiful, mother," Raymond observed, repeating aloud what he had said to himself many times before that evening.

"Yes, Ray, very!"

There was something in the young man's tones that made his mother bend a searching glance upon him.

"She is remarkably refined and cultivated, too, considering how late it was when she began to study. I was very much surprised on my return to find her the true lady that she is."

"Yes. I never saw any one so hungry for knowledge as Sibyl."

"You are very fond of her, mother," Raymond

said, while something of a like sentiment shone in his own fine eyes.

"I must confess it, I fear," she answered, smiling.

"You consider her the equal of any one—a fit mate for any one?"

"Certainly, or I should not introduce her into a world where she cannot fail to attract and be attracted," was the somewhat spirited reply.

"But what could we say if the question of her birth should be raised?"

"It is sufficient for any one to know that she is the niece, ward, adopted daughter—or whatever you like—of Sir Athelstone Prescott," returned Lady Prescott, somewhat loftily, and with heightened color.

"And yet there are some here tonight who would not consider that a sufficient guarantee for her fitness to occupy certain positions in life," persisted Raymond, anxious to sound his mother on all points.

"She speaks for herself as to her fitness. Look at her now! No duchess could entertain more gracefully."

"I see!" he returned.

"The child is in no way responsible for her birth, be it high or low; but I do not feel at all anxious upon the subject. In my own mind, I am convinced that the very best blood flows in her veins."

"But in the future, if you should discover to the contrary, would the knowledge change your feelings at all toward her?"

"Not in the least; she is unto me as a dear daughter, and my heart and my home would ever be open to her," responded the whole-hearted woman, warmly.

Raymond heaved a sigh of relief.

"Then, of course, mother mine, you have no objection to others of your family entertaining the same sentiments," he said, in a low, concentrated tone.

Lady Prescott started violently.

"Raymond!" she exclaimed.

"I have never seen any one, mother, who has seemed to me so beautiful. I have never seen any one who has attracted me as Sibyl does," he answered softly, and meeting her inquiring glance unflinchingly, though a deep tenderness beamed in his eyes.

"But she seems such a child beside you, my boy—you are seven years older—and I never thought of such a thing as your loving her," she said, uneasily.

"The difference in our ages is not so great as in those of another couple whom I know," Raymond replied, with a light laugh.

Lady Prescott laughed softly, too, at this; a flush mantled her cheek, and her eyes grew tender, as they sought her husband's face across the room.

"Yes, your father is ten years older than I know, but Sibyl was such a child when we took her, and you were a man even then. The years have sped so swiftly that she seems scarcely more than a child now," she returned, with a sigh.

"To me she seems wholly changed, and yet I have always expected that she would develop into something more than an ordinary woman."

"Ray—" began his mother, hesitatingly, "did you mean to make a confession to me to-night?"

"Tonight, or some time very soon. I find that I am hourly becoming more deeply interested in our enchanting princess, and I thought my mother had the first right to my confidence," he returned frankly, and with a look of deep affection.

"Thank you, dear, and I should like nothing better than to keep both of my children with me always. But, I don't know what your father will say, Ray," she concluded, with a little look of anxiety on her fair face.

"I trust my father will remember his own youthful days, and do as he was done by," he answered, lightly.

"But his ideas regarding caste are rather strict, you know."

"I know, that even he, with all his conservatism, cannot withstand the charms of Sibyl. And now, mother, if you will excuse me, I will go and find my princess for a dance."

With a graceful bow he turned away, leaving her to meditate upon the astonishing revelation which he had just made.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WELL-SPRING OF PLEASURE.

A moment later a middle-aged gentleman of a somewhat military bearing approached, accompanied by a beautiful lady of perhaps twenty-

two or three, and before he was hardly aware of what occurred, Raymond Prescott was introduced to Miss Ada Therwin.

He cordially acknowledged the honor, while he was forced to confess, as his critical eye wandered over the fair stranger, that, aside from Sibyl, she was the most strikingly handsome woman present that evening.

"I have not yet been presented to the *debutante*, and General Maplewood was about to do me that honor," she said, in low, flute-like tones, and lifting a pair of marvelously expressive gray eyes to his face.

Raymond bowed, and immediately turned to attract Sibyl's attention.

Miss Therwin was formally introduced, and at once engaged the fair girl in genial conversation, while her restless eyes noted every item of her appearance.

But her operations were suddenly arrested by something which seemed to paralyze her. She stopped in the middle of a smoothly-flowing sentence, her face growing as white as the snowy feathers upon Sibyl's fan. An expression of wondering terror sprang into her eyes, a cry of fear parted her lips, and she fell back apparently lifeless into the arms of a gentleman behind her, without an instant's warning.

Confusion reigned for the next few moments, while Sibyl, greatly startled, and her tender heart filled with the deepest sympathy for the beautiful stranger, insisted upon having her borne to a quiet room, where she herself remained in anxious attendance upon her until she revived.

The swoon proved to be nothing serious; at least Miss Therwin made light of it as soon as she came to herself.

"It is nothing," she said, looking up smilingly into Sibyl's anxious face. "I shall soon be all right; but how awkward of me, and I have taken you from your guests, besides," she added, with an appearance of regret.

"That does not matter while you need me," was the reply of her gentle hostess, "but what caused you to faint?"

"I felt suddenly dizzy, and then lost myself before I knew it. I have been affected in the same way before once or twice, when I have been in crowded rooms," Miss Therwin replied, at the same time regarding Sibyl so strangely, and looking so pale again that the young girl feared she was going to faint a second time.

"You are feeling very ill even now," she said, as she hastened to bring her a glass of wine.

"No, indeed, I am really much better," Miss Therwin replied, sitting up, but she drank the wine, and soon the color returned to her lips and cheeks.

She immediately began chatting in a careless way, and it was not long before Sibyl forgot her anxiety, and became deeply interested in her sparkling conversation.

Little by little she led the conversation from one subject to another, and it was while speaking of jewels that she suddenly stopped short, and exclaimed:

"By the way, Miss Prescott, I observe that you wear a very curious ornament on your neck;" and she bent forward to examine it more closely.

"Yes," Sibyl replied, flushing a trifle.

"Pardon," Miss Therwin continued, sweetly.

"It is very beautiful, and doubtless very valuable. I never saw letters so curiously interwoven in the setting of jewels before."

"What! have you discovered the letters so readily?" cried Sibyl with a start, and exceeding wonder expressed in her tones.

"Yes; they are 'S. H. S.' are they not?" and she pointed at each separately with her rosy finger.

"No one has ever been so quick to read them before!" Sibyl replied, still regarding Miss Therwin with surprise, while a sense of uneasiness crept over her.

Miss Therwin colored ever so little and bit her lip at Sibyl's last words; then, with a light laugh, she said:

"I shall have to confess to you that I am very observing, particularly of jewels—nice jewels, I mean—for I am very fond of them."

Then she added, referring again to the ornament upon Sibyl's neck:

"This must be quite an ancient piece of work—at least, it does not belong to our day. Is it an heirloom?"

"I suppose it belonged to my mother," Sibyl said, tremulously, and with a reverent intonation upon the last word.

"Suppose! Don't you know?" Miss Therwin had nearly exclaimed, and starting violently, but, recovering herself, she merely remarked:

"Ah! doubtless these letters 'S. H. S.' were her initials. Will you allow me to examine it more

closely. It is so very curious, you know, that I am deeply interested."

Her manner was so winning, and she did really seem so interested, that Sibyl could not refuse, and, leaning forward, let the jewel swing toward her.

Miss Therwin took it in her hand, and studied it intently for a moment, then carelessly turning it over, looked upon the back.

Her face instantly grew very white again, and a light like the glitter of polished steel leaped into her eyes as she at a glance read the figures engraved there.

But she quickly dropped her white lids to hide her eyes.

"Thank you," she said, softly, with a sigh. "It is exceedingly lovely, and"—smiling in a strange way, Sibyl thought—"I am almost covetous enough to wish it were mine instead of yours."

If Sibyl could only have known why she wished it were hers!

"I do not wonder you prize it so highly," she added, a moment later, "since it was your mother's. 'But,' changing the subject and glancing around, "what a beautiful home you have, and how happy you must be, as the petted darling of such persons as Sir Athelstone and Lady Prescott—they are relatives of yours, I believe."

Sibyl regarded her companion in astonishment for a moment. For a stranger, she thought she was overstepping the bounds of etiquette, by playing so much curiosity.

But Miss Therwin sat with a beautifully unconscious smile on her white lips, while she keenly watched the young girl out of the corners of her drooping eyes.

"They are the dearest friends that I have in the world," replied Sibyl, somewhat coldly, while her manner became rather proud and restrained.

Then rising, she continued:

"As you are so far recovered, I shall have to ask you to excuse me, since I ought to return to my guests."

"You are right, Miss Prescott, and I beg your pardon for detaining you so long. But," with a winning smile, "I do not like to excuse you, if you will allow me to accompany you."

"Certainly, if you are able."

"I am entirely recovered, and we will return to the company together. But, Miss Prescott, you do not know how I have enjoyed this little chat with you, even though it were brought about so unpleasantly."

With charming grace Miss Therwin linked her arm within Sibyl's, and they returned to the guests, with the appearance of having been friends for years, instead of acquaintances of only an hour.

"Your ward is very lovely," Miss Therwin remarked, later in the evening, to Lady Prescott.

She had been watching for an opportunity to converse with her hostess alone all the evening. Evidently the fair stranger had something of importance on her mind.

"Yes, Sibyl is very precious to us, and, of course, she seems so in our sight," her ladyship replied, much pleased with the praises of her darling, which were continually sounding in her ears.

"Is it long since she lost her parents?" was the next abrupt query.

Lady Prescott lifted her eyebrows in well-bred surprise at the strange question, but Miss Therwin's face was so expressive of interest and sympathy, that she could not feel very much offended.

"While she was very young," was the rather unsatisfactory reply.

"Perhaps," Miss Therwin added, "I should not have spoken of her so freely, but I have experienced a deep interest in her from the fact of her being an orphan like myself."

This was said so softly and sadly that Lady Prescott's kind heart was instantly touched.

"Are you, dear?" she asked gently.

"Yes; and another singular coincidence is that I, too, have always been kindly cared for by relatives."

"You are a stranger, I believe, in Dumfries, Miss Therwin?" Lady Prescott



By Violet Marsh

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IN this hour of stress and great national endeavor, we must not let emergency demands overshadow our every-day responsibility for the health and happiness of our children. The mother whose chosen work in this world lies in attending to the wants of husband and children, finds she has just as necessary and all-important a war work before her as the woman who can drop home



FORT CAKE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

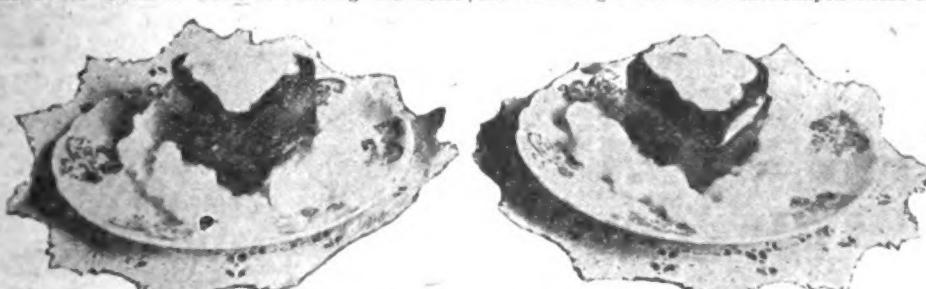
cares in pursuance of Red Cross and other patriotic services, for in the hands of the home woman lies to a great extent the future of America. With the mother, the conservation of food becomes a more complex matter. To provide herself with food sufficient and suitable to sustain strength and efficiency, appears simple enough, but it may be a problem to procure the proper kind of nourishment for her children, as they must have foods that build flesh and bone. Next to work of running the home

twenty-second, use the Fort Cake in the center of table, and make the bonbon dishes of red, white and blue paper in the form of tiny cocked hats, instead of heart shapes. Paper hatchets with a small unmounted picture of Mt. Vernon, Washington's home, if obtainable, make interesting place cards and souvenirs.

FORT CAKE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—Cream butter the size of a walnut with two-thirds cup of sugar; add one well beaten egg and beat hard. To one rounding cup of flour add one teaspoon of cream of tartar and half a teaspoon of soda. Add to the beaten egg and sugar a little milk, then a little flour, and so on until all the milk and flour is used, then bake in a loaf. Cover with white frosting, and on one side insert barley candy that can often be found in cannon shape. On top of cake pile chocolate-coated, round candies to represent cannon balls, and in the center stand a small American flag.

HEARTS OF TOAST.—Cut stale bread of any kind into inch slices and trim into heart shapes. Beat one egg, add one quarter of a teaspoon of salt and one cup of milk. Dip hearts into egg and milk and fry a golden brown. Have all prepared a tapioca jelly made by washing quarter of a pound of tapioca in cold water and adding cold water to cover two inches. Cook very slowly in double cooker until the tapioca is clear and dissolved, then add two cups of sweetened fruit juice and let it remain hot until the tapioca has absorbed the fruit juice. Cranberry juice gives the right Valentine suggestion. Have the jelly just cold enough so it will drop around the edges of hearts and remain firm until served. This dish is very delicious, as well as attractive, and takes the place of the old-time cake and candy valentine cookies.

VALENTINE JELLY.—Thin jelly is made in three layers, each different color and flavor. Soak one box of gelatine in one cup of cold water until soft; add two cups of boiling water and two cups of sugar; stir until dissolved, and divide into three parts. To one part add one and two-thirds cup of strong coffee; to the second, add one and two-thirds cup of orange juice, and one and two-thirds cup of grape juice to the remaining third. Fill heart-shaped molds one



VALENTINE JELLY HEARTS WITH WHIPPED CREAM.

on just as economical a basis as possible, is the added responsibility of seeing that none of the joy and enthusiasm of youth be taken from her children, while her mind continually travels to our lads "over there," and she sews and knits every available moment, that she may add that much to their comfort.

The observance of holidays, in which February is so rich a month, always gives children much pleasure, and with a little guidance they can often do much of the work themselves. A lunch

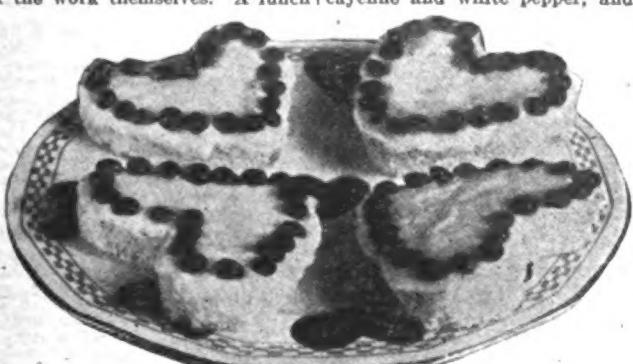
served on a valentine table is sure to please, and the decorations shown in the above illustrated heading will offer a variety of suggestions. On a white cover, place a centerpiece of paper or real flowers in a basket or bowl. Surround it with large hearts cut from pink or red cardboard or paper, or tinted with water color. Smaller hearts are

placed in groups to nearly cover the cloth. The place cards may be valentines. The bonbon dishes are four hearts tied together with ribbon, and on these and the place cards are cupids with drawn bows. If a cake is preferred for a centerpiece, in place of the flowers, use the Fort Cake with its patriotic suggestions; only, before the frosting and decorations are added, insert a ring for the one to be married first, a coin for future riches, a tiny horseshoe for good luck, and a thimble for the one fated to single blessedness, the four prophetic gifts of Saint Valentine, who loved everybody and went from house to house showering his gifts and blessings. And while we celebrate in memory of good Saint Valentine, we have, today, our faithful gray-uniformed friend, the postman, the most generally looked-for visitor on the 14th day of February.

Now to change the table decorations for the celebration of Washington's birthday, February

13 full of the coffee jelly, set it on ice, and when partly hardened, carefully pour on one-third of the orange jelly, and when this hardens, fill the mold with the grape jelly. When ready to serve, turn onto individual plates and garnish with whipped cream.

HEART-SHAPED CHICKEN LOAF.—Two cups of finely chopped chicken, seasoned with half a teaspoon of salt, half a teaspoon of celery salt, one teaspoon of cayenne and white pepper, and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Make a very thick cream sauce as follows: In a sauce pan put two even teaspoons of chicken fat, and when it bubbles, add two heaping tablespoons of corn-starch or four heaping tablespoons of flour; stir until smooth, and then very slowly add two cups of scalding milk, stirring constantly. It should not stop cooking while the milk is

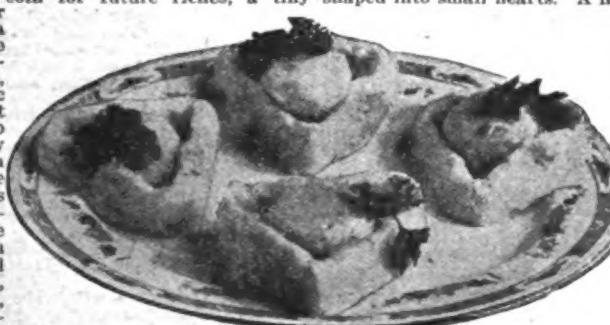


HEARTS OF TOAST AND JELLY.

being added, and when cooked the cream should be nearly as thick as drop batter. Season with salt and pepper, and stir in one well-beaten egg, and then add enough of the sauce to the chicken to work into one large heart shape when cool. Dip in fine bread crumbs, then egg and crumbs. Fry brown. Select a choice celery stalk and shape it into an arrow, and insert the point in the center of the loaf. Surround with mashed potato shaped into small hearts. A heart cut from boiled beet would be a suitable decoration on each heart of potato.

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY HATS.—Peel raw potatoes and place at once in cold water to prevent discoloration. Drop one at a time into boiling salted water so that the water will not stop boiling. When done, drain and set uncovered in the mouth of oven to dry off. Mash, add salt and cream, and

beat until white and fluffy. Shape into three-cornered Washington hats, place a sprig of parsley on each and serve at once.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY HATS.



"By Using Royal Baking Powder You Can Make a Big Saving in Eggs"

Leave out one-half or more of the eggs, and in place of each egg omitted use an additional teaspoon of

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Try this method with all your baking recipes. You will find it a most satisfactory way of economizing.

Also try the following recipes which save wheat flour as urged by the U.S. Food Administration.

Oatmeal Biscuits

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder $\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked oatmeal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt or rolled oats
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar NO EGGS 6 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add oatmeal, melted shortening and enough water to make a soft dough. Roll out thin on floured board; cut with biscuit cutter and bake in greased pan in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

Prune Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar or 1 cup $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup syrup $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rye flour $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prunes (washed, stoned and cut into pieces)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white flour NO EGGS

Cream shortening; add sugar, or syrup, and milk. Mix well and add the flour which has been sifted with the spices and baking powder. Add the prunes and mix well. Put into greased loaf pan and bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Send for our two economy books which are mailed free: "55 Ways to Save Eggs"; and "Best War Time Recipes," a helpful guide to food conservation.

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Save Wheat by Substituting Coarser Flours and Help Win the War

CROSS CURRENTS

By Maud Mary Brown

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PART TWO.

BEFORE she had given his number, her husband's last words repeated themselves in her ears. Good? Her eyes fell to the letter which was still clutched in her tense fingers. Good? The receiver dropped from her hand and swung, swinging idly.

What had she been about to do? Suddenly she felt like a cheat, an intriguer. She could not take advantage of her husband's weakness in this fashion. It was wrong and no amount of reasoning could make it right. She could never heal her bruised conscience with sophistry.

Her face ashen, she sat down and broke the seal of Waverley's letter.

With shaking fingers, Marcia drew the closely-written letter from its envelope.

"Dear Marcia"—it ran—"Since leaving you I have gone step by step over your decision, and you are right. You are not the woman to be contented with a compromise with life. Perhaps I am not that kind of a man. I don't know. Tonight I feel that only to have you, no matter how or where, would be enough happiness for me, here or hereafter. You have dedicated your life to service, and with your example before me I can do no less. Dear, all through my boyhood and youth, I lived next door to a girl. Her name is Lois Temple. I think our parents expected us to marry when we had left off playing and quarreling with each other. But our paths divided when we went to college. I was, from that time on, less and less at home. Then Lois' father lost his money in a wild speculation, and after he died, heartbroken, she moved to another city, where she taught, and we lost sight of each other. I saw her last year. Marcia, she has gone lame. 'Disease of the bone,' she told me, 'and incurable.' And her plucky chin quivered a little as she said it. Incurable? Perhaps. But money and science can perform miracles these days. If I cannot have the woman I love, I am going, if she will give her consent, to marry the woman to whom I can be of service. That is all. You have set the pace, Marcia, and always, somewhere, I shall be following along in my stumbling fashion, listening for a word about you, watching your work. Good luck, dear. And peace be with you.

SAXON."

Marcia scarcely could see through the shower of her tears as she took up her pen and finished the Oriental valediction, "And with you peace." This she placed in an envelope, and, addressing it to Waverley, she bowed her head on her folded arms and wept.

She felt alone and abandoned. She was, she thought bitterly, a piece of life's excess baggage. She had made a supreme renunciation for her husband, only to be told before her exaltation had subsided that he preferred another woman.

It did not occur to her during those first moments of her emotional storm that, with her inherited principles, the absence of moral obliquity in her nature, she could not have done less. Her head was not yet high at the thought of a duty nobly done.

All she remembered was that now Saxon Waverley's thought—all the amazing warmth of his nature—would be lavished on another woman. That was the bitter draught which she must swallow. That she was the one beloved, afforded her scant consolation.

She was torn with her jealousy of this woman. This Lois Temple. She was glad she was lame—hoped she would never... She snatched her thoughts back from their ugly course.

Her first spiritual tempest past, Marcia rose, bathed her eyes and powdered away the traces of her weeping. Then, going down-stairs, she carried her message to Waverley to the near-by mail box, and, coming back, she tapped at her husband's study door.

At his response, she entered. Coat off, he sat at a littered desk. All about him lay commentaries, books of reference. He looked up, frowning, at her entrance.

"I just paused to ask if there's anything I can do for you," she explained.

"No, thank you," he replied abruptly. "I should have done this work this afternoon. I seem to be in no condition now."

"Is something vexing you?"

He hesitated. "It's this," he replied, pointing to a passage in *Lily*. "I can't seem to unravel it into good sense."

She glanced over his shoulder. "Oh, I recognize that of old, she said, briskly. "It is what your freshmen call a humdinger. Dad used to get impatient with me over that. Do you mind letting me see if I've forgotten it?"

He looked up, a trifle surprised. This was not Marcia's customary procedure. Usually she was so cocksure.

It was as clear to her as a page out of a primer, nevertheless she puzzled over it for several minutes.

"Isn't this the way it goes?" she finally asked. Then, haltingly, but very clearly, she explained away the difficulty.

"That's it!" Stetson cried. "I should have unravelled it in time, Marcia."

"Why, of course. Is there anything else?"

"Nothing, and thank you. I wish I had had your father in the classics. You're a wonder."

"Oh, no, I'm not. But dad was, and I had exceptional teaching. If you are sure you want nothing more of me, I think I will say good night. I am rather tired."

Stetson was on his feet instantly. "You look positively ill, Marcia. Can't I do something for you? You ought not to be so pale after an afternoon in the air."

Oh, I am quite all right. The first warm weather always enervates one, you know. Good night, Bentley."

He followed her to open the door. "And about Miss Canfield, Ben," she said, "don't let it trouble you. We will all try to see what is right. That's all one can do, isn't it?"

He took an impulsive step toward her, but she had fled.

Stetson returned to his desk, but for a long time he sat idle. Marcia had been so dear! God! She was lovely, too, in that gentian-blue dress so like the color of her eyes! A woman to be proud of. Only....

Marcia went up to her room, conscious that there had been a new humility in her treatment of her husband's classical shortcomings. She idly wondered why.

She lay wide-eyed through the night, wondering. Morning brought no peace, but it did bring a strengthened resolution to do, at all costs, the best thing for her husband.

She went down-stairs too late to see him before he went to his classes. The adoring maid, having noticed Marcia's pallor the night before, had done all the tasks and the house was in exquisite order.

After a pretence at breakfast, Marcia went upstairs. She tried to work on her uncompleted story. It was of no use. One infinitely more absorbing was being written in her own life. She contemplated a walk, but a glance at her gray face and lusterless eyes warned her that if she ventured out she must meet the curious questionings of a score of friends who would observe the dimming of her usual radiance. Finally, she sat down in a low chair by an open

window, elbows on knees, chin cupped in pink palms, to consider.

But she was not permitted long to sit undisturbed. The maid tapped discreetly, and, being admitted, announced that Miss Canfield awaited her below.

It was a shock to Marcia, and she felt a sudden up-rush of anger. She wanted more time to think—must have more time for so profound a problem. Should she deny herself to the adventurous Miss Canfield? She was too proud for that.

"Ask her to come up, please, Hannah. And, Hannah, you will do my marketing today. The list is there on my desk. And go at once, please."

The next instant Marcia was face to face with her unbidden guest. Whether Bentley already had communicated with her, Marcia wondered.

"Good morning, Miss Canfield. Won't you sit here?"

Marcia's chin was high. In her presence her guest felt uncomfortable.

Speechless, Marcia gazed at her a moment before taking a chair near by. Wherein lay this woman's charm for her husband? What quality had she that she, his wife, had not?

She was slight, a blonde, whose fluttering childlessness disguised nature hard as nails. Marcia, in that first, searching glance, saw that. How had she trapped Bentley? Marcia saw that also. She had flattered him, nourished his ego. When she had been a little impatient, a little intolerant, he had gone straight to this other woman for salve for his wounded pride. Marcia lay the secret of her thrall.

Miss Canfield was restless at the silence.

"I came," she began, with a little hardness creeping into her voice, "to speak to you about your husband—and myself."

Marcia looked at her unfalteringly. She felt an unwilling admiration for the woman who dared to face the issue.

"We—that is—he finds great happiness in being with me. He has told me so. That being so, he—I—we thought—"

"You are attempting to say that you thought that I would release him so that you might marry?"

"You put it very baldly, Mrs. Stetson."

"But truthfully?"

"Well, yes. You see, you do not love him—"

"If you please, we won't discuss me."

"But we must if we are to reach any conclusion. You don't make him happy."

"And you believe that you could?"

"Oh, I am sure of it. You see—"

"And as a prelude to this happiness, you propose to put him at variance with his family and his church. Professor Stetson is devoted to his family and his church, Miss Canfield."

"But—"

"Will you be patient just a moment? You hope to reach happiness by outraging the conventions; by putting the man whom you say you love in a false light before the world—a light that would become intolerable to him; by persuading me to act in collusion with you so that you may gain your ends. Collusion, if I am not mistaken, is an ugly offence in cases like this. These things you would do; you would wreck in a moment the principles and traditions which it has taken generations to build. All for your interpretation of happiness."

"I do not know you very well, Miss Canfield, but I do know Professor Stetson, and I know that fundamentally he has a hair-trigger conscience. I tell you quite candidly that you could not keep him happy for a month."

Miss Canfield had flushed during Marcia's words.

"I should suppose that you would be glad to give him up. You do not love him—"

"Nor do you," cut in Marcia, swiftly. "Love doesn't mean greed, does it? It means service." Her lips quivered, as she recalled Waverley's written words.

"It means sacrifice," she went on, "and self-effacement."

"Yes," retorted Miss Canfield, stung out of her calm: "you have been self-effacing, haven't you? In every situation you take the initiative as you are taking it with me today. Do you imagine that your husband has enjoyed that?"

Marcia ignored the thrust, save by a rising color.

"If I thought," she said, "that a permanent happiness could come to Professor Stetson through you, I would do whatever I could do to set things right. But it is not so. He will see himself, straightway. I must decline to assist you, Miss Canfield. Is there anything further that you wish to say?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Stetson, except to apologize for having come. I thought you were broad-minded. I find you colorlessly selfish. You are clinging to something for which you have no use simply because it is yours. You have succeeded in getting yourself called clever. Perhaps you are clever, but the supernally clever woman in these days is the one who can hold her husband. And you haven't done that. It wasn't worth the trouble. You have kept Professor Stetson on mental tiptoe—an uncomfortable position for any man. I suppose you intend to keep him there till the end, while you, be-pedestaled and patronizing, bar his way to liberty. That, I believe, is all that I care to say."

She was gone with the last word to her credit. Alone, Marcia, half-laughing, half-crying, sank into a chair.

"Thank heaven that is over!" she breathed. "I wonder," she mused, once she had captured her control, "if I have failed as a wife."

At luncheon, Stetson was very quiet.

"How went the work this morning?" queried Marcia.

"It always goes fairly well at the close of the year," was the moody reply. "The barbarians are afraid I'll not pass them. Lord, how I hate it all, Marcia!"

"Ben, I'm sorry."

"It's all in a day's work. Don't worry about me. And, Marcia"—flushing—"about Miss Canfield... Let's forget it. I think I must have been rather mad yesterday."

"You mean that you don't wish me to see her?"

"Certainly I do not wish you to see her. I have been abnormally discouraged this spring. Miss Canfield fitted into my mood of discontent, my antagonism to my work. It was nothing more than that. I see it now."

He had not communicated with Miss Canfield! Marcia was conscious of an ineffable sense of relief.

The telephone in his study rang, and Stetson rose to answer it. Coming back, a moment later,

he looked flushed and uncomfortable.

"So she came," he remarked. "Marcia, I'm sorry. And I am humiliated. It was an insufferable position for you."

"Never mind that, Ben. It was just as well to have things out. Now, as you suggest, we will forget it." They finished luncheon in silence.

If Marcia was unusually quiet during the last weeks of the college year, it passed unnoticed in the whirlwind of festivity which inevitably prevails at the commencement season. She was quiet and self-effacing and very, very thoughtful.

To her husband, in those days, she was gentle, gentler than she had been since that first year, six years earlier, of their marriage. He, watching her with bewildered eyes, wondered at it, and she, watching him as closely with speculative eyes, also wondered.

There were younger women in the professorial circle at St. Jules', brides of instructors and assistants. Unobtrusively, Marcia divided among them the scepter which she had wielded so superbly, lingering, meanwhile, an interested spectator, in the background of social affairs.

Saxon Waverley, true to his resolution, had left town, and his departure had raised a storm of genuine regret. From the city, from time to time, came word of him, but never one for Marcia's ear alone. Finally, came the rumor of his engagement, followed immediately by cards announcing his marriage to Lois Temple.

"Most romantic, isn't it?" one of her friends said to Marcia, one day. "It seems that he has loved her since they were boy and girl together."

The knife of jealousy plunged into Marcia's heart. "Oh, you have been misinformed! I mean," she blundered on, warned of danger by the surprise in her guest's face, "I mean that for years he has not been in touch with her at all. He told me about her once. I believe that she is a—very charming woman. But lame. Incurably lame."

"Dear me! How sad!" And to Marcia's exquisite relief, the caller rose to go.

That summer the Stetsons went to a little cottage snuggled far up in the foothills of the Green Mountains.

Stetson loved it—loved the freedom of the out-of-doors and the labor in the tiny, belated garden. He fitted up a shop, where he spent hours together with his slender store of tools. Other hours he spent on the second-hand raceabout, which he had denied himself many things to buy, working with all the zeal of a youth with his first mechanical toy.

In this atmosphere, he expanded, curiously, became less deprecating, more certain of himself. "Bentley," Marcia began one day, when she had followed him out to the shop, "what do you say to resigning at St. Jules?"

He laughed boyishly. "I say glory be!" he answered quickly. "No such luck as being able to, though. You weren't meaning it?"

"Yes, I did mean it, Bentley."

"What would you do without the life there? You love it—fit into it exquisitely."

"I think it is high time we ceased to consider me. You abhor it. That is the main point. Over and over, I have heard you rebel. It must be a perpetual sour-irritant always to do what one abhors. One can never be at his best doing that. How about beginning to do something you would like to do, Bentley?"

"But Marcia, consider, please. I am thirty years old, and I have never done anything but teach. I should not know where to begin."

She laughed at him. "For once," she said, "begin where you desire to begin. Where would that be, Ben?"

He balanced himself on a bench and regarded her seriously. "You've no idea," he began, "how I want to know a motor, from its radiator to its rear axle and back again. I'd like to measure my brains against its mechanism. I'd like to make it yield to me its last ounce of efficiency. I would like that."

"Then," Marcia said calmly, "that is the place to begin."

It was his turn to laugh at her. "But you are jesting, Marcia. Do you happen to have thought what that would mean? I would have to begin at the bottom—in a garage, most likely. It would mean overalls and a jumper and hands cut and scratched and smeared with grease—hands that would not be white from one week to the next. And it would mean fingernails broken and skin roughened. No more immaculate dress clothes, no more ponderous dinners and discussions of Sir Rabindranath Tagore. I'd soon be saying 'sure' and 'I get you.' I'd be an everlasting disgrace to you, Marcia."

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Lincoln's Wit and Wisdom

By C. L. Cheever

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LINCOLN'S life is filled with little incidents that show his affection for children. It is this part of his noble nature that made him so full of sympathy and tenderness. From the days when he rocked the babies to sleep in the humble log cabins of his acquaintances, to the days when he romped with his own children in the White House, his regard for children was ever noticeable. All his early pictures show him beardless; all his pictures after his election show him wearing a beard. That beard was due to the suggestion of a little girl in New York state; having seen and heard Mr. Lincoln in the days before the war, when he was traveling and speaking in the East, she thought a beard would greatly improve his looks, and wrote and told him so. He took the hint kindly, as he always did, and when on his way to the White House as president, his train stopped at the village where Grace lived. He asked if Grace were in the throng at the depot. She was, of course. She came forward and Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, Grace; you see that I have let my whiskers grow for you." Then he took her hands, bent down and kissed her.

A Good Little Boy's Reward

One day, a little boy of twelve slipped into the president's room, unnoticed, in the crowd of senators, and representatives, generals and politicians, who were crowding for an audience. But the president noticed him.

"Who is this little boy?" he asked pleasantly. There was not a person in the room who could tell; but the boy, plucking up courage, said he was "a good little boy" who had come to Washington to get a situation as page in the House of Representatives. The bothered president, his mind full of important affairs, told the little fellow, kindly, that the president did not appoint pages, but that he must see the head doorman of the House of Representatives. The boy, however, did not intend to let go of the president, who, as he supposed, was head of everything; he again told the president that he was a good boy; and in proof, he drew from his pocket a recommendation, signed by his pastor and the leading men of his town; he told the president, too, that his mother was a widow and that the appointment would be a great help to her. Then Mr. Lincoln, smiling down at the little fellow, took the applicant's letter of recommendation and wrote on the back of it: "If Captain Goodnow (the head doorman) can give this 'good little boy' a place he will oblige A. Lincoln." The boy got the place.

The Boy Who Could Not Withstand Temptation

Once, a country boy, who had come to Boston to begin the world, could not withstand temptation, stole money from the letters that he took to or from the post-office, he was found out, arrested and sent to prison. But some tender-hearted people interested themselves in the boy and applied for a pardon, believing that if he had another chance he would be a better boy. The pardon was presented to the president, who, in the funny way he had, said if the petition were true, it would seem as if there were not many such boys as this one, outside the Sunday-school. Then, growing serious, he asked the boy's father what would be done if the boy were released. The father replied that the boy had had quite enough of the city, and would gladly go back to the farm. At once, the president signed the pardon, and the boy was set free.

Preferred to Err on the Side of Mercy

Defeat could not subdue Lincoln; impatience could not move him; criticism could not turn him from his purpose. He saw what was to be done and stood upright and sturdy in the path he had marked out, fighting gallantly to the end. But distress in others affected him. He could be stern if need be, though always just; but if he ever wavered at all, it was when some poor fellow's life was in danger.

"Go away, Swett," he said to an old friend, who called on him in the White House. "Tomorrow is butcher-day. I must go through these paners and see if I cannot find some excuse to let these poor fellows off;" and the tender-hearted president turned to the pile of papers which were the death warrants of soldiers who had failed in their duty; not because he wished to shirk the evidence, but to find one single loophole that would give them any chance for life through pardon. "The man must not be shot," cried the friend of a recreant soldier, whom Stanton, the just, but stern war-secretary would not pardon. "Well," said the president, "I don't believe shooting will do him any good. Give me that pen," and the pardon was granted.

The Sleeping Sentinel

The story of William Scott, "the sleeping sentinel," is one of the best known among all these tales of Lincoln's sympathy. William Scott had marched all day and then volunteered to stand as sentry, at night, in place of a sick comrade. He was found asleep on his post. He was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. Friends tried to save his life and went to Mr. Lincoln with the story. He heard it and made up his mind to save the boy's life. He was afraid to trust another with the message and went himself to see the prisoner, who was under guard at Washington. Lincoln entered the tent where Scott was confined, talked with him of his home on the Vermont farm, his school and his mother. Then he said: "My boy, look me in the face. You are not going to be shot tomorrow. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. How are you going to pay me?"

Young Scott was overjoyed, but worried. He did not know how he could pay Mr. Lincoln. A president would need a big fee, he thought. And when, finally, he said he thought the boys would club together, and perhaps they could raise five or six hundred dollars, the great president put his hands on the lad's shoulders and said: "My boy, my bill is a large one. Your friends cannot pay it. There is only one man in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If, from this day, William Scott does his duty, so that if I were there when he comes

to die, he can look me in the face and say, 'I have kept my promise, I have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you promise?"

Utterly broken down by the kindness and serousness of the president, Scott promised; he was released, sent back to his regiment, and died, months after, fighting bravely in battle, where almost his last words were: "Boys, I've tried to do the right thing. If any of you get the chance, tell the president I have tried to be a good soldier, and true to the flag, and tell him I think of his kind face and thank him again that he gave me the chance to fall like a soldier in battle and not like a coward, by the hands of my comrades."

Lincoln Could Get Mad

Because of his charity Lincoln was absolutely without hatred. And yet he could "get mad" even as Washington could, under certain circumstances. He could not endure an insult to a friend. One of the few times he was known to be really angry after he was in the White House, was when certain officious persons came to him with an evil report against one of his nearest friends.

As the president listened silently, his face flushed. Then he took the paper. "Is this mine, to do with as I please?" he asked. "Certainly, Mr. President," replied one of the delegation. Lincoln walked to the fireplace and dropped the paper in the fire. "Good morning, gentlemen," he said. "I could not trust myself to reply in words," the president said afterward, "I was so angry. It was an unjust attack upon my dearest friend."

Hated Profanity

At another time, a person, strongly recommended, swore twice in the course of an interview. When he did so the second time, the president opened the door. "I thought the senator had sent me a gentleman," he said. "I find I am mistaken. There is the door, sir. Good evening!"

No Nail to Hang His Hat on

As Mr. Lincoln rose to deliver his inaugural address there was a moment of embarrassment. He held a gold-headed cane in one hand and his printed speech in the other. When he took off his new high hat, he did not know what to do with it. He is said to have remarked in his droll way, as he looked up at the marble columns of the Capitol, "I don't see any nail on those columns to hang this on." Just then Stephen A. Douglas, for so many years his rival, stepped forward and took the hat, as he remarked with a smile, "If I can't be President, at least I can hold his hat."

In one of his speeches, before he was elected President, Lincoln paid this tribute to his adversary: "Twenty-two years ago," he said, "Judge Douglas and I became acquainted. We were both young then, he a trifle younger than I (four years). Even then we were both ambitious—I perhaps quite as much as he. With me the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure. With him it has been one of splendid success. His name fills the nation and is not unknown in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached, I would rather stand upon that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever decked a monarch's brow. The judge means to keep me down—not put me down—for I have never been up." In this tribute Lincoln showed in his own nature a modesty for which the world has always loved him.

Touching Farewell to His Friends

When the time drew near for Mr. Lincoln to go East and take up his duties as President, a special train had been provided to take the new president and party to Washington. It was on the morning of February 11, 1861 and it was raining heavily. Two or three hundred people had gathered at the little Springfield station. Just as the train was starting, Mr. Lincoln asked the conductor to wait a moment. He turned toward the people, removed his tall hat, paused for several seconds until he could control his emotions, and then slowly and with deep feeling gave them this simple farewell:

"No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. All the strange checkered past seems to crowd upon my mind. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commanding you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

An old friend, who stood with bared head in the pouring rain while these words were spoken, has described the scene for us: "We have heard Mr. Lincoln speak upon a hundred different occasions, but we never saw him so profoundly affected, nor did he ever utter an address which seemed to us so full of simple and touching eloquence. Although it was raining fast when he began to speak, every hat was lifted, and every head bent forward to catch the last words of the departing chief."



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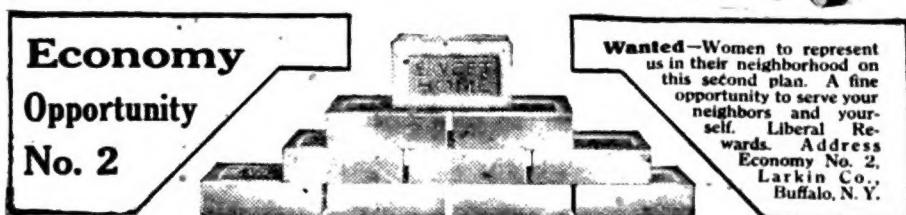
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NOW hop up onto my lap and give me your earnest attention. I'm going to give you a lesson in history. Follow closely what I say and you will get a clear insight into, and a perfect understanding of, the fundamental causes which made inevitable the bloody world war in which we are now engaged.

If you have got your atlases open and have a map of Europe in front of you, we will start away back at the very beginning. Sometime before Columbus discovered this continent, a somewhat insignificant family by the name of Hohenzollern occupied a small section of country known as the Mark or Province of Brandenburg in the northern plains of central Europe. This family had its headquarters in a little one-horse town, called Berlin. The Hohenzollerns were a very aggressive bunch, and they had the grab and murder game reduced to a science just as they have today. By conquering neighboring lands, they soon had possessions which stretched from the Rhine away east beyond the Vistula. The Hohenzollern theory was that a dynasty such as theirs could be maintained solely by a policy of conquest, and this is still their theory.

In 1640 Frederick William the great Elector of Brandenburg, on ascending the throne, organized a huge standing army which was the beginning of the present Prussian war machine. The Great Elector died in 1688 and his son, Frederick III of Brandenburg, became Frederick I of Prussia in 1701. This gentleman was succeeded by his son Frederick William I, who ascended the throne in 1713. During his reign he scoured all Europe in search of human giants for his army. His son and successor, famous in history as Frederick the Great, became king in 1740 and held his royal job until 1786. It is this royal warrior that the Kaiser so greatly admires and seeks to emulate. During his reign militarism was rampant; Silesia was torn from Austria and the wicked partition of Poland was begun. Frederick doubled the size of Prussia and made it a mighty European state. He was succeeded by an insignificant nephew who died in 1797. During the reign of his successor, Frederick William III, which lasted from 1797 to 1840, Napoleon terrorized Europe and thrashed Prussia at Jena and Auerstadt. As a result of these defeats, Prussia shrank considerably, but after Napoleon was crushed at Waterloo, Prussia got most of her territory back.

The present Kaiser's "divine right" grandfather was crowned King in 1861 and reigned until 1888 and it was during his reign that Prussia reached the pinnacle of her military fame and extended her boundaries in all directions. In 1864 the Kaiser's grandpapa stole Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark, which made the Kiel canal possible. The great Bismarck was at the emperor's elbow and engineered and planned the grabbing. In 1866 in a short seven weeks' war Austria, who had been Prussia's rival, was thrashed and made the obedient tail of the Prussian dachshund. In this highly profitable scrap, which brought Germany to the front as a great world power, the great South German States, Bavaria, Saxony and Wurtemburg, fought on the side of Austria. Through this war Prussia acquired Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Hesse-Nassau and Frankfort. Might over right and the policy of blood and iron were now in full swing, and though the Prussian press and people protested, the army was enormously strengthened. In 1870 the Southern German States, Bavaria, Wurtemburg and Baden, moved by a Pan-German impulse, joined Prussia in a war against France. A telegram faked by Bismarck was the spark that kindled the fire. France was unprepared and Prussia found her an easy victim. In this war, Prussia, who howls about being starved by great Britain, did not hesitate to starve Paris into surrender and Prussia, who whines about no annexations and no indemnities, charged France a billion dollars for the pleasure of licking her and stole Alsace Lorraine, which had been French for two hundred years. Germany now was swollen out like a poisoned pup, bigger and fatter than ever, and the King of Prussia in the hour of victory over France and the last of the Napoleons, was at historic Versailles, near Paris, in 1871, crowned Emperor and War Lord of the German Empire, which sprawls all over the heart of Europe. The old Emperor died in 1888 and the present Kaiser's father, a lovable, peaceful man, utterly unlike his degenerate son, but afflicted, alas, with a cancerous throat, reigned but a few months. His ungrateful rascal of a son, who succeeded to the throne in 1888 and who is now trying to dominate the world, did all he could to keep his father from wearing the crown. His abominable behavior nearly broke his mother's heart and hastened his father's end.

The Prussian ideal of government, might over right, force, blood and iron, thanks to conquest and easily won victories, was now firmly established, and a military monster with medieval ideals, worthy only of the dark ages, menaced the Kaiser's divine rights.

The Prussian ideal of government is diametrically opposed to ours. There the individual is the servant of the government and exists only for the benefit of the state—and the state is the Kaiser and his Junker aristocrats. In Germany the state is everything, the individual nothing, nothing but a cog in a vast machine, and oiled only so the machine will run smoothly and perform its work of killing or producing more efficiently. Such individual liberty as Germany enjoys is permitted only if it does not interfere with the Hohenzollern interests and the Kaiser's divine rights.

Both England and France at various times have tried a little bit of the Prussian governmental flea, but after a brief experiment they rejected it as abhorrent to free men. These ideals, Germany's and ours, remember, are utterly antagonistic and cannot exist side by side in this world. It does not matter whether the paternal slavery practiced in Germany is benevolent or not, real, manly men have always risen against this form of state domination. Men, if docile, will submit to tyrannical bossing for a time, but the desire for freedom will always assert itself, for real men would rather have a poor government that they owned and controlled than a perfect government enforced upon them and controlled by others. The Germans vote, but their votes count for little and their Reichstag or Parliament is merely a debating society, as the Chancellor, the Kaiser's representative, is responsible only to his despotic master and not to the people. Some of the German people were getting very tired of this domination and the large socialist vote became so eminent that the Kaiser and his aristocrats determined that war was the best thing to head off the rising tide of popular discontent.

Just how war came, I will tell you another time, but directly it did come, the drilled docile Prussian forgot his craving for liberty and democracy and enthusiastically followed his War Lord in his bloody onslaughts on his peaceful neighbors. With German church bells pealing

forth the joyous news of German victories, the German socialist forgot about his socialism, and joyously went off to cut the throats of his comrades and enslave the peoples of other lands. Saxons from the German forests more than a thousand years ago conceived the idea of democratic government and invaded England, conquered that country and made free government a reality. The Germanic tribes who stayed behind allowed their kings and chiefs to rule and enslave them and they have continued to do so to this very day. In 1848 the German people started a mild sort of revolution, but the Herr Professors got talking and talked so long that they gave the habit the British had, and the French got a little later, of cutting off the heads of kings, and acquired the French and British yearning for self-government, we should have the United States of Europe, world democracy, and there would be no kaisers and no war today.

Preserve this article, paste it in your scrapbooks; read it to your neighbors and you teachers take it to school and read it to your scholars. It is what you and they need, for we cannot win this war unless the people know all of the causes back of this great war upon war, this great struggle of free men against the brutal tyranny of bloodthirsty, despotic kings.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.



PERCIVAL A. HORIE AT THE LEFT NEXT THE FLAG.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

23rd Company, JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MISSOURI.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I'm a volunteer soldier, sixteen years of age. It was hard for my mother to consent to my enlisting, but she gave her consent at last. I'm a Canadian by birth, born in the city of Montreal. This place is not far from St. Louis. Have been there a few times but don't know much about it yet. This place is rather lonesome and if any of the cousins care to write to a soldier boy, I will answer, but I guess I will make a better soldier than a letter writer. I have three cousins serving somewhere in France. I hope soon to see France, England and Berlin, and before this war is over I hope to get a peep at the Kaiser. I wish I could get a punch at him, and there would be nothing left but a grease spot. If the people who abuse you for your patriotic stand, Uncle Charlie, could only hear what is being said here about the Kaiser and his Prussian Huns, they would let up on you and crawl into their holes and keep quiet for the rest of their lives. These people may control in Germany, but they don't own the United States yet, and if I and my chums have a say in the matter they never will own it. I'm a League member and hope to hear from some of the cousins.

PERCIVAL A. HORIE.

P. S. In the picture I am sending, I am holding the flag.

Percy has written an excellent letter, but he has signed his name so that I don't know whether he is Howe, Horie, Hove, Hone or Hone, and he has forgotten to give the name of his regiment. Any letters addressed as above, however, unless he has gone to France, will undoubtedly find him.

I hope the big, husky, meaty-mouthed, contemptible, craven slackers who want to hide behind their mother's apron strings and like vampires suck the blood out of this country and bleed it without any intention of ever bleeding for it, and are unwilling to do a single thing to protect democracy and keep freedom and liberty alive in the world, will read the letter of this sixteen-year-old boy who has heard the call of duty and is ready to die that the things we cherish and love may live. God bless and protect him and bring him home safely and victorious to that devoted mother of his. Yes, Percival, I am deluged with abuse from our enemies, many of whom seem to think I am the only one in the United States who is showing up the enemy in his true colors. This is largely because they only read German language papers or traitorous, radical sheets, which are playing the Kaiser's game. As a matter of fact I have been as mild as a dove in my handling of the Kaiser and his Potsdam gang of cutthroats. In proof of this here is an extract from an article written by that glorious patriot, America's grand old man, naturalist, poet and author, John Burroughs, in the New York Tribune, Dec. 14, 1917.

"When one has run over in one's mind the things Germany has been guilty of—the long list of her unspeakable atrocities and robberies, the deportation of non-combatants, the wanton destruction of property in Belgium and Northern France, the demolition of century-old architecture and art treasures, the judicial murder of Captain Fryatt, the bombing of defenseless towns, the bombing of hospitals, torpedoing of hospital ships, the fiendish drowning of the crew of the Belgian Prince, her sinkings, her ravishings, her burnings, her stealing, her lying, her studied cruelties, her campaign of frightfulness, her paving the bottom of the seas with thousands of ships and cargoes and thousands of the bodies of innocent non-combatants of the neutral and Allied nations. . . . her sending women and children and unarmed sailors to the bottom

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or abandoning them in open boats in the midst of the stormy seas, does he feel like saying, "Never mind; let it all pass." . . . It will all be the same in a hundred years. For my own part I will never again use an article made in modern Germany if I know it. . . . I will favor the exclusion of the German language and literature from our schools and colleges. I would drive every unnaturalized German from this country. We do not want their ideas or their methods. . . . Their methods enslave the mind and lead to efficiency chiefly in the field of organized robbery. They invent nothing, but they add a Satanic touch to the inventions of others and turn them to infernal uses. They are without sentiment or imagination. They have broken completely with the old Germany of Goethe, of Kant and Lessing, to whom we all owe a debt. They are learned in the roots of things but their learning is musty and dusty with underground conditions. They know the "Tree of Knowledge" at the bottom, but not at the top in the air and sun, where are its leaves and flowers and fruits. They run to erudition but not to inspiration. They are a heavy, materialistic, grasping race, forceful but not creative, military but not humanistic, aggressive but not heroic, religious but not spiritual; brave it may be, but not chivalrous; utterly selfish, thoroughly scientific and efficient on a low plane, as organized force is always efficient. None of the great musicians were Prussian. Luther threw his ink bottle at the devil, but the devil got even with him and made the Christian outlook blacker than it was before. They are at this moment taking means to increase their birth rate by methods identical with those of stock men and dog breeders. That the German women do not defend themselves with liquid fire and asphyxiating gas shows that their morals are as low as those of the men and that they are the victims of the same civic slavery. They have fought this war like sneaks and cutthroats; they have respected nothing human or divine. . . . It has been an orgy of lust and destructiveness. When the armies are forced to retreat . . . they destroy the very earth behind them. If they could poison all the water, all the air, all the food of their enemies, is there any doubt that they would quickly do so? If they could scuttle the British Isles and have sunk them like a ship would they not have done it long ago? Of course they would have wanted to plunder the treasures and violate the women before doing so, and then the Kaiser, plausibly lifting his eyes before his people would have again thanked God for His "faithful co-operation." . . . They are below the Turks; collectively they are on a par with their ancestral Huns. . . . It is time they were barred out of the family of decent, self-respecting nations; at least that the doors were closed to them for two generations. Let us not fraternize with nations who, in character and conduct, are on a par with those desperadoes (CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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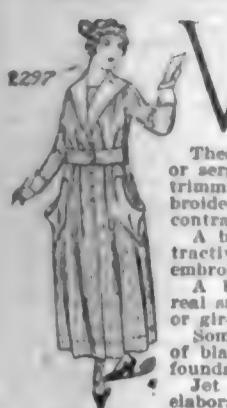
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Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



VELVET and serge are among the popular materials of this season. One-piece models still lead and are to be recommended for comfort, grace and simplicity.

These dresses in velvet, satin or serge, require little by way of trimming. Just a bit of embroidery or lace in some bright contrasting color.

A blue serge dress is most attractive with a bit of gray wool embroidery.

A black velvet dress will be real smart with a rose satin sash or girdle.

Some pretty evening frocks are of black tulle or black lace over foundations of flesh colored satin.

Jet forms a very pretty and elaborate trimming for these frocks.

Pattern Descriptions

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1947—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model is good for serge, gabardine, flannelette, gingham, percale, linene and linen.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1953—Ladies' Waist in Surplice Style. This model is nice for lawn, linene, linene, madras, batiste, taffeta, satin, and serge. The right front overlaps the left in surplice effect.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires two and three fourths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2100—Ladies' Combination Garment of Corset Cover and Drawers. Lawn, batiste, dimity, cross batiste, muslin, crepe and silk, are all lovely for this style.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2137—A Smart Little Dress for Mother's Girl. This model is good for soft woolens, crepe, gabardine and silk. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes: four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and three fourths yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size. Price 10 cents.

2294—A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl. This model is good for gingham, lawn, batiste, chambrey, rupp, pique, serge, cashmere, velvet or corduroy. It is nice, too, for plaid or checked suiting.

Cut in four sizes: two, four, six and eight years. Size eight requires three and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

2297—A Simple, One-piece Model. This style is excellent for home or porch wear. Satin or serge with braid or embroidery could be used. It is also nice for velvet and crepe, cashmere or gabardine.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires seven yards of 36-inch material.

2301—A Practical, Serviceable Model. Muslin, cambric, lawn, crepe, flannelette, domet, and cotton flannel are good for this design. The waist could also be of drill or jeans.

Cut in five sizes: four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires one and five eighths yard for the waist and two and one half yards for the drawers of 27-inch material. Price 10 cents.

2305—A New Apron. This is a practical "housekeeping" model. It is good for gingham, seersucker, lawn, muslin, cambric, drill and alpaca.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires three and five eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2306—An Up-to-Date Dress for the Growing Girl. This makes a fine school frock.

Cut in four sizes: eight, ten, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires six yards of 36-inch material. Gantoon, gingham, linene, khaki, serge, velvet and corduroy are nice for this style.

2307—A Set of New Collars. These styles are very attractive and smart, and suitable for silk, crepe, linene, batiste, velvet, satin and faille. The pattern includes all styles illustrated.

Cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. Size medium requires for No. 1, one yard of 27-inch material; for No. 2, one yard of 36-inch material; for No. 3, one and one fourth yard of 36-inch material.

2310—A Smart Dress for Mother's Girl. Serge or gabardine is nice for this model. It is also good for satin, velvet, poplin, mixed suiting, plaid or checked woolen. The peplum may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires three and three fourths yards of 44-inch material.

2312—A Simple and Attractive Model. In blue serge, brown Jersey cloth, or plaid or mixed suiting, this model will be ideal.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires four and five eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2314—A Popular, Practical Garment. In these days of physical training, a suit of this kind is most appropriate. Serge, drill, khaki, gingham, gabardine, flannel and cashmere are good materials for this model.

Cut in five sizes: four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires four yards of 44-inch material.

2315—A Practical Coat Model. This is suitable for tweed, cheviot, chinchilla, broadcloth, serge or vicuna.

Cut in five sizes: four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires two and three eighths yards of 54-inch material.

2316—A Smart Dress for the Growing Girl. This will be good for serge, gabardine, corduroy, velvet, poplin, velvet or satin.

Cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires five and five eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2317 Waist. 2318 Skirt—A Good Costume for General Wear.

Waist Pattern 2317 is cut in seven sizes: 34,

36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.

The skirt 2318 in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require for skirt and waist five and five eighths yards of 44-inch material. Two separate patterns, 12 cents for each pattern.

2318—A Popular, up-to-date Style. In satin, corduroy, velvet, cashmere, serge and poplin, this style is very attractive.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and

yards of 44-inch material for the dress and one and three eighths yard for the jumper.

2321 Waist. 2319 Skirt—A new Autumn Frock. For a smart, dressy gown, one could have satin or crepe, or gabardine with fur trimming.

Waist Pattern 2321 is cut in seven sizes: 24, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 2319 is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require nine yards of 44-inch material for the entire dress for a 36-inch size. Two separate patterns, 12 cents for each pattern.

2322—A Good School Dress. Blue or brown serge with trimmings. In white or self color, would be very nice for this style.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



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"St. Valentine's party next Thursday night!
Polish your wits till clear and bright.
All your heart secrets we're going to guess.
No use evading you've got to confess
Who's your best girl or who's your best beau?
Is he soldier or sailor or man with a hoe?
What is her name and where does she dwell?
St. Valentine knows but he will not tell.
Refusals forbidden, be sure you come—
Only a slacker will stay at home."

By Rosalie Barton Cummings

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JUST because we must take most things so seriously this war year is the very reason why an evening devoted to innocent diversion once in a while will do us a world of good. Let us put away our knitting and Red Cross work for a short time and give an hour or two to a celebration in honor of our good old friend Saint Valentine. A change is beneficial for everybody and after a little fun we can go back to our work with renewed courage and energy. If you, dear reader, are one of the painfully superior kind of people who think valentines are childish foolery, just remember the famous old couplet which tells that

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Why not have your Valentine celebration a complete change this year from those of past seasons by making it progressive? By this I do not mean progressive card games, but a new contest in which the guests progress from table to table thus affording a constant change of partners and adding greatly to the fun. Such an affair can be as large or as small as one wishes, it can be given to a few friends in a private house, or it can form part of an evening's diversion for the young people at the Grange hall or the church parlors. Now to make the party a real success everything should be a little out of the ordinary and even the invitations should be unique. Very effective ones can be made at almost no expense by cutting them from brown manilla paper such as bundles are wrapped in. Cut a large heart by folding the paper in the center and then cutting the shape of half a heart. This will ensure having each lobe of the heart the same size, for it would never do for Saint Valentine to send out a lopsided heart. When you have at last achieved a perfect shape, lay this on as many as ten folds of paper and cut to pattern.

Now take a fine pen and a bottle of red ink and write on each heart the following doggerel:

"St. Valentine's party next Thursday night!
Polish your wits 'till clear and bright.
All your heart secrets we're going to guess.
No use evading, you've got to confess
Who's your best girl or who's your best beau?
Is he soldier or sailor or man with a hoe?
What is her name and where does she dwell?
St. Valentine knows but he will not tell.
Refusals forbidden, be sure you come—
Only a slacker will stay at home."

In the point of the heart is written the name and address of the person giving the party. Thus if the house is on a street, write "19 Walnut St., " or whatever the address is, but if the party is to be given in a house some distance from the town, try to describe it in some unmistakable way. This is easy if the place has a name such as "Shady Lawn" or the "Ridge Farm" or something like that, but if it has no name or no number write on the back of the card a description of how to get there, thus: "Starting from the Grange Hall, you must walk north on Main St. until you come to Western Ave., turn into this and so continue until the Prairie Road is reached, turn east on this and St. Valentine awaits you at the white house on the left with the two big maples in the front yard."

If on the other hand the party is to be given for a church or grange to make a little money for some worthy cause, the invitation should of course bear the name of the hall or the church parlors and also the price of admission. From fifteen to twenty-five cents would be about right for an evening's festivity and from thirty-five to fifty if there was to be a bean supper beforehand.

If it takes place in a private house it is best to have the festivity begin about eight o'clock. The hostess should have already prepared a number of small hearts, each one marked with the name of a woman guest and also the number of the table she is to sit at, thus:

"Blanche Smith
Table 4"

It makes a good deal of fun if these hearts are hidden around the room in vases, under chairs, behind books in the bookcase, under the edge of the rug or anywhere the hostess wants to have the men search for their partners. If there are more men than girls at the party, have some of the girls take men's parts and search for partners in the same way. The first man to find a heart has five added to his score and the same amount is added to the score of the girl whose name is on the heart. It creates laughter and also stops any tendency of trading partners to have some big mottoes printed with a brush or very coarse pen on brown paper and stuck up around the room, such as: "Finding's Keeping," "It's Not Fair to Capture More Than One Heart at a Time," "When You've Found Your Heart Go Sit Down," "Hearts are Trumps, No Scapping Allowed."

As soon as everybody has found a partner in this way the game of Lost Hearts should

begin. This is played at small tables with from four to six at each table; in the center of each table is a little mound of peanuts, on six of which are securely pasted tiny red hearts. These should be hidden underneath the rest.

After everybody is seated a small hand bell or gong is placed on the table at the end of the room. This is called Saint Valentine's table and at the beginning of each game a small dish of the old-fashioned candies called "kisses," on which are printed mottoes, is passed to each player, but it is not passed at the other tables. It serves as a reward for those who reach this table and as an inducement to get there. Each player is then given a plain card on which to keep score. On each table is a pencil and in front of one of the seats is a big red heart pasted on the table. The person who has this seat begins the play.

To start off the game the hostess or whoever has it in charge announces that each game lasts for only five minutes. Then she strikes the bell. The idea of the game is to get as many nuts as possible from the pile without moving any but the nut first touched. The first player has an advantage over the others, because when the peanuts are piled in a mound in the center, a few usually fall away and can be picked up without touching the others. After they have been safely transferred to the player's side, the difficulty of getting one from the mound where they are all resting, one on another, becomes apparent, and an inexperienced person usually fails, for after accidentally moving another nut with the peanut he is trying to extract he will be greeted with gleeful shrieks of "Lost!"—and even if the five-minute time limit for the game has not been called, he takes the one nut that brought the disaster and places it in front of him. Then the next player takes his turn until he misses, and so on until the bell strikes the end of the period.

At the end of five minutes the bell on the table is rung and all play is stopped. The number of nuts won by each person is marked on his card and the partners whose score is the highest move to the table above, except those sitting at Saint Valentine's table, where the winning partners remain, and the losing pair move down to the bottom table.

At all tables the seat in front of the heart belongs to the visiting or progressing lady, which entitles her to the first play.

Again the nuts are banked after being collected from the players winning them, and the second game is played exactly like the first. Each nut counts one on the score card except the nuts with the heart, which count five.

At the end of the eighth or tenth game, which ever is decided at the beginning, the persons having picked out the greatest number of nuts are given the prizes.

Those who have played this new game several times say there is a knack in it and that the sharp, quick movement disturbs fewer nuts than a slow, easy one, and gives your opponent less chance to profit by your blunders. In knocking several from the pile into position where they are easy to get. The peanuts should be piled in a small mound, like a small hill with a point in the middle, for in this position each nut rests on at least one other, and it is most difficult to get more than one at a time without disturbing several or perhaps causing a slide, which sometimes loses the game for the first player, who is supposed to have the advantage. Though you fail in your efforts to get a peanut without shaking any of the others in the pile, the one you touch is always yours, so you get at least one count for your trial.

The person having the highest score of course gets the first prize. This is a box of peanut brittle or peanut fudge enclosed in a heart-shaped box covered with red paper and decorated with a white card on which is written the old familiar valentine rhyme:

"The rose is red,
The violet's blue:
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you."

The consolation prize for the person who gets the fewest nuts should be a small egg beater purchased at the ten-cent store, with a card attached to it which says:

"Something that even you can beat."

If the party is given to make a little money for the church society a Valentine Post Office will pick up a good many nickels and make a lot of fun. Arrange the post office in one corner by hanging up an old curtain with a square hole cut in the center like the small window through which letters are passed at a country post office. Fasten a paper sign across the top, marked St. Valentine's Post Office. Instead of a curtain a big screen can be used for the purpose or a narrow sheet or calico curtain with a window cut in it can be put between two screens. The ladies getting up the affair should be asked to contribute the mail matter for the post office. A supply of cheap valentines should be purchased and it is well also to have as many funny ones as possible, but be extremely careful not to get any that are in any way vulgar or that could offend any one. Little heart-shaped pin cushions or heart-shaped sachets are also appropriate and so are pieces of home-made candy first wrapped carefully in waxed paper and tied in bundles on which is pasted a red heart. If any of the young people are good at rhymes, let them write personal valentines intended for certain people whom they know will be present. A great deal of sport can be made in this way if such effusions contain local hits or poke fun at the recipient in a good-natured way.

Back of the screen or curtain should be a table for the mail matter. It is well to have most of it already directed for the people who are bound to be there, but there should also be a pile of valentines and other trinkets for chance comers, with pen and ink all ready to direct their envelopes. It is a good plan to have both a post mistress and an assistant back of the screen, for the office usually does a rushing business. When everything is ready one of the gentlemen present should be asked to announce to the company that the mail has arrived and is ready for distribution.

The first person who steps up to the window should be asked his or her name by the postmistress, even though it is some she knows quite well. When this has been given, she says: "Yes, there is some mail for you, but five cents postage is due on it." If the person at the window pays up he gets his mail, but if he demurs the postmistress says: "It's against the United States Postal Regulations to give you mail on which postage is due."

If the person asking for mail is known to be generous and open-handed, the postmistress can tell him that she has two or three parcels for him but he must pay the postage, and can then collect as much as she thinks is fair, giving him one of the best valentines, a small box of candy and a pocket pincushion, or something like that.

It can be readily seen that a post office if carefully managed will bring in quite a little money and also can be made very amusing, but be careful who you select for postmaster or postmistress. If possible get someone who can talk well and also knows enough not to offend anybody. This is very important.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"I married you for love, and nothing else," he had answered quietly, and she had watched him as he said it, then turned from him and spoke laboriously, over her shoulder.

"I'll do my best to be a good wife to you."

But even now he never imagined how at that moment she came of her own accord to believe in what was true, that he had known nothing of Sylvia's maneuvering. And her duty lay plain before her. To take up the life she had deliberately made for herself and be a good wife to the man who had always "been good" to her. Very barren, very dreary, in spite of Levallion's kindness, that life lay before her, but she would tread it faithfully to the very end. And unconsciously a great joy leaped to her eyes and ever since had burned there steadily. Adrian might be lost to her a thousand times more than ever, but in her soul she could worship him, for he had been true.

But Levallion, poor fool, had thanked God for that rapture in her eyes; a man, too, who was not in the habit of thanking God for anything.

"There's peace in her face," said the duchess shortly, having followed his eyes in that long pause. "Well, well! You're a better man than I thought, Levallion. Send Tommy to me with a tea cake. You make me nervous when you watch me eat."

Sir Thomas came without much alacrity. He had a better opinion of the duchess' shrewdness than Levallion; and he was not easy in his mind. He knew quite well that Ravenel's renewed beauty and the quiet of her face dated from that interview with Adrian Gordon, that he had not discovered in time to prevent. He was uncomfortably conscious that for all he knew the household might be sitting on a volcano.

"And how are you?" inquired his friend, with her mouth full. "I hear Lady Annesley is cutting a dash at Harrogate. I don't suppose you miss her!"

"Not much!" stolidly, though he would rather a hundred times have been back under her ladyship's rule and been sitting half-dead at Annesley Chase with the old Ravenel, than here in Levallion's house with a sister who would not meet his eye.

"I'm not pining away for Lady Annesley." "She'd give her eyes to be here," the duchess chuckled unkindly. "You seem to have an extremely cheerful collection. By the way, how's young Gordon?" I hear he's been very ill here?" "He's better," shortly. "He had a sort of relapse last week. But he's coming down to dinner tonight. We're—hastily—"haven't seen anything of him. He's had a nurse."

But the duchess merely murmured that it was a sad case, a man with a shattered bridle arm being of no further use in a hussar regiment; and passed serenely on. She had no intention of telling Tommy that she had found out all about that marriage that never came off. The curate at Effingham had talked, and the whole parish knew about the couple who had never come to be married, but had wasted a special license and the curate's time. Ravenel's past was no business of any one's but Levallion, who would never hear it.

"If she has any sense she knows by this time that Levallion's little finger is worth a whole string of loveseas soldiers," she thought. "I never saw a man so softened and improved in all my life. He looks twenty years younger. But, all the same, if he's wise, he won't press his distinguished young relative to an indefinite stay."

But even the duchess felt a shocked pity that night at dinner as she looked across the flowers and gold plate and saw how very ill and worn Captain Gordon looked. Why, the man was a death's head. A romantic, undesirable death's head, with its arm in a sling. She glanced at Ravenel and saw to her infinite relief that she was not so much as looking Gordon's way. Exquisitely fair in ivory satin and burned orange velvet, she was talking to the man on her right with her old child-like mirth. But the duchess was near-sighted. Sir Thomas Annesley could have told her that there was anything but mirth in Ravenel's steady eyes. And truly repentance, impotent pain and fear were doing their work. Under that smart bodice Lady Levallion's heart was aching daily while she made conversation, as many a better woman's has done and will do while the world goes round.

She knew quite well that the width of a white tablecloth separated her as utterly from Adrian as a gulf of a thousand miles. Knew that after dinner he would never speak to her, except in the few sentences decently demanded from guests to hostess; that as soon as he could he would get away from the house.

"Oh, I've simply got to speak to him!" she thought. "If I have to make the chance myself, for there were two things she had forgotten to ask him, and one of them rankled. Why had he said he was too poor to marry her openly, and all

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the while was Levallion's sole heir? The probable successor to the richest earldom in England is not usually considered a bad match, even by more greedy people than Ravenel. And who was the woman who had come to ask after him; though she cared very little, or she determined to think so. She came out of her thoughts with a jerk, suddenly conscious that she had not the least idea what the man beside her was saying.

"I was thinking how pretty all the women are," she observed quickly, to avoid having to say, "I beg your pardon."

Lord Chaytor surveyed the table. It was quite true; every woman there was a picture in her way; and nearly all she saw were dark; and made a foil to the peachy loveliness, the curled bronze head of their hostess.

"My own wife's the only one of 'em I'd care to kiss, though!" he remarked, rather after the manner of Levallion, who was his dearest friend.

"That's very charming—and proper—of you!" "No!" It's the "hard kalsomine finish" that appeals me," coolly. "Come, now, Lady Levallion, you don't mean to say you can't see it?"

For Ravenel, who owned no rouge-pot and eschewed powder, was looking at him bewildered. "I thought—" she began, and then laughed, but not too gaily, "was everything in the grand world a sham, even down to the lovely color on the women's cheeks?"

"That all things were what they seemed? Well, they ain't, unfortunately! You really ought to be

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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PARSLEY

American War Heroines

By Frances L. Garside

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THE world," it is said, "knows nothing of its greatest men." It has never been said, but it is easily proven, that it knows less of its greatest women.

Not greatest because of achievements in the arts and sciences but greatest in the denial of self; the surrender of personal comfort and ambition; the sacrifice of kindred and home; the silent, prolonged endurance of privation and pain; the story, in brief, told on the pages of history devoted to women in the days of the Civil War.

No medals were pinned on these breasts where under every condition of squalor and pain and frightfulness, there was pillow'd the heads of the sick and the dying. They endured every privation cheerfully; they made every sacrifice willingly; their only reward the memory of the grateful look of some wounded or dying soldier.

The tablets devoted to the story of the Civil War will never be complete because some of its greatest deeds of heroism were those done in tent and hospital and ambulance, off the firing line, and done by women. The story will never be told of the thousands who in their homes in town and country made every sacrifice woman could make. For four long years they went thinly clad; they took blankets from their own beds and slept poorly covered; they never tasted sugar, tea or meat; they left their own children in the care of friends that they might make children of an army corps; they risked their lives in field hospitals and tents and they slept in tents and ambulance wagons.

The state of Massachusetts gave more women to this great cause during the days of the Civil War than any other state, and the first woman to enroll in the name of humanity was Dorothea L. Dix of Worcester. She had spent thirty years in an effort to ameliorate the condition of women in prisons and insane asylums, and had retired to a quiet life at home when Baltimore be-

lating a large quantity of medical, surgical and hospital supplies, organized a corps of assistants and led them to the front, where she ministered to the soldiers in the field hospitals and even under fire on the battlefields, regardless of dan-



MRS. NELLIE MARIA TAYLOR.

ger. She had many narrow escapes from death, on several occasions her clothes were pierced by bullets. Once a bullet passed between her arm and her body and killed the wounded soldier she was attending. But she seemed to bear a charmed life and no deadly missile ever troubled her. The soldiers called her the "Angel of the Battlefield."

Besides her ministrations to the soldiers she had a care for the relief of anxiety of their loved ones at home. In answer to many thousands of inquiries from friends and relations, all the information the War Department could give was "missing." Under government authority she organized the Bureau of Records of Missing Men, a work which was immeasurably valuable. She identified all but about four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of Union soldiers who died in Andersonville Prison, and she placed suitable markers on the graves and made a record of them.

Thus she served through the Civil War, using her own savings freely to augment the funds contributed by the government and others.

After the close of the war, exhausted by the strain, she went to Switzerland to recuperate her health. There she became acquainted with and joined the then recently organized Red Cross. While still in Europe the war between Germany and France burst forth with the suddenness and fury of a tornado, and Miss Barton took a prominent part in the Red Cross war work, for which she was honored by many medals and decorations, including the Iron Cross of Germany, bestowed by the grandfather of the present Kaiser.

She returned to America too shattered in health to engage in any work for several years. In 1881, President Garfield appointed her president of the newly reorganized "American Association of the Red Cross," in which position she served until 1904. Despite all her arduous labors and ordeals she lived to the ripe age of ninety-one, passing to her reward in 1912.

Mrs. Eliza C. Potter, a Northerner, living in Charleston, S. C., was the first woman in the South to go to the aid of the wounded. She found 400 Northern soldiers lying on the mud

came the scene of a disgraceful mob riot April 10, 1861. Miss Dix put aside all personal ambitions; she forgot she had earned a rest, and longed for it, and left at once for service for humanity. She reached Baltimore in the wake of the mob. Her services ended there, she appealed to the government for further work, and was made superintendent of all female nurses in government employ. She selected every woman employed, and some of her requirements sound amusing today when the good-looking nurse is the rule, and not the exception. Miss Dix demanded that the applicant be mature in years, plain in dress, and devoid of all personal attractions. She insisted on good health and morals, but should an applicant have these beyond question, and possess also a good-looking nose, she was refused work. One might infer from this that Miss Dix could never enter a beauty contest herself, but the inference is incorrect, for it is said of her that when she was young she had possessed great beauty.

Clara Barton, of North Oxford, Mass., is known to the world over for her life's work devoted to the service of humanity. Beginning as a school teacher, she soon rose to prominence as an educator, manifesting that talent for efficiency and organization, coupled with a power of initiative and persistency of effort, that commanded success through her long and varied career.

When a scandalous betrayal of trust caused the discharge of some of the men clerks in the U. S. Patent Office, she was called to fill an important position in that department. The outbreak of the Civil War found her thus employed, but when the first wounded soldiers reached Washington she resigned her position in order to give her entire attention to their care.

The government was so unprepared for the war into which it was suddenly plunged that in the early part there was a lack of everything needed and confusion reigned in all departments.

Nothing escaped her notice, and while she worked she thought and planned to remedy these deficiencies.

Packages from home, containing much-needed comforts for the soldiers, piled up in Wash-

ington.

Mrs. Mary A. Bickerdyke— "Mother Bickerdyke"

floor of a prison with their wounds undressed. They did not possess a mattress among them; there was no straw, no pillow, no covering, and their wounds were covered with flies and maggots.

She spent her fortune in providing them comforts, and her work drew upon her the scorn of all who had formerly been her dearest friends. Twice she was summoned to headquarters for "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

Her son died of indigestion he received for refusing to give up a Union flag, but she never faltered in her work and at the end of the war it was

through her efforts three hundred Union soldiers were removed from the potters' field to a private cemetery.

Eliza C. Porter of Chicago, nursed the wounded all through the war in Cairo and Pittsburgh.

Landing, and later in Memphis opened schools where escaped slaves were taught to read and write.

Mother Bickerdyke, an humble housekeeper in Cleveland when war was declared, climbed through her efforts to help others, to be superintendent of a large hospital in Savannah. It is told that one time she secured the discharge of an assistant surgeon because of his neglect of a patient. He went to General Sherman with the complaint that he had been ill-used and asked for re-instatement.

"Who made the complaint?" the general asked,

and when told it was Mother Bickerdyke, dismissed the man with the comment: "I can do nothing for you. She ranks me."

She thought only of those who needed her care, and at one time, when conveniences were scanty and she was cooking over a fire on the ground, her clothing caught fire, and she was left without enough to cover her. The women of Chicago, learning of it, sent her a complete wardrobe. She kept out of it only the plainest and most necessary garments, and traded all the rest for butter and eggs for her "boys." Finding at this time a soldier who hadn't a garment to sleep in at night, she compelled him to wear the only one she had kept for herself, and slept in her day clothes.

Emma Andrews, age ten, a Cleveland child, went

around among the neighbors and collected old linen, and of it she made 229 towels for hospital use.

Children all over the country gave up their

Fourth of July money that soldiers might have

onions and pickles to eat, and thus prevent

scurvy, and the sum of \$100,000 was raised in

this way. They held sales and fairs; made little

tidies and mats and housewives of scraps of silk

and lace and sold them, giving the money they

earned to make the life of some one at the front

more comfortable.

Grandparents helped, too. Massachusetts counts among her honored daughters Milly Aldrich of Conway, who spun a blanket, and carried it a mile and a half to give to a departing soldier, and it was her ninety-third birthday that day. Mrs. Stephen Barker, as wife of the chaplain of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, confined her work, one of the most effective in the annals of history, to regimental hospitals. Amy Bradley, a daughter of Maine, as head of a Sanitary Commission during the war, was indefatigable in securing pay for discharged men, many of whom suffered for the necessities of life in the days immediately following their discharge from active service. Arabella Barlow, a daughter of New England, was a war bride who refused to be numbered among those left behind to mourn. Her husband left with his regiment the day after their wedding and she went with him. She shrank from no hardship, and was with his army in every battle. Desiring to be of some help she secured an old lame horse and drove over the country, alone and unprotected, to secure milk and eggs for the sick, earning the pet name of "Our Rider" from the regiment. She contracted a fever while in attendance on the sick in a hospital of the Army of the Potomac, and died.

Nellie Maria Taylor, a Northern woman in New Orleans, gave of her money and time to assist Northern soldiers throughout the entire secession movement, and twice a mob gathered to hang her. Adaline Taylor of Boston, gave her life to the cause; Mrs. William Holstein of Pennsylvania, a woman of wealth, left her luxurious home, and lived for three years in tents; Cordelia Harvey is a name of which Wisconsin is proud; Sarah Johnston, of Salisbury, N. C., a poorly paid school teacher, noticed that the Northern soldiers marching past her house to prison, needed attention, closed her school, and worked for them for four long years. She went without food to feed them; she gave up all her bed linen; she sewed tablecloths together for sheets; she cut up her carpets to make them slippers, and throughout that section she received every indignity because she was a "Yankee sympathizer."

Emily Parsons of Massachusetts; Hetty Jones of Philadelphia; Maria Mann of Massachusetts; Lucy Gaylord Pomeroy of Kansas, who did not live to see the foundation laid at the National Capital for an asylum for the orphaned children and aged mothers of the nation's colored heroes, a building secured through her efforts; Mary Morris Husband; Kady Brownell, a Scotch girl, who went with her husband, an orderly sergeant in the First Rhode Island infantry and carried the colors at the head of the army; their deeds of heroism are legion: in their way they fought as great victories as the men on the battlefield, without the hope of material reward.

It is sometimes said that women cannot be entrusted with large expenditures. By their own efforts the women of that period raised more than fifty million dollars during the four years of conflict. They not only raised it; they disbursed it. They secured from the government contracts for making uniforms, and this work was given to women in their homes; also the making of bedding and hospital clothing, thus making them self-supporting while their fathers, brothers and husbands were engaged in the war.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

who in civic life we rid ourselves of by the aid of the sheriff and the hangman."

After that bitter but absolutely truthful arraignment of Prussia and her damnable methods, those who sympathize with our enemies cannot say that I have been too severe in my criticisms. Let the truth be told though the heavens fall.

WILSONS, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am sixteen years young, weigh 125 pounds, have dark blue eyes, dark brown hair, fair complexion and am five feet, six inches low. I live on a farm of one hundred acres in the eastern part of "old Virginia." We moved here from the western part of North Carolina, have been in Virginia four years this fall. We have a good farm and raise most all kinds of farm products. I can do all kinds of housework and I work in the field when I am needed. We have five cows, my sister and I milk. We have three mules and one horse. I dearly love horseback riding. Uncle did you ever ride a mule? If you haven't you've missed a lot. I think it's grand to ride "horseback on a mule." Uncle what do you think about this world war? Some people seem to think it cannot last longer than spring. I hope the Allies can give old Germany a good licking by then. I wish I could help whip her. I'd not hesitate a moment about joining the army. I like to see the young men be patriotic and join the army without being drafted and made to go. I do several different kinds of fancy work. I like to go to school. I like spelling and Latin best of all my studies. Oh! I detest Algebra. We have taken COMFORT a long time and it sure is a comfort. With love to Uncle Charlie and all the cousins.

Elzina Martin.

Elzina, you want to know if I ever rode a mule, and further state that if I haven't I've missed a lot. I did manage to get on the main deck of a mule once, but I can't say I stayed long enough to preach a sermon or write a book about it. Before I could say: "Nice Mister Mule, good old mule!" I was sitting on a blinding star up in the Milky Way, and I'd be up there yet if it hadn't been for another man who had been kicked up there by another mule and who insisted on pushing me off. No man who owns a mule need waste any time buying flying machines. As for missing a lot, I never owned any real estate and so never had to go through the mental agony of losing any. In monkeying with that mule however, I missed a perfectly respectable suit of clothes and all that goes with it. Among other things I lost all my hair except one, and I've never been able to decide whether that is regular hair or a souvenir from the mule's tail. Sometimes I think it belongs to me, while at other times, I'm more than half inclined to think if I went to law about it the jury would bring in a verdict in favor of the mule. One thing I would like to do is to take that old mule to Germany, back him up against the Kaiser's Potsdam Palace, when Billy and his six sons are all at home under the Hohenzollern roof tree sharpening their swords and concocting more schemes for world conquest, and then tell Mr. Mule to open fire with his rear battery. That would be the last of the Hohenzollern family, the last of the apostles of brute force, of the bloody doctrine that might make right, and that crowned lunatics can convert the world into a corpse strewn graveyard and drown it in seas of blood whenever they feel so disposed. The war may last for years, Elzina, chiefly because we took three years to get into it instead of three minutes. If the Kaiser had known that all the English speaking peoples and other freedom loving, democratic nations of the earth, would directly he started something, have gotten together and knocked his block off there would have been no war. If too, the Kaiser had known that all the men and women, boys and girls in the United States were as patriotic as you Elzina, there would have been no war; but he knew he had all the Milwaukee, St. Louis and Cincinnati breweries on his side, he knew he had got the Germanized Hebrews fake socialist party nicely hitched up to his war chariot, he knew he had four hundred German language papers that were ready to root for him, hundreds of Lutheran ministers ready to preach and pray for him in his own language; a bunch of senators and congressmen ready to play into his hands; a lot of half-baked pacifists, copperheads and quitters and other cowardly curs ready to lie down and take a licking from him, and our only congresswoman, Miss Rankin, ready to cry and have hysterics when it was suggested that we wallop him. And so Billy got ready and plunged the world into war, but by the help of God (the real God, our God and not the Kaiser's fake, tribal, fire-eating war god) we're going to put his on the blink and make the world safe for democracy.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I want to tell you how I appreciate your efforts in trying to inject a little "thinkum" into the heads of those frivolous, story reading, watch the phone, go-a-gossiping, never think people, who are so largely in the majority in this country. I voted for Debs in 1908 and 1912, but last election I voted for Wilson, not that he was just what I wanted, but the "socialist" candidate, Benson and his non-preparedness business was out of the question. I tried to get a magazine that was both patriotic and socialistic, something progressive like your style of writing. I tried — magazine, but it is too pro-German, in fact I think its editor had better go to Germany and work for the Kaiser. (So he ought — Uncle Charlie.) My parents were German and that was the only language we talked at home, but I am an American, and I believe in standing up for America to the last ounce of my strength. My sympathy has been with the Allies, ever since Germany invaded Belgium, for I know the Kaiser wanted to conquer the world. I believe in conscription and universal training, for as long as there are kings who claim they are ordained by God to rule and who seek to dominate the world, we had better be prepared. I do not believe in a few brave boys volunteering and rushing off to the trenches so that the hyphenates, pacifists, copperheads and traitors can stay at home and betray their country and plot against the government. As talk is cheap I am enclosing a contribution to the Sister's Home Fund for you, as a slight appreciation of your efforts to banish ignorance, spread patriotism and uplift suffering humanity. May you live to see the triumph of that democracy and the downfall of that autocracy in Europe which is a menace to every home in the land.

Yours sincerely,

ERNEST GRAF.

Thank you Ernest for your letter. The patriotism and common sense that rings in every word you utter, should breathe new courage into every patriotic heart and make the slacker and the traitor hang his miserable head in shame. Ernest Graf is living proof of the fact that a socialist does not necessarily have to be a traitor or a slacker. The Germans and Russian Jews who control that movement here have not been able to fool Ernest Graf, though they have been able to fool a good many half baked simps. Even a revolutionist does not necessarily have to be a fool. Meyer London, the Socialist representative in Congress is sponsor for that statement. The aim of Germany is to start a social revolution in this country by the aid of her paid agents and the Germanized, Jewized, fake socialist movement, the German language press and hundreds of German societies, just as she has done in Russia, and nearly succeeded in doing in Italy. The German socialist is ready to betray his comrades the world over. His socialism is a fake and a humbug and means Germanizing humanity, just that and nothing more. When we have denuded the U. S. A. of its best fighting material, Germany by the aid of German sympathizers and two million reservists which she claims to have in this country, and with the assistance of the copperheads and disgruntled, disloyal aliens, expects to terrorize the U. S. A.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Illustrious French Warriors Who Helped Us Win Our Independence

NOW that we have sent our warships to European waters and our army to France to help the free nations of the earth in the world war for liberty it is especially interesting to review the inestimable service rendered by France in sending us succor in our war for independence.

Without the help of France we could not have won our liberty. For her generous sacrifices in our war France gained nothing and asked for nothing except the independence of America. So, aside from our interest in self-preservation and our duty to humanity menaced by her enemies in the present conflict, we are no more than paying a long deferred and sacred debt of honor in going to the rescue of France in her hour of peril.

See front cover illustration.

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LAFAVETTE, next after Washington, is deservedly the best known and most revered name connected with our war for independence. So illustrious was the service rendered by this noble Frenchman that to most minds it typifies the part taken by France in our Revolutionary War, forgetful of the fact France did not send him. He led the way which France followed later.

Although the prevailing sentiment of the French people was in sympathy with America in her struggle for liberty, France was nominally neutral at the time Lafayette came to us, and the French king even tried to arrest him in order to prevent his departure. But escaping the king's officers and in defiance of the king's commands, he brought over a shipload of war munitions, volunteered to serve in our army without pay, was commissioned a major-general by Congress, though under twenty years of age, and at his own expense equipped the troops which he commanded. Bear in mind that he was an American general and commanded only American soldiers during our Revolutionary War.

The fame of his brilliant exploits and the letters which he wrote home fired the enthusiasm of the French people for our cause, and because of his exalted rank in the nobility of France, his efforts were largely instrumental in influencing the French government to enter the war as our ally and send an army and a fleet of battleships to America, as well as helping us with much-needed supplies and money.

It is this expeditionary army and naval force and the gallant officers who commanded them, that the writer purposes to sketch in order to show their exemplary treatment of friend and foe in contrast with the treachery and frightful atrocities systematically practiced by German officers and soldiers under sanction of their government in the present war.

With alternating successes and reverses, the war had dragged wearily for five years, and our people were becoming disheartened because the end was not in sight and the issue was still doubtful when, on July 11, 1780, they were cheered, by the arrival, at Newport, Rhode Island, of the French army on thirty-six transports convoyed by seven battleships and two frigates.

This army was under command of the Count de Rochambeau, a splendid type of the old French nobility, cultured, refined and of courtly manners, of dauntless valor in battle but detesting cruelty, kind in his treatment of prisoners, generous to vanquished foes, tender of the weak, respectful of women, a high-minded and honorable gentleman even in dealing with the enemy in arms. Withal, he was a strict disciplinarian and required his officers and men to live up to his precept and example.

He was Washington's senior by a few years and his military experience had been more extended. Beginning at the age of sixteen, he had taken an active part in three great European wars and had risen to the high rank of Lieutenant-general. He was one of the most able and distinguished generals of his time.

Such was the man whom France selected to command her expeditionary army in America. His soldiers were picked troops, and his officers the flower of the armies of France, brave and chivalrous gentlemen like himself.

Realizing that more or less friction and some unpleasant incidents are likely to arise between soldiers and civilians even in a friendly country, and the more so in the case of foreign troops, he issued a general order not only forbidding under heavy penalty, any trespass against the persons or property of the citizens, but appealing to his soldiers for their own honor and the honor of France, to treat the inhabitants with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

The French army remained encamped near Newport for nearly a year, and not a cabbage was stolen from the gardens and even the fruit in the orchards almost overhanging the camps was unmolested. No complaint of any kind was made against a French soldier.

The American Colonies had suffered in the wars between England and France and entertained a bitter hatred of England's historic enemy. Therefore, when Rochambeau's army landed, our people were prejudiced and suspicious and foreboded anything but pleasure in personal contact with the French soldiers. But such was the conduct of the visitors, that this distrust was soon replaced by the most friendly and cordial relations.

Dinners, receptions, dancing parties and other social functions, at which the French officers were guests of honor, became frequent and numerous. The companionship of these scions of French nobility was a new and delightful experience to the Colonial dames and maidens, and these accomplished foreigners made no concealment of their respectful admiration of the beauty and natural grace of the American ladies. Nor was the entertaining all on one side, for the Count de Rochambeau gave a reception to which the people flocked from forty miles around.

There was mutual and sincere regret at the parting when Rochambeau led his army away the next summer to join Washington in the siege of Yorktown, Virginia.

The goodly reputation of the French soldiers had preceded them, and the people of other states through which they passed thronged their line of march to cheer them with friendly greeting and showered them with flowers and more substantial gifts of food.

The compass of this article admits of giving only the briefest outline of the campaign, merely enough to give an idea of the gratitude we owe to France and to her great general and admiral whose portraits adorn our title page.

The war was going against us in the South and our prospects were at the lowest ebb. Arnold had turned traitor, and was ravaging Virginia: the British had taken Savannah and Charleston and their armies were overrunning Georgia and the Carolinas with little opposition. Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief, who was strongly posted with his main army at New York City, had sent his best general, Cornwallis, with a strong force to Virginia to form a junction with Arnold and finish the conquest of the Southern States.

Viewing the other side, the French army and warships at Newport held New England, while the movements of Washington's army in the Middle States kept Sir Henry guessing whether Washington would attack him at New York or march to the relief of the Southern States. In fact, that was the strategic problem that was being debated between Washington and Rochambeau—whether to join forces to attack Clinton at New York or Cornwallis in Virginia. The difficulty that confronted the Americans and rendered either course hazardous was the great preponderance of the British naval forces in

American waters, which practically blockaded the coast and prevented the Americans and French from moving their troops by sea. Thus, whenever Washington moved, he would have to march over land, and, before he could reach his objective, Clinton could despatch reinforcements by sea so as to get there ahead of him.

On Rochambeau's urgent solicitation it was finally decided to make a joint movement against Cornwallis at Yorktown, on the Virginia coast, where Lafayette, with a small American army, was hanging with bulldog tenacity on the heels of the great British general, who had boasted that he would make short work of the "Boy General," as he contemptuously nicknamed Lafayette. Boy general though he was, and the youngest general America ever had—Congress having commissioned him major-general at the age of nineteen—Cornwallis found him a dangerous and troublesome antagonist.

The danger was that, before the combined French and American armies could reach and crush Cornwallis, Clinton would discover their purpose and send him heavy reinforcements from New York by water.

To prevent, if possible, such a catastrophe, Rochambeau had written to Count de Grasse, admiral in command of the powerful French fleet in the West Indies, explaining the situation and imploring him to hasten to Yorktown with his entire force and to bring a large sum of money for the use of the American government, even if he had to borrow it.

Admiral de Grasse had no authority to cooperate with the French forces in America. He had been sent to the West Indies with explicit instructions to meet the Spanish fleet there on a fixed date to engage in a joint undertaking. The time was short, and would he assume the responsibility of yielding to Rochambeau's request at the risk of failing to keep his appointment with the Spaniards?

It was before the day of steam navigation and the voyages of sailing ships were of uncertain duration, depending on wind and weather; besides he might meet disaster in battle with the British navy if he went. He had been sent on a special mission and failure to execute his orders on time meant punishment by court-martial and the ruin of his career. Few men in his position would have chanced a deviation from orders involving such dangerous possibilities. He could not have been blamed for playing safe by sticking strictly to his orders. Nevertheless, the fate of America was in the balance and hung on this man's decision, as we shall see.

When Rochambeau departed from Newport it was to join forces with Washington for a joint attack on Cornwallis at Yorktown. Marching from different directions, they met just north of New York City. This was to make Clinton believe their purpose was to attack him, and so prevent him from sending reinforcements to Yorktown. This ruse worked to perfection and Sir Henry was completely deceived as to their plan of campaign, and while he was busy with his preparations to resist the expected attack the combined American and French armies quietly crossed the Hudson River and marched south.

Their progress was slow because there were no railroads in those days, and all their artillery, ammunition and supplies had to be hauled by horses and oxen.

When would Sir Henry Clinton reach a correct conclusion as to their objective? As soon as he made the discovery, he surely would send an army by water transports to strengthen the forces of Cornwallis.

Would Admiral de Grasse come to their rescue? And would he arrive in time to head off Clinton?

Troublesome problems these to Washington and Rochambeau until the thrilling news reached them near Philadelphia that the ships of de Grasse had arrived in the Chesapeake, blockading Cornwallis by sea while Lafayette's army in his rear cut off his way of retreat by land.

Washington, usually so calm, was quite overcome with joy and embraced Rochambeau.

The letter from Admiral de Grasse informed that he had been so impressed by the crisis in the affairs of America that he had exerted his utmost efforts to bring all possible help. Besides his entire fleet of warships he had brought 3,000 French soldiers on transports, and 1,200,000 francs (\$240,000), which he had borrowed from the Spanish Governor of Havana.

There was great rejoicing in the camp of the allied armies. Good news travels fast, and as it spread from town to town the people went wild with rejoicing.

A few days later, on sighting twenty-seven British ships at sea, de Grasse slipped out and gave battle. He sunk three of them, after which the rest fled to New York, having lost 336 men killed or wounded. De Grasse lost no ship, but 21 officers and 200 of his sailors were killed or wounded.

On his return to the Chesapeake he found another French fleet which Commodore Barras had brought round from Newport to join de Grasse's forces. With this addition his fleet held its superiority over that of the British, which also had received reinforcements.

In due time Washington and Rochambeau arrived with their armies and joined Lafayette and de Grasse in besieging Cornwallis in Yorktown. After some of his important works had been taken by storm, Cornwallis was obliged to surrender and his entire army marched out as prisoners of war.

The loss of this army was such a crushing blow that it settled the war, although peace was not signed until some months later.

The French were chivalrous foes and had made a practice of exchanging newspapers and other like courtesies with their British enemies, much to the astonishment and somewhat to the disapproval of the Americans.

When Cornwallis's army marched out to lay down their arms before the American and French armies, Washington and Rochambeau took pains to spare the feelings of the British by stripping the ceremony of all unnecessary humiliating features. The soldiers received kind treatment as prisoners of war and every courtesy was shown the British officers. They had suffered great hardship during the siege, and when they surrendered some officers lacked sufficient clothing and other necessary personal effects and were destitute of money. The French officers, who were well supplied, provided for their needs and freely loaned them money.

Although military operations were suspended, the peace negotiations dragged slowly and the French troops remained in America another year, making friends of the people everywhere, and on their departure carried with them the gratitude and good will of the new nation which they had in such large measure helped to establish.

After the lapse of 137 years, we have sent General Pershing and Admiral Sims (see front cover portraits) in command of our expeditionary army and naval forces to return the memorable visit of Rochambeau and de Grasse, for a like purpose

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which we hope they will accomplish with equal glory and success.

On entering the war as our ally, France had declared that her motives were unselfish and that she wanted nothing out of it for herself, and at the peace negotiations she maintained the same attitude, saying she wanted nothing for her trouble and expense but the freedom of America.

The success of the American war for independence marked the beginning of a new era. It inspired the oppressed sons of liberty the world over with hope and aroused them to action. Until then, England claimed the proud distinction of being the only free country on earth.

Then as now England had a democratic government. Although they still retained their king as a much-admired ornament, he was as dumb and powerless as the carved figure-heads with which in those days they adorned their ships of war; for during a thousand years of slow, constructive struggle to complete liberty, the English people had shorn their monarch of one prerogative after another until they had taken to themselves all powers of government, which they exercised through their elected representatives in Parliament.

Not long previous, a reactionary king in the person of Charles I asserted the "divine right" to govern, but the English people, led by Parliament, deposed and beheaded him. Since then the English monarchs have made themselves popular by leaving politics and government severely alone. It was a strange paradox predestined to failure that the government of liberty-loving England denied its American colonies the rights and liberties of Englishmen.

The rights and liberties which Englishmen enjoyed in England was all our forefathers asked. It was what they fought for, and when they had won they modeled our government after the British government with the exception of omitting the useless king.

The French people were becoming restive under the tyranny of their despotic government and looked with longing eyes at the example of democratic England. So when Louis XVI intervened in favor of England's revolted colonies he hastened his own downfall and virtually signed his own death-warrant.

The French idolized Washington and Lafayette, and those who had fought in America returned to spread the propaganda of liberty through France, and in less than ten years the French people rose and shortly followed the example of their English neighbors by deposing and decapitating their king.

England, too, profited by the lesson of the American revolution, for she ceased exploiting her remaining colonies and straightway began upbuilding on the foundation of liberty and self-government the greatest colonial empire the world has ever seen. Behold all her colonies today rallying to the support of the mother country in this war.

Cubby Bear and the Shadows

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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WHO can be knocking at our door this winter morning?" asked Mamma Bruin, raising her head from her comfortable pillow, and lifting her night-cap from her ear to listen. "Was it someone knocking, Cubby Bear, or did snow fall from the roof?"

"I will see," answered Cubby Bear, springing out of his little bed. "Lie still and rest, Mamma Bruin, and I will go to the door."

So Cubby Bear, shivering, went to the door. Wollie Woodchuck stood outside.

"Put on your earmuffs and scarf and mittens, Cubby Bear," said Wollie. "I have serious business on hand, and I would like your help."

"Why, what can it be?" asked Cubby, "in mid-winter?"

"It may be mid-winter, or it may be almost spring," sighed Wollie Woodchuck. "It all depends on whether I can find my shadow or not!"

Cubby Bear stared in puzzled wonder. "Come in," he invited, "and we will talk it over."

"I don't very well understand it myself," said Wollie gloomily, but today is Candlemas Day, the second of February, and always, on that day, I must crawl out of my warm house, no matter what the weather may be, and hunt for my shadow. If I find it, no one is pleased, for that means there will be six weeks more of winter. I am pleased, for then I can go back to bed again. If I find no shadow, people brighten up, and say, 'The winter is nearly gone.' Do not stand there staring so, Cubby Bear," went on Wollie beginning to lose his temper. "Get on your things, so you can keep warm. You must go with me, and help me look for my shadow, and keep me from going to sleep, unless you want me to freeze."

"Oh, no; I would not want you to freeze," said Cubby, we have been friends for a long time. If there is any danger, I will go with you. Good by, Mamma Bruin, I will be back by and by."

"Good by," answered Mamma Bruin, "I will take a little nap, and then I will make a fire to warm you both when you come back."

Outside, a chilly wind was blowing, gray clouds covered the sky, and now and then a few snowflakes fell.

Wollie plunged ahead gloomily through the forest, his eyes on the ground, and Cubby Bear followed, looking all around for Wollie's shadow. For some time they walked on in silence, then Cubby Bear spoke.

"Where would the shadow be likely to be?" he asked.

"Don't ask me," said Wollie. "I don't know, and I don't much care. If I find it, everybody blames me, and that is not pleasant, you may be sure." If you should happen to see it, just let me know, and we can go home again."

They met Bunny Rabbit, wearing his warm, white winter coat, but he did not care to join in the search.

"I must get back home to my Baby Bunnies," he said. "I have left them alone for a long time. It is enough to do to find food through the winter, without hunting for shadows, which are useless things when you have found them."

I have seen shadows in the summer time," Cubby Bear told Wollie Woodchuck, "and I think they were always on the ground. If we were to dig down under the snow, perhaps we might find yours."

"No, no!" said Wollie, "it falls wherever it happens. Just as well look in one place as another."

After going a long way, Wollie Woodchuck yawned, and lay down in the snow. "I am tired," he said, "and I am going to sleep. In five

yearsly hunt of Wollie Woodchuck's. If you are wise, Cubby Bear, you will go home, and not put yourself to so much trouble for a foolish animal who has so little wit he cannot keep track of his own shadow!"

"Wollie Woodchuck is my friend, and I

on again. The wind grew colder, and the gray clouds parted in places showing glimpses of the blue sky above.

"I think the sun will come out by and by," said Cubby Bear hopefully, but with chattering teeth. "Then it might, perhaps, be warmer."

"We will go back to Mamma Bruin's house, and get warm," declared Wollie. "I am shivering, and my claws are quite blue with the cold!"

"Let me see them," said Cubby. "Why, no, they are not blue, Wollie."

"Well, I am blue," sighed Wollie, and he turned and led the way back toward Mamma Bruin's house.

As they hurried along, the sharp wind blew in their faces, and Cubby Bear wrapped his scarf tightly about him.

The wind was blowing the clouds away, doing more than Cubby Bear ever could to help Wollie Woodchuck find his shadow.

Before they reached Mamma Bruin's house, the sun shone out, lighting up the forest, bringing out countless sparkles of diamond-brightness on the snow.

Cubby Bear and Wollie Woodchuck, walking along side by side, met Foxy Reynard.

"Why, look!" cried Cubby Bear. "There is Foxy's shadow, coming along right ahead of him!"

"I saw him early this morning," said Wollie, "and he had no shadow."

"Still looking for your shadow?" asked Foxy.

"Yes," answered Wollie, "and I can't find it, though Cubby Bear, and I have been looking everywhere."

"What I can't understand, said Cubby Bear," pressing his mitten-paws to his brow, "is, why, when *your* shadow runs on ahead of you Wollie's shadow doesn't do the same."

Foxy smiled—his sly, foxy smile—and looked beyond Cubby and Wollie. The bright sun made shadows of all three animals, but, as Cubby and Wollie stood face to face with Foxy, *their* shadows were behind them, as Foxy could plainly see.

"It is strange!" said Foxy, and went off chuckling to himself.

Mamma Bruin met them at the door, smiling kindly.

"The sun has come out," said she, "and you have a fine, strong shadow!"

"Oh, no," Cubby told her sorrowfully, "we have wandered about all these hours, but nowhere could we find Wollie Woodchuck's shadow!"

Mamma Bruin kept on smiling. "Look behind you," she directed.

They turned around, and there, to be sure, was Wollie's shadow, which had been following them, and Cubby Bear's, too.

They stared at each other in surprise, then laughed, and Cubby Bear was so pleased he stood on his head in the snow.

"Come in now," said Mamma Bruin, "warm yourselves by my fire, and have some nice dinner."

"Then, since my shadow has been found, I can go home and go to sleep again," said Wollie, "for it is only mid-winter now!"

Instead of a "Cubby Bear" story next month we shall give our young readers "Billy Bun's Easter Escapade." It is a fine story, by Mrs. Ellingwood, and tells of the wonderful doings of the rabbit in celebrating Easter and the exploits of Billy Bun, the hero of the occasion.

Renew your subscription today, so to make sure not to miss this good story and the picture of the busy rabbits in March COMFORT.



"WHY LOOK!" CRIED CUBBY BEAR. "THIS IS FOXY'S SHADOW COMING ALONG RIGHT AHEAD OF HIM."

minutes you must wake me, Cubby Bear, so I shall not freeze."

Cubby Bear sat patiently by, waiting until the five minutes should have passed, when a harsh laugh sounded from a bare tree-top not far off.

"Haw, haw!" laughed Billy Blue Jay. "Go off and leave him—I would! I know all about this

promised to help him," was all the answer Cubby Bear made, but he thought with a sigh,

"I do wish Wollie would stay awake—it would be more polite! My paws are cold and I am tired."

When the five-minute nap was ended, and Cubby Bear had wakened Wollie, they started

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Our Household Number

for March will specialize on those questions of domestic economy which are taxing the ingenuity of every housewife who is burdened with the responsibility of the upkeep of the home in war time, and with its many useful suggestions will help her feed and clothe her family acceptably in spite of rising prices. In its fancy work department extra space will be devoted to knitting garments for the children and others.

Some Special Features for March

"Clothes Conservation"

An illustrated article telling how to cleanse, renovate, repair and make over clothing and millinery—practical and very useful.

"With the Home Makers"

Tells about the Home-Makers' Clubs and gives many helpful hints for improving the home and for best ways of doing things.

"Little Charms for the Home"

Describes simple and inexpensive ways in which any woman can decorate and beautify the home with materials at hand.

"Light and Power for the Farm"

Tells how to install a power plant on the farm to save hiring farm labor now so costly and scarce, and furnish light, too.

"Household Conveniences"

Describes, with illustrations, a variety of home-made conveniences for saving time and labor in doing the housework.

"Easter Cooking"

A timely article on food conservation and gives a lot of recipes for cooking food in season in spring and summer.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 353 or any less number, it means that your subscription needs to be renewed at once.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Live for something.

Confidence is a conqueror.

God is waking while we sleep.

A pleasure may prove a prison.

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

Heaven is the authority of faith.

Throwing mud makes dirty hands.

Courage can supply great failings.

Empty stomachs are bad counselors.

Great wits can also gloriously offend.

A lover's eyes can gaze an eagle blind.

Short retirements make sweet returns.

The richest soul wears often poor attire.

Glory is but the transient blaze of fame.

Choose an author as you choose a friend.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to gilt.

They never pardon who commit the wrong.

He who seeks truth should be of no country.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Tyrant custom has no shackles for a true man.

Exaggeration is more than cousin to falsehood.

Seek not to wax great by the waning of others.

The weakest fruit drops earliest to the ground.

None think the great unhappy except themselves.

Love reckons hours for months and days for years.

Dress can bring an empty cellar and a lean larder.

Thank God for the mighty hopes that make us men.

Experience shows us a short way by long wanderings.

By one man's example kings have been taught to pray.

Pure brains on a farm is almost as bad as pure muscle.

Our duty is to tend from good to better—then to best.

Great souls by instinct turn to each other in friendship.

The generations unborn are the sovereigns of the world.

Habit is the child of yesterday and the herald of tomorrow.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.



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AUNT LAVINIA was poring over her treasure box, while outside the gray February day gradually settled into twilight. How she had always hated gray—gray clothes, gray days, all gray things.

Perhaps that was why, on this gloomy day, she had turned to the old box, her never failing panacea when the grayness of things outside seemed to be affecting even her soul.

The box, with its strange assortment of odds and ends that no one else would have thought of any value, to her brought back life and youth. When Aunt Lavinia took out the precious trifles, the years seemed to melt away and she was a girl again; a girl of abounding spirits and an intense desire to live.

She took out the old autograph album, with its youthful scrolls from school girls and boys, variously showering on her devoted head wishes for future joys or protestations of undying love. Here among the others was the name of the boy who years later had become her husband:

"David Martin."

It stood alone on the page with no verse or boyish sentiment above it; just the name and date, now so long past. How like David, thought Aunt Lavinia, and she sighed.

David had been a good husband. She could find no fault with him after forty years of married life. It was only that the years had made the boyish lack of sentiment and nonsense more pronounced, though Aunt Lavinia had never doubted that her husband loved her truly in his own serious and undemonstrative way.

She turned the leaves of the old autograph album slowly, now smiling, now sighing at the gay or foolish or tender sentiments expressed.

Here was a verse above a girl's daintily penned name. Aunt Lavinia's eyes dimmed as she read aloud the concluding line:

"And may we anchor side by side
In Heaven."

How long ago the youthful writer had reached the desired haven; this sweet girl friend who had been the inseparable companion of her school days. What joy, if, at the end, the two friends, so long parted, might again, indeed, be hand in hand and "side by side."

Outside the gray day grew more lowering as Aunt Lavinia turned the yellowing pages. Then a tender little smile lit up her face as she stopped at a page on which was written the silly old verse:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet
And so are you."

Underneath in round boyish hand was the name of "Joseph Olcott."

Her first sweetheart! The boy who had always brought her the earliest arbutus in the spring; who had taken her coasting down the schoolhouse hill and then washed her face in the snow when her tantalizing ways proved too much for him. The boy, who, when they trimmed the schoolhouse on Christmas Eve, always took the prickly bolly from her that his hands and not hers should be scratched. And on St. Valentine's Day the last year they went to school together had come to her the daintiest Valentine that she had ever seen. The handwriting was evidently disguised, but little Lavinia felt sure in her heart that Joseph had sent it to her. She had always treasured it, and now she laid aside the old album and searched in the depths of the box till she brought it to light.

It was one of those dainty things of lace paper and pink rosebuds, with a rosy Cupid peeping out from amid the lace to aim with his bow and arrow at a plump little heart in the corner. Within a wreath of the bluest of forget-me-nots was the legend:

"To my Valentine."

Aunt Lavinia handled the fragile love token gently, while the gray day outside was transformed by the delicate brightness of the pinks and blues of the old valentine. Again she was living in the spring time of life, when all the world is tosy and there are no gray days. She saw in fancy the old schoolhouse and the patient teacher who had done so much to mold the young lives of his pupils. Again she strolled around the village with the girlhood friend who had so long ago dropped by the wayside. Again she heard Joseph Olcott's boyish laugh and felt her cheeks afame with the kisses of the snow. Almost she smelt the arbutus again, that intangible woody sweetness that is all its own. What a miracle worker was this old Valentine, to bring back the past with such vividness! With the odor of the arbutus now almost tangible in its sweetness and nearness, Aunt Lavinia leaned over and with wet eyes pressed her lips to the old Valentine.

"Dreaming, Vinie?"

Aunt Lavinia started. There, by her side, stood her husband, tall and unbending as ever, but with a strange little embarrassed smile that sat quite droily on his serious face.

He had always been immeasurably proud of his shiny, sentiment loving wife, even though he himself had been all engrossed in the serious business of life. Now, her wet eyes, together with the kiss he had seen her bestow on the old Valentine, had moved him greatly, and he laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Thinking of the old days again, I see," he said. "Mighty strange now, Vinie, but do you know I met one of our old friends in town today, one of your old beaux it was, too,—Joe Olcott."

"How strange," exclaimed Aunt Lavinia.

was thinking of him just a little while ago. How I'd like to see Joe again," she added, with a little wistful note in her voice.

"Likely you will, Vinie," replied her husband. "He asked about you and said he'd try to run out, but he's here for only a few days. Ah, here's the newspaper," and a moment later he was absorbed in the news of the day.

Aunt Lavinia said no more, and quietly put away the old treasure box, but her heart was full of joy in anticipating the coming of her old friend.

The gray February day that had tried Aunt Lavinia's soul was the forerunner of an old-fashioned snow-storm, and when a few days later Joseph Olcott arrived, the ground was white.

He came blustering in, in his old cheery way, and Aunt Lavinia's cheeks grew pink.

"Why, bless my heart," exclaimed Joseph Olcott. "You look almost as chipper and spry as when you were a girl. Old Dave's taken good care of you, I see that."

"Oh, yes," agreed Aunt Lavinia, warmly, "David's always been good to me."

"Of course, Dave never was one of the showy kind, like me, for instance," went on Joseph, with a laugh. "He's something better than that, just good and solid all the way through. He deserved you, Vinie, and we all knew it, when you took him, but some of the rest of us young chaps were mighty cut up when you did."

They talked of the many things that old friends always have to say to each other when they meet after years of separation; of the old school days, and the many friends of their youth, and of Joseph's wife, sweet Sarah Downs, who had lately died; and of those other friends who had long ago dropped out of life's race.

Presently Aunt Lavinia rose and brought out again her old treasure box. Together they looked over the old album and spoke of those whose names were written there. Finally, she took out the treasured old Valentine.

"I always knew you sent it to me, Joe," she said, with a tender little smile as she gently touched the pink rosebuds and the dainty forget-me-nots, "though, of course, real Valentines don't have any names on them."

"Why, bless my heart," exclaimed Joseph again, "I've forgotten all about it. Maybe I did send it, though, Vinie. I don't remember any more, that's the truth."

Aunt Lavinia laid away the old Valentine silently, her heart full of tears. The charm of looking over her treasure box with Joseph was gone now and she put it aside.

As Joseph rose to go he hesitated a moment.

"I'm going to tell you a secret before I go, Vinie," he said, with an embarrassed smile. "I'm going to be married again."

"Why, Joe," exclaimed Aunt Lavinia, almost in dismay, "Why, it's only been such a short time since Sarah—"

"I know," interrupted Joseph. "It hasn't been so long, but, you see, this time it's—well, Vinie, I might as well own up, it's a marriage of convenience this time. She's a rich widow, you see, and seems to think I'm about right. Don't know me as well as you do," he added, with an attempt to speak lightly.

"I hope you'll both be very happy," answered Lavinia, as she shook hands good by with him. "Good by, Joe, I'm so glad you came."

She watched him as he trudged away in the snow, this big, self-satisfied, worldly-wise man that had once been the impulsive, warm-hearted boy, and when he had disappeared she turned away with a saddened heart.

The snow that Joseph Olcott had trudged through was still on the ground when St. Valentine's Day arrived. It was a bright, sunshiny day without, but within Aunt Lavinia's heart, everything was gray. One of her dearest illusions was gone and that was a loss, indeed. She was disappointed in Joseph Olcott, so much so that almost she wished he had not come.

She sat moodily looking out at the snow-birds, blithely gathering the crumbs she had scattered on the snow. But her usually busy hands were idle. The chirping of the snow-birds was almost like a lullaby to the downcast little lady, and presently she laid her head back on the neat white tidy she, herself, had knitted, and closed her eyes.

She must have slept and she must have had pleasant dreams, for when she opened her eyes again she was smiling. For a moment she couldn't recollect just what she had dreamed, except that it was something about spring flowers and her old school friends, and Joe—or was it David? The dream had been so real that the odor of the flowers still seemed to fill the room and half awake, she looked around wondering.

Had the dream flowers become real? There in her lap lay a bunch of flowers,—arbutus, the flower she had so loved as a girl.

She caught up the dainty pink and white blossoms with a cry of joy and pressed them to her face. Where had they come from?

WARNING YOU MUST FILE YOUR INCOME TAX STATEMENT BEFORE MARCH.

If you are single and your income from all sources during the year 1917 amounted to one thousand dollars or more, or if married and your income from all sources during the year was two thousand dollars or more, you must make a sworn statement of your income and file it with the Collector of U. S. Internal Revenue for your district before the first day of March, 1918.

In case the wife has a separate income, a joint statement should be made if the combined incomes of husband and wife equal or exceed \$2,000.00.

This statement must be made on a blank form which can be obtained from the Collector of U. S. Internal Revenue for your district. To locate him, ask your employer, your Postmaster, or any Bank.

If you have not already received the blank write the Internal Revenue Collector at once and he will mail it to you. You need NOT ENCLOSE postage for return.

Your sworn Income Tax Statement must be mailed in time to reach the Collector before March first.

DON'T NEGLECT IT—for two reasons:

First: It is your patriotic duty.

Second: you will incur a severe penalty by your neglect or refusal.

You will be taxed, if single, on the excess of your income above \$1,000.00, or, if married, only on the excess above \$2,000.00; and the tax is not payable until June.

BUT YOU MUST SEND IN YOUR SWEARN STATEMENT BEFORE MARCH FIRST.

We publish this announcement to help the Government collect these War Taxes and to save our readers from getting into trouble through ignorance of the law.—EDITOR.

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ADDRESS DEPT. 15

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"I thought you'd like them, Vinie," said her husband's quiet voice close beside her. "I saw them in a shop window in town today and remembered how fond you used to be of arbutus. They said they came from the South as it's too early for a month for them here."

"Oh, David," cried Lavinia, "it was so dear of you. I've always loved arbutus so much. What made you remember?"

"I've never forgotten, Vinie," answered David, gently. "But I didn't think you cared so much till I saw you the other day looking at the old Valentine I sent you."

"You sent me, David," she interrupted. "Did you send it?"

"Why, yes, Vinie, didn't you know? I thought you did."

"No, David, I never knew, but I shall love it more than ever now that I do know," she answered quite simply and truthfully.

"So I thought I'd bring you another one today, Vinie, just for the sake of old times," went on David, "and then I happened to see this arbutus in the window. So it's a Valentine, you see."

"And I thought, David," said Aunt Lavinia, with a penitent smile through eyes that would get dim in spite of herself, "that you somehow didn't think much of such things."

"Maybe I don't talk enough, Vinie," replied David, "but there's never been a day since I sent you that Valentine that you haven't been everything in the world to me, and you always will be. There could never be another to take your place. I never could feel—well, like Joe does, for instance." He told me. You understand, Vinie?"

"Oh, David, I do understand," cried the little old lady, as she came, flowers and all, to her husband's arms. "And now there will be no more gray days for me, ever, for I'll have something in my own heart that will make all the gray days look sunshiny and bright."

"Yes, Vinie, years should but enrich the affections, and I'm sure St. Valentine is as much the patron saint of old lovers as of young ones."

Forest Service Thanks Women for Help in Fighting Forest Fires

Three Arizona women have received the official letter from the Forest Service, in the form of a letter from the Acting Forester, for services rendered in fighting forest fires. They are Mrs. O. P. Schoenberg of Portal, Arizona, and the Misses Lillian and Hildegard Erickson of Cochise, Arizona, who last June and July assisted Forest rangers in suppressing serious fires which burned over about 24,000 acres in the Chiricahua division of the Coronado National Forest in Arizona.

At a time when all the available men were needed on the fire line, officials of the Forest Service say that Mrs. Schoenberg, who is the wife of Forest Ranger O. P. Schoenberg, took over the work of securing labor, handling the telephone exchange, and thus keeping the various crews in touch with each other, and running the commissary for the large force of laborers employed on the fire. She also arranged for the disposition of the men at the different fire-fighting crews and fed the newcomers on their way to the fire. It is stated that her excellent judgment and initiative were of material assistance in extinguishing the fire.

The Misses Erickson, daughters of a Forest ranger, took an active part in the fire fighting. They organized and set to work one crew of men and aided in securing others. On one occasion, by actually fighting fire all night, they relieved a crew which was urgently needed at another fire. In addition, they carried food and water to the men on the fire line, who otherwise would not have had anything to eat.

CHINESE MATS.—For your flower pots, why not use Chinese mats? They come round, in several sizes, and in lovely color combinations, beautifully embroidered. A lover of flowers had her sun parlor table laden with earthen pots, each standing upon a Chinese mat.



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17 Cents a Day Pays

In the mellow-toned Symphonic Piano. Several beautiful models in genuine Mahogany, Oak and Walnut. Guaranteed 25 years. Sold the celebrated Ark in Forest—Family way. Many buyers have saved \$10 to \$20 on Symphonies.

Symphonic Pianos

Comfort Kits

Easily and Quickly Made for Our Boys at Home and Abroad

Comfort Kits

A COMFORT kit consists of a bag or pouch containing a collection of useful articles. The Red Cross advises that they be made of stout khaki twill, such as will harmonize with a soldier's uniform.

How to Make Comfort Kit No. 1

Materials: one third of a yard of 27-inch material, 30 inches of tape for a draw string and an American flag for marking the outside.

The goods are folded and sewed up into a simple bag 12 inches square, with an inch hem at the top through which is run the gathering string or tape.

The sewing materials furnished with this kit are attached to a hemmed piece of Canton flannel 12 inches long by three inches wide. The upper edge of this string is sewed stoutly into the hem at the top of and inside the bag. A single snap sewed at the top and bottom of the strip, as shown at A and B (see diagram), brings the two ends of the string together, protecting the contents.

This kit should contain the following articles:

Cake of soap in metal or small celluloid case, Small comb, metal, Small steel mirror, Sewing kit as shown in diagram, Toothbrush in case, Handkerchiefs, khaki color, Lead pencil, Playing cards, Writing pad, Envelopes, Tooth powder in tin container, Shaving brush and soap, Tobacco and pouch, Cigarette paper, Pipe, Foot powder, Wash-cloth, Heavy socks, Letter giving name and address of donor.

Other articles may be added from the "Suggestion List," if desired.

How to Make Comfort Kit No. 2

This Kit Is for Field Use

Materials: Half a yard of goods, 36 inches wide; 4 yards of tape for binding; one small American flag to be sewed on the outside of kit. These can be purchased cheaply in form of ribbon, about twenty-four flags to the yard.

If the material only measures 33 inches it need not alter the dimensions of the kit except by making the pockets E, E, E and F proportionately smaller.

Cut out sections A, B, C and D as indicated on the diagram. From these pieces make the applied pockets of the case, some flat, others slightly full, as shown.

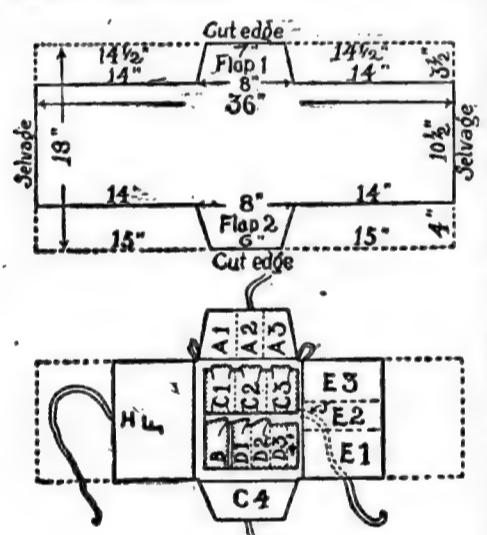


DIAGRAM COMFORT KIT NO. 2.

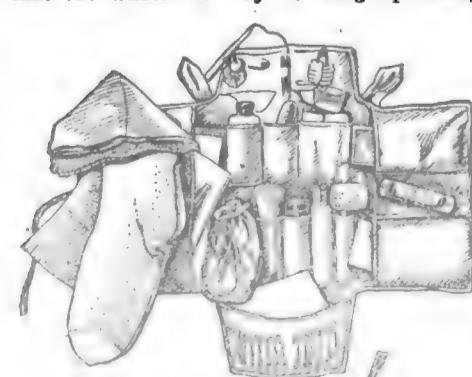
Section A: Use for pockets marked A 1, A 2, A 3 laid on Flap No. 1.

Section B: Use for pocket marked B.

Section C: Use in part for the series of three pockets marked C 1, C 2, C 3.

Section D: Use in part for pocket marked C 4 on flap No. 2, the balance for pockets marked D 1, D 2, D 3, 4.

Fold in selvage ends of goods to form series of pockets marked E 1, E 2, E 3 and large pocket marked F. Bind all edges neatly with stout tape. Attach ties of tape to flaps 1 and 2 so they can be brought together and tied over the pockets. Attach ties of tape on outside of case at H and J. These ties should be long enough to go twice around kit; two loops of tape should be added as shown in the diagram, that the whole kit may be hung up evenly



FINISHED KIT NO. 2, SHOWING CONTENTS.

balanced. It is important that the openings of the pockets B, C and D face the loops, so that small articles will not fall out when the case is hung. Snappers sewed at the edge of the pockets E and F will make the contents more secure.

Arrangement of Articles in Kit No. 2

*A 1 and A 3: Thread, heavy white and waxed khaki color (sometimes called carpet or ribbon thread), wound on cards. On the outside of these pockets sew six khaki-color buttons, size for uniforms; six khaki buttons, shirt size; also six white buttons for underwear.

*A 2: Needles, assorted large size in case; thimble, large-size celluloid; sewing wax.

B: Tobacco pouch and tobacco.

C 1: Tooth powder in tin container.

C 2: Folding knife and spoon.

C 3: Soap in metal or celluloid box.

C 4: Wash-cloth. On the outside of this pocket pin 12 No. 3 black safety pins and six khaki-color patent trousers buttons.

D 1: Shaving brush.

D 2: Shaving soap.

D 3: Comb, preferably metal, in case.

D 4: Pipe.

E 1: Playing cards or other game.

E 2: Mouth organ.

E 3: Safety razor and blades.

F: Writing materials, pencil, sender's name and address, handkerchiefs, two or three khaki color, and a pair of heavy socks, either hand or machine knitted.

*Buttons and thread are khaki colored for the Army, and black for the Navy.

Comfort Kit No. 3

This Kit is for Hospital Use

This kit is especially designed to be pinned to the side of a bed and contains the small things which a wounded man will want to keep near him.

Materials: Two yards of 33-inch to 36-inch goods will make three kits 11 to 12 inches wide, or two yards of 27-inch goods will make two kits 13 1/2 inches wide. The latter is probably the better width, but the others will be acceptable; 2 1/2 yards of tape are needed for binding and tie ends. Stock sheeting, 9 by 12 1/2 inches, is required to line the lowest pockets, which are for toilet articles which may be damp.

To make the kit, measure and tear the entire strip of goods lengthwise to the desired width. Then tear sideways from the strip the following pieces for the pockets:

1. Pocket A: 7 1/2 inches torn will be 6 1/2 inches finished, three-quarters of an inch has been allowed for turning in at the bottom of the pockets and a narrow hem at the top.

2. Pockets B 1—B 5: 4 inches torn will be 3 1/4 inches finished.

3. Full pockets C 1—C 3: 2 strips 5 inches torn, 4 1/4 inches finished. The extra fullness is needed to make the plait. If preferred, piecing the goods for this series of pockets may be avoided by tearing this 5 inches of goods off the full width of the material before dividing it lengthwise for the rest of the kit.

To make the pockets marked D 1—D 5, face the lower end of the long strip of goods with the 9-inch piece of stock sheeting, sewing both sides of the sheeting firmly to the kit before hemming and turning up the flap, which can then be divided into the pockets as indicated in the diagram.

Hem the upper end of the strips for C 1—C 3, turn them and attach to kit case one inch above pockets D 1—D 5 (A and C). Hem the strips intended for pockets A and B and apply B to A, sewing the partition seams in B before attaching both pockets at once to kit case, one inch above pockets marked C.

Souvenir Pocket: Almost every soldier has a little collection of souvenirs, often including the bullet or piece of shell which brought him to the hospital. The big pocket of this kit marked "Souvenir Pocket" is intended to hold these and other personal effects. To make this pocket, hem the upper end of the strip of which the kit is being made, and fold over a flap 12 inches when finished. While in use this large flap pocket is turned back and hangs behind the bag, but if the soldier wishes to take his kit with him on leaving the hospital its contents can be made secure by bringing the flap forward over the small pockets and fastening it down by clips sewed to x, y and z. The whole kit can then be rolled up and tied as the contents permit. Bind the side edges of the kit securely with the tape and attach tie ends on the outside of the point marked H. The kit is fastened to the mattress of the bed by two large safety pins at the upper corners.

Safety pins and sewing materials may be at-

tached to the outside of these pockets, though these supplies will not be much needed.

Extra Articles Which May Be Added at Option of Senders

Articles marked with a star (*) are especially desirable.

Blotting-paper; chewing-gum; chocolates (if wrapped in tin-foil); cigarette-paper in books; comb, preferably metal in case; compressed tea-tablets; compressed malted-milk tablets; corn-plasters; foot powder; garters; knife two-bladed, such as boy scouts use; *mirror, metal, in case; pin-ball with pins; playing cards; postcards; puzzles; *safety-razor; safety-razor blades; safety-razor strap; *scissors, (preferably folding, with pointed ends in sheath); *shaving-brush and shaving-soap; shoe-lace, black for the Navy, khaki-colored for the Army. Talcum powder; tape, white, black or khaki colored tobacco; toilet-paper; toothbrush in rubber case; *tooth-powder in tin case.

Articles in Kit No. 3

Souvenir pocket for personal effects.

A. Writing material, pencil, letter, etc.

B. Pipe and cigarette paper.

C. Handkerchiefs.

C. Playing cards and metal mirror.

D. Comb.

D. Tooth paste.

D. Toothbrush.

D. Shaving brush and soap.

D. Washcloth.

Don't Send Any of These

Because These Articles of Personal Equipment are Furnished by the Government

As the kit should supplement what the soldier already has, a list of the personal equipment issued by the War Department to each soldier is listed herewith:

Personal Equipment of Enlisted Men

The following articles are issued to enlisted men by the Quartermaster's Corps:

1. Hat. 1. Pair of leggings.

1. Hat cord. 1. Slicker.

1. Coat. 1. Tag, identification.

2. Pairs of breeches. 1. Bar, mosquito.

1. Overcoat. 1. Bed sack.

3. Pairs of drawers. 1. Shelter tent, half.

2. Pairs of shoes. 1. Knitted toque.

5. Pairs of stockings. 1. Cardigan jacket.

3. Under-shirts. 1. Pair of rubber boots.

2. Blankets. 1. Brush, hair.

1. Pair of gloves, wool. 1. Brush, tooth.

1. Pair of gloves, riding (for mounted men). 2. Towels.

1. Belt, waist. 1. Cake toilet soap.

2. Pairs of laces, shoe. Housewives (one to a squad).

* For troops in France only.

Supplied by the Ordnance Department

Cup, tin, Meat can, Knife, and knife scabbard, Fork, and fork scabbard, Spoon, 1 Pouch for first aid packet.

The following articles ("extra issues") are given out to organizations of enlisted men, "such quantities as the commanding officer may order as necessary." Soap, Candles, Matches, Toilet paper, Towels, huck, Ice.

Where to Send Comfort Kits and Other Articles

Shipping Directions

Completed articles should be sent to the nearest Red Cross chapter if possible. When this can not be done they should be sent to the Red Cross Division Supply Service in the nearest of the following cities: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Denver, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

Articles intended for a particular soldier need not, of course, be addressed directly to him and forwarded by United States mail or express.

The Red Cross cannot accept articles for delivery to any particular individual.

Red Cross Hospital Garments and Supplies

The illustrations on this page will give one an idea of the garments which are most needed for the hospitals.

The official models have been given the various pattern companies, who have agreed to issue patterns in strict accordance with them.

They can be obtained from local Red Cross Chapters for 10c each, or at store carrying patterns.

The patterns now ready are:

Pajamas, Hospital bed shirts, Hospital bed shirts (taped), Convalescent Robes (similar, but bathrobe is heavier), Bathrobes, Bed JACKETS, Under-shirts, Under-drawers, Bandage Foot Sock, Operating Cap, Operating Masks, Operating Gowns, Convalescent Suits (lined pajamas), Bed Socks, Operating Leggings, Hot-Water Bottle Covers, Ice-Bag Covers.

These patterns are all issued in sizes medium and large.

In making garments for the American hospitals proportions should be two small to one large. For French hospitals no large sizes are needed.

Special points emphasized in the report of the Woman's Bureau by the committees in Paris are:

1. Convalescent robes should be warm, heavy bathrobing preferred.

2. Pajamas should be made of good outing flannel for winter use.

3. Convalescent suits (lined pajamas) are needed, as the men wear them in the place of suits in both the American and the French hospitals.

4. Both pajamas and lined pajamas are preferred with a turnover collar with which a tie can be worn. Pajamas for French hospitals may be made in dark colors.

5. Convalescent suits (lined pajamas) should be made of bright colored materials so that the convalescent patient may be easily discernible.

6. Night-gowns are not desirable for either American or French hospitals. Bed jackets are used in place of them and should be made of warm material.

7. Operating leggings are desirable made of flannel or heavy Canton flannel for winter use.

8. Heavy warm machine-made sweaters with long sleeves are needed by men in the tuberculosis hospitals; no particular color is mentioned.

Report of the committee on the needs for hospital linen and supplies for which no patterns are given:

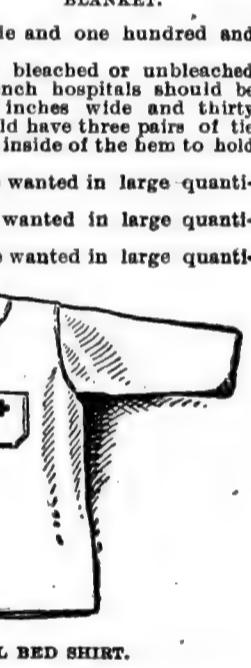
1. Sheets (both bleached and unbleached) at least sixty-four inches wide and one hundred and two inches long.

2. Pillow-slips of bleached or unbleached muslin (those for French hospitals should be about twenty-eight inches wide and thirty inches long and should have three pairs of tie tapes stitched on the inside of the hem to hold the pillow in).

3. Plain towels are wanted in large quantities.

4. Bath towels are wanted in large quantities.

5. Wash-cloths are wanted in large quantities.



ties, (either bath toweling or closely knitted ones).

6. Handkerchiefs are wanted in large quantities (colored preferred; white acceptable).

7. Comfort pillows, all sizes and shapes.

8. Bright-colored bags, same size as comfort bags, but unfilled, for the men to use in the hospitals for their small personal belongings.

Garments which will probably be needed in largest quantities are:

A. Pajamas; hospital bed shirts.

Those needed in the second largest quantities.

B. Convalescent suits (lined pajamas). Under-drawers; under-shirts; taped hospital bed shirts; bathrobes; bed socks; bed jackets.

Needed Knitting for Liberty Boys

Patriotic Relief Work

The First Things to Know About Knitting

DUE to the unusual and pressing demands of the times every woman should have a thorough knowledge of this useful art.

The knitting needle has had to replace the embroidery hook and knitting is now a very important branch of war relief work.

Workers all over the country are willing and anxious to help, but if they are to fulfill the requirements, every novice should aim to become an expert.

Much time and effort could be saved if each step were taken intelligently, each stitch with a perfect knowledge of what it meant in the development of the work as a whole. But frequently a knitter does not even know whether she is at work upon the front or back, the top or bottom until the garment is nearly completed.

It is this mechanical following of mechanical directions that causes the downfall of most knitters. Therefore it is the writer's endeavor to explain the different methods of working and lead the reader step by step over difficulties peculiar to beginners.

There are two methods of working, the English and the German, or Continental. Done correctly either way is good, but trouble arises and new workers fail to gain either speed or ease because many knitters have adopted a method that is neither one nor the other but a mixture of both and for that reason failing to possess the good qualities of either.

In the German or Continental method the needles are held inside the hand, points between forefinger and thumb, wool passing to the left hand, thus crossing the needles and the fingers, where it is ever ready for work. In the English method it requires considerable effort to place a stitch upon the needles. The forefinger must throw the wool fully a couple of inches each time. In the German it is simply a little wrist movement, much less lacking in effort, therefore we will devote our time to this method.

Practice should be with coarse yarn and suitable needles on some simple work such as a wash-cloth. The first step in knitting is to place a row of stitches upon a needle. This is known as casting on. It can be done in different ways but knitting the stitches on is considered one of the best methods as a double threaded edge is secured.

Start by twisting the wool over to form a loop and slip on needle, hold securely, insert the other needle in this loop, knit a stitch, drawing it out making a loop at least one inch long, hold two points of needles so they will meet at right angles, the loop being parallel with first needle. Now put point of left needle over the upper thread and slip the loop on this needle, draw stitch up closely. Insert right needle in this loop, knit another stitch and cast on to the left needle as before, repeat until the desired number is secured. Casting on in this way can be done very rapidly after one just gets the knack of doing it. Even if the first few stitches are laboriously worked on, after a half dozen or so, one invariably says, oh, I see and afterwards wonders at the simplicity of it.

The two primary stitches used in this work are spoken of as "to knit or plain knitting," and "to purl or seam," the second being just the reverse of the first.

To Knit

Hold needle containing stitches in left hand between thumb and forefinger, the yarn extending up from last stitch over forefinger of left hand and down between it and the second finger then out between third and center finger. It is between first two fingers tension is regulated.

Hold right needle in right hand between thumb and forefinger. Do not hold needles tightly but firmly.

Having needles in position insert point of right needle into first stitch on left, entering from left of first loop beneath the needle. With tip of point stretch loop as shown in our illustration, slip needle through, holding points at right angles, now throw yarn over right needle with a wrist movement then draw yarn through first stitch on left needle, thus forming loop on right needle, and drop first stitch from left needle. See illustration.

Each stitch upon left needle is worked off in this way, and when all are on right needle, it should be placed in left hand and second row worked off exactly in the same way.

Purling or Seaming

This is nothing but doing everything in plain knitting backwards. Hold the needles and the

yarn as in plain knitting, but let the yarn come from in front rather than behind the work. See illustration.

Insert the right needle in loop from right to left. Cross the points as shown, pass yarn up between two points and down, then pass the point of right needle backwards through first loop, at same time slipping the latter from left needle. All loops are purled in this way. After knitting stitches remember it is important to pass wool to the front before beginning to purl, that is, bring yarn between the worker and the work, or in front of the work, then throw yarn back before beginning to knit the stitches.

To Increase and Decrease

To increase in the first stitch on row, knit the stitch as usual, but without slipping it from the left needle. Hold it there, turn the right needle back, insert the point in the center of the stitch on the left needle, passing it from right to left; again take up the yarn, and pull it through to form a stitch, now slipping the first stitch from the left needle. There will be two loops upon the right needle, one dropped from the left. This method of widening is used only when

For the benefit of our readers we give these directions, as furnished by the COMFORT's Committee of the Navy League. If one desires, all finished articles can be sent to this League 609 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Material required. Three quarters of a pound of gray or Khaki, fourfold Scotch knitting yarn, or one pound or more of eightfold yarn.

Use a needle which will make the work firm, and work evenly as possible; of fourfold yarn cast on from 80 to 84 sts., of eightfold from 72 to 76 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, until work measures 4 inches. Knit plain until work measures 21 inches. If 80 sts. were cast on, knit 28 stitches, bind off 24 sts. for neck.

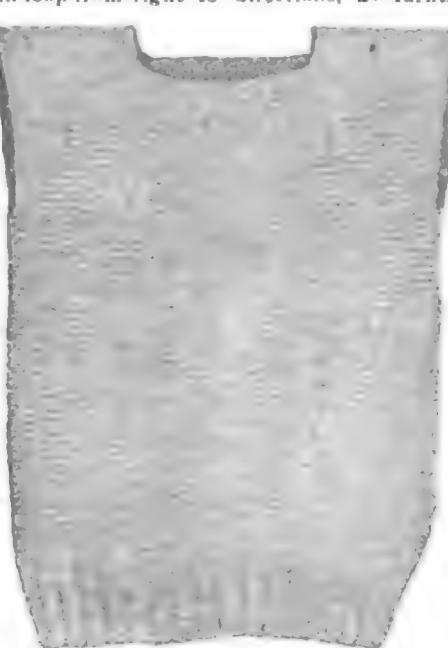
Knit 28 sts., starting with less sts. make the proportion the same, or bind off about one third for neck.

Knit 7 ribs (14 rows) on each shoulder, cast on 24 sts. Knit plain for 19 inches. Purl 2, knit 2 sts. for 4 inch

rows. Sew up sides leaving 9 inches for armholes.

Sweater No. 2

Begin by knitting and purling for ribbing,



SLEEVELESS SWEATER.



BACK OF HELMET.

die. The forefinger must throw the wool fully a couple of inches each time. In the German it is simply a little wrist movement, much less lacking in effort, therefore we will devote our time to this method.

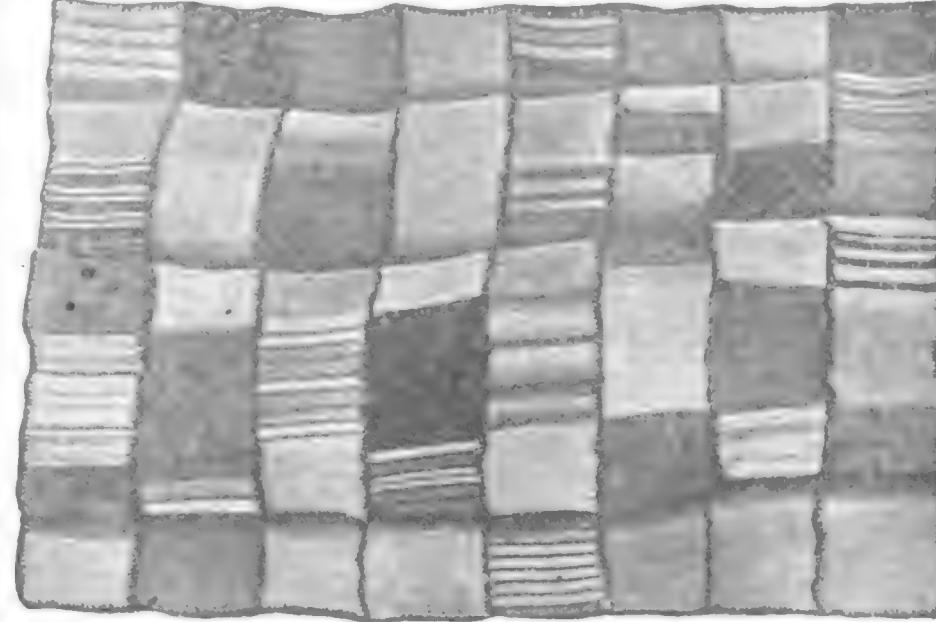
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Start by twisting the wool over to form a loop and slip on needle, hold securely, insert the other needle in this loop, knit a stitch, drawing it out making a loop at least one inch long, hold two points of needles so they will meet at right angles, the loop being parallel with first needle. Now put point of left needle over the upper thread and slip the loop on this needle, draw stitch up closely. Insert right needle in this loop, knit another stitch and cast on to the left needle as before, repeat until the desired number is secured. Casting on in this way can be done very rapidly after one just gets the knack of doing it. Even if the first few stitches are laboriously worked on, after a half dozen or so, one invariably says, oh, I see and afterwards wonders at the simplicity of it.

The two primary stitches used in this work are spoken of as "to knit or plain knitting," and "to purl or seam," the second being just the reverse of the first.



FRONT OF HELMET.



KNITTED AFGHAN FOR HOSPITAL USE.

the work is to be increased in width without having the means employed show.

Second Method

Knit first stitch between this and second stitch, pick up loop passing from one to the other, cast on left needle and knit it in the usual way. Another method is to knit both the front and back of a stitch. When necessary to increase one or more stitches at end of row simply knit and cast on to left-hand needle as explained in casting on heretofore.

To Decrease

The most common and simple way is to knit through two stitches as one. To decrease at end of row, knit two stitches, then slip the first loop on right needle over the second, the third way to decrease or narrow is to purl two stitches together.

To Bind Off

When a piece of work is completed, to dispose of stitches on needle, knit first two stitches and slip first stitch over second, knit one again, having two stitches on right needle, slip the first over the second, knit and slip in this way until one loop

then purl and knit a row alternately, this will make the outside of the garment purled and inside knitted, and one's wool also will go a bit further.

To keep edges from rolling in about armholes, when work measures 12 inches knit the first five stitches of each row, this will make knitted band on either side; when work measures 20 inches knit each row from edge to edge for five ribs.

Bind off about one third for neck, knitting seven ribs on each side for shoulders, then five ribs from side to side across front, then knit 15 stitches of each, knitting and purling between.

For officers especially, is this sweater preferable as their uniforms fit very snugly, and a garment made in this way is less bulky.

Knitted Hospital Socks

1 1-2 hanks Scotch yarn (1 1-2 lb.), two steel needles No. 12.

Cast on 60 sts., k. 2, p. 2. Repeat for 17 inches, then knit 1 row, purl 1 row twice, k. 1 row, narrow by knitting 2 sts. tog. every 5th st., p. 1 row, k. 1 row, p. 1 row, narrow every

row, p. 1 row, knit 1 row, narrow every 4th st., p. 1 row, k. 1, p. 1 row, k. 1 row, narrow every 3rd st., p. 1 row. Knit 1 row, narrow every



RIBBING FOR TOP OF SOCKS. FIG. 1.

row, p. 1 row, knit 1 row, narrow every 4th st., p. 1 row, k. 1, p. 1 row, k. 1 row, narrow every 3rd st., p. 1 row. Knit 1 row, narrow every

row, p. 1 row, knit 1 row, narrow every 4th st., p. 1 row, k. 1, p. 1 row, k. 1 row, narrow every 3rd st., p. 1 row. Knit 1 row, narrow every

row, p. 1 row, knit 1 row, narrow every 2nd st. Bind off and sew up.

2nd st., p. 1 row, k. 1 row, narrow every 2nd st. Bind off and sew up.

Knitted Helmet

1 1-2 hanks Scotch (3-8 lb.), two No. 4, double pointed celluloid needles.

remains, break yarn and pull through drawing up closely. A mastery of the foregoing is all that is necessary to enable one to do any piece of knitting, even the finest. Evenness of stitch and rapidity will come very quickly if one's method of working is correct.

Cast on 72 sts., 24 on each needle in the usual way, k. 2, p. 2 until sufficient ribbing has been finished. K. plain, making 1 seam st. until sock measures 6 inches from top. Now on each side of seam st. by decreasing 1 st. see No. 5, k. 7 rounds plain. Repeat this narrowing in every 8th row until there are 70 sts. in round. K. plain until leg measures 9 1-2 inches.

Front of Helmet

Cast on 48 sts. (11 inches), knit plain for 25 ribs (6 inches) and k. 2, p. 2, for 36 rows. On the next row the opening for the face is made as follows: k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, k. 2, p. 2, k. 2, p. 2. Run the sts. before the opening on a spare needle and on the sts. at other side of opening k. 2, p. 2 for 12 rows. The last row will end at the opening and at that point cast on 28 sts. to offset those bound off. Begin at the face opening of sts. on spare needle and k. 2, p. 2 for 12 rows. At the end of the 12th row continue all across to the end of other needle when there should be 48 stitches on needles at first. K. 2, p. 2 for 24 rows.

Top of Helmet

K. 2, n. (k. 2 sts. together), k. 14 n., k. 14 n., k. 12. P. the entire next row. On the 3rd row k. 2, n., k. 13, n., k. 13, n., k. 11. P. 4th row. On the 5th row k. 2, n., k. 12, n., k. 12, n., k. 10. P. 6th row. Continue to n. in the 3 places every plain knitted row with 1 st. less between narrowings until 9 sts. are left.

Back of Helmet

Work in same manner as for front but omit the face opening. Sew the sts. of upper edges together with joining stitch. Sew up the side seams leaving the plain knitting at shoulders open.

Knitted Afghans

These afghans which can be made of accumulated odds and ends of wool, are much needed in the hospitals abroad.

The work is simply plain knitting in either squares or BED OR HOSPITAL strips. Cast on a sufficient number of sts. to measure eight inches and bind off each square as finished or continue to work with another color until a strip is eight or ten squares long.

Different grades of wool can be used by knitting with two or more threads of the finer to equal the coarser. Short lengths can be used hit-or-miss; bright colors should be worked in as much as possible in making the afghans that are needed nowhere more than among our wounded away from home.

Pupils, in our schools, all over the country are busily at work on these squares and if members of local clubs would meet and devote an afternoon a week to joining the squares and finishing the afghans, the result would be wonderfully helpful.

Stocking Knitting

These are standbys, articles which will be continuously needed and in such quantities that every woman should consider it her duty to furnish a certain amount each month.

Materials required: Three quarters of a pound of Scotch, in light grey or scrubbed, yarn, as the less of dye there is, the better it is for the men's feet.

Steel needles, the short ones being more convenient, No. 12 or larger if one knits tightly.

Points to Remember

1st. Always k. first and last st. on each needle tightly to prevent appearance of a gap or ladder.

2nd. Count sts. after increasing or decreasing.

3rd. Never knot wool; when a joining is



DUTCH HEEL.

See directions on page 29.

necessary lay the 2 ends reversely together and knit a few sts. with double thread. The seam st. should begin either with 1st round or 1st round after ribbing is complete, particular attention should be paid to keeping it straight, as the shaping of the sock depends on it. The seam st. can be purled in every round or purled in one and knitted in the next.

4th. Loose knitters should use fine needles, and tight workers thicker ones.

5th. In decreasing each side of seam st. the st. either side should be knitted, therefore in decreasing before the seam, k. 2 sts. tog. k. 1, p. seam st., k. 1, take off next st. without knitting, k. 1 and st. st. over k. st.

Fig. 1 shows ribbing begun on 3 needles or work can be done on 4 if preferred.

Cast on 72 sts., 24 on each needle in the usual way, k. 2, p. 2 until sufficient ribbing has been finished. K. plain, making 1 seam st. until sock measures 6 inches from top. Now on each side of seam st. by decreasing 1 st. see No. 5, k. 7 rounds plain. Repeat this narrowing in every 8th row until there are 70 sts. in round. K. plain until leg measures 9 1-2 inches.

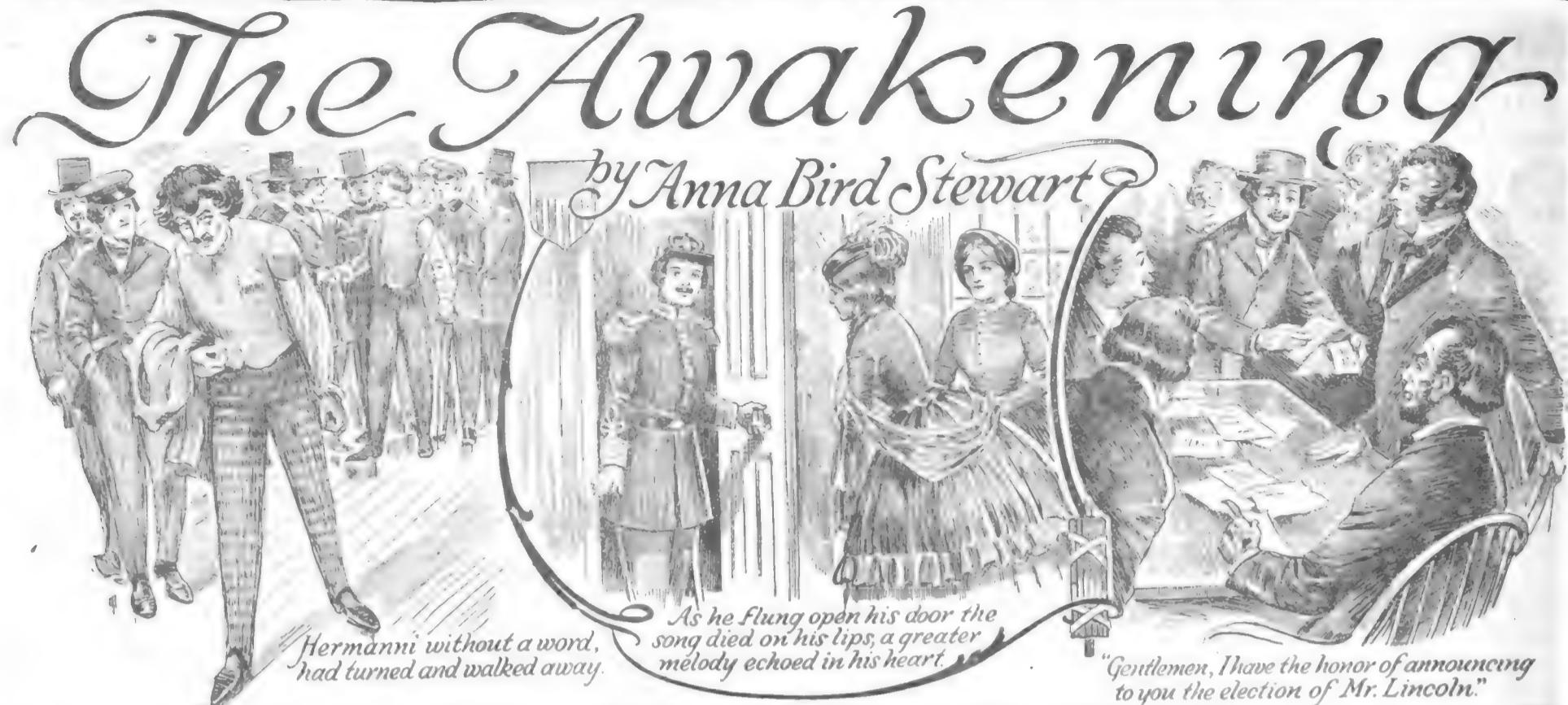
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



POSITION OF NEEDLES IN CONTINENTAL METHOD OF KNITTING.



POSITION OF NEEDLES IN PURLING.



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"I T doesn't seem possible."

"Ask Hermanni."

The youth turned to the foreigner.

"You don't mean that the little fellow coming in the armory now is the man who is going to fence with you tonight?"

Hermann inclined his head in graceful assent. The admiring crowd around him turned to look at the contestant. A mere boy, small yet at once lithe and muscular, there was about his entire aspect an air of daring and of high ambition.

"A handsome fellow," said Starfield Johnson, one of Hermanni's favorites among the young men.

Hermann bowed again. He was well pleased with the look of his adversary. As instructor in the noble art of the foil to the aristocratically pretentious youths of early Chicago, it was to his advantage to stage scenes of spectacular effect. His fencing matches made fashionable both by good luck and shrewd calculation, were his greatest means of advertisement and he overlooked no chance of a new competitor.

He knew little of young Ellsworth save that he was a recent arrival from New York, a law student in the office of a conservative member of the local bar. His challenge to the newcomer, whose skill had naturally been reported to him, was to add to the fencing master's own prestige. No one had doubt of the outcome, least of all Hermanni.

"Signor," he murmured to Johnson, "during the contest you will observe the trick of which I have told you many times. I hear that Signor Ellsworth keeps much to the low guard. My friends," he looked at the widening circle of young men around him, "if he will hold to the low guard, I shall disarm him every time he lifts the foil."

Hermann spoke in a caressing voice which was the envy of every aspiring gallant to whom he was known. He clung to the Italian form of address, the only trace of Italy about him. There was an odd mingling of guttural consonants and mellow liquid syllables in his speech. To those who inquired his nationality he was wont to repeat, "My enemies call me a mongrel, my friends a cosmopolitan." Thus were they answered, and not answered. So successfully had he fostered the mystery about himself that he was not only a bad but a power.

"Signor Ellsworth is perhaps ready to begin."

"To have it over," corrected one of the swordsmen's followers.

The others joined in the laughter.

Meanwhile young Ellsworth stood talking to a little group of his friends on the opposite side of the room. John Hay came toward him.

"I've been over there," he told Ellsworth, looking at Hermanni, "he says that if you——"

Ellsworth laughed and interrupted him with the privileged manner of old friends.

"I fully expect him to beat me. It would be very bad business on his part for him not to win this match. Well, I am ready whenever he is."

The play began. The next second Hermanni's friends let forth a yell of derision, for the fencing master, apparently without effort, had sent his opponent's weapon flying at the first stroke. He rested the point of his own foil on the ground and smiled down at him as Ellsworth stooped to recover. But the look of superiority had scarcely faded from his face before the boy had turned the same trick upon him. Stooping again, Ellsworth handed Hermanni his foil. The professional began to grow angry. His loss of temper meant no loss of skill, however; he still moved with lithe, agile grace, with cautious, leopard-like cunning, taking advantage of every opening, following every chance. Yet his marvelous skill had at last found its equal. With each hit of Ellsworth's foil, he grew whiter with rage.

The boy tossed back the masses of black hair from his forehead as its waves, worn long after the fashion of that day, fell into his eyes. As if obedient to his gesture, again his rival's foil spun round.

"That is the twenty-seventh time Elmer has touched him," said John Hay to the friend beside him.

"Hermann is smiling, yet I'll wager he does not think it funny."

"What an unpleasant smile. Look at that boy now, hardly more than half the size of the lanky——there goes Hermanni's foil again."

"Yet the man is a wonderful fencer."

"I don't believe two men could beat Elmer," declared Hay. "Watch him. He is all grace, and skill and fire."

"Hermann has skill. It's the youth and the fire that will win for Ellsworth."

"It's his spirit of undaunted and indomitable success," said John softly.

"Well, it's over now, whatever it was."

Hermann, without a word, had turned and walked away.

He was outclassed, unexpectedly, before his pupils and his adherents. The unknown youth had hit him six times for every once he was able to return. At the *touche a touche* the newcomer touched him in two places at the same *alorange*, and threw his foil several feet. It was a masterly exhibition, an overwhelming surprise to the entire throng.

"We are proud of you," declared Hay, as Ellsworth joined them.

"I am proud myself, to have won," said Ellsworth honestly. "That man can use the foils!"

Hermann now came up all suaveness and compliment.

AMONG all the imaginary heroes of war-inspired fiction you may search in vain for the equal of Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth who raised the first volunteer regiment and, as the youthful commander of the famous New York Fire Zouaves, was the first volunteer officer to give his life in defense of the flag in our Civil War. As faithful and ardent in love as he was true and brave in war, there is no more pathetic romance than the true story of his brief career, of which the tragic ending proved to be the needed shock for "the awakening" of the nation to meet the ordeal of war.

His inspiring example should strengthen us to meet the duty and sacrifice which the present war demands of each to the utmost of his strength and resources.

"Signor, you are a great swordsman."

"I had very good luck tonight, that's all," laughed Ellsworth.

He did not guess what good fortune and what ultimate disaster the night's contest would bring him.

The news of the match aroused much comment. The Chicago newspapers, with their enterprising pettiness, used the story to its full advantage. For a week the editorials showed the superiority of American skill over foreign renown; for a week the public read the history of Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth's country birth, and his early life in New York on his own resources; they knew his love for all things military; they could recite innumerable anecdotes of his struggles against absolute starvation since he had come to Chicago. It was seldom that the newspaper writers found so picturesque a subject. When he refused to talk, they bombarded his friends, his acquaintances, his fellow roomers. For an entire week the stories of the contest grew until poor Hermanni was left with no skill, no ability, hardly a shred of honesty.

Unfortunately, the title of impostor was not to the latter's liking. He was a man of justly big reputation and his far-famed skill with the sword was no less than this new jealousy of the boy whom he felt was responsible for this unpleasant newspaper notoriety. To win back his former position, this newcomer must be discredited. To a man of Hermanni's stamp, the simple directness and almost puritanical idea of honor which Ellsworth held, were utterly incomprehensible. It did not occur to him that Ellsworth himself was not the instigator of the newspaper talk. He had no inkling that the reported interviews were unauthentic fictions. Hermanni had hated Ellsworth from the first dismally in the duel when he was compelled to change his former superious attitude, a week loud in praise for the victor, and in jeers for himself did not moderate the feeling. Yet with cool wariness Hermanni waited.

In the meantime, the fate which was responsible for the younger man's success, was still smiling upon him. Ellsworth had laid the victory to good fortune, and there seemed, indeed, something fortuitous in his winning at the very time when the results were destined to be of influence upon his entire career.

During the fifties, there was a restless spirit abroad. Especially among the younger men was the need for physical action urgent. Both in the South and in the North the youth were forming companies and drilling with spasmodic or regular effort, as their leaders chose. A company of Chicago cadets who had started out with ambitious energy, had fallen into a lamentable state of neglect at this time. The more active members, realizing the necessity of leadership, were on the lookout for a man with the character and qualifications to fulfill their earlier ambitions. As the hero of the hour, Ellsworth was offered the command of the cadets.

For a time he hesitated, but accustomed as he was to decisive action, he had a meeting called of the entire company.

"If you elect me captain, you do it with your eyes open," he told them roundly.

"We want you because our eyes are open," one of the company's humorists answered.

"I shall enforce the strictest discipline. I shall make this company second to none in the United States."

The boys let forth a cheer. This was their dream.

Ellsworth continued. "It will mean no child's play, prompt obedience, unremitting drill, no gambling, no drinking under penalty of expulsion and publication of the offense."

Young as he was, there was something in Ellsworth's manner, in the very glance of his eye, which made men love, and fear, and obey.

The young captain did not give up his law studies, but in his cadets he found his one recreation,—relaxation, exercise, exaltation. He modeled them on the French Zouave system of organization and drill. To them he gave his time, his devotion and the impetus of his own success.

People began to talk about his Zouaves, they came to the drills, they watched for and criticized the comments of them in the papers. These, more or less malevolent, were not lacking, for all during the late fifties military organizations received but scant acknowledgment in Western cities. It was the natural reaction of the opposite element, the inevitable result of the spirit which had created the companies themselves. An active though cautious enemy could do much to increase the bitterness and contempt the papers were but too apt to show.

John Hay and young Henry Miller of the Zouaves discussed the matter anxiously, upon reading the slurs and inuendoes of one report.

"This is personal spite, John. This is no mere general antagonism."

"We must work out not only a way to stop these notices, but to get at the bottom of their publication. I'll speak to Elmer."

But Ellsworth had forgotten Hermanni.

He sought only for a way to prove his words true when he had said that he would make his company second to none. He resolved to give a public exhibition on July the fourth to prove that this ambition had been fulfilled. The outcome of the drill meant much to him, more really than he knew. It made him, on that Independence Day of 1860, once again the most talked of man in the city.

CHAPTER II.

After the drill was over, Elmer shook himself clear of the congratulating throngs and went to his own room. No one else knew how great the strain had been of the unceasing drill combined with the discomforts, hardships, privations and even insufficient food of his private life. He felt that he could stand no more. He must be alone. Yet for all the strain he had been under, the taste of victory was sweet. He ran up the stairs to the top floor room in his quiet lodging house singing a little tune.

As he flung open his door the song died on his lips, a greater melody echoed in his heart. There in the room before him, stood a girl.

He looked at her as though she were not real, but an image sprung into being from his own thoughts. In the glad surprise of her presence all the love for her he had so long repressed shone from his dark eyes.

"Mary."

He spoke her name quietly, with an intensity of feeling mere words could not express.

"Mother and I came," she began softly. Then she looked into his eyes and a soft flush crept up over her cheek. She went on in swift embarrassment. "We came——" again she paused.

Words seemed so futile, so commonplace in view of the things neither said.

Ellsworth turned to the elder woman who had been standing beyond his first vision.

"Sit here, Mrs. Somers, and here, Mary."

Though he would have wished the finest in the world for them there was no awkwardness, no shame of his poor surroundings. Of what he had given them the meager best in a way a prince might envy.

"We saw the drill, Elmer, and we are proud of you," said the mother. Then she went over by the window across the room. This was to be Mary's moment, and her heart was not so old that she could not guess what it meant to the girl. It was from her mother that Mary inherited her grace, her tact, her rich courtesy.

"Elmer," said the girl, "we came because you would not come to us. I felt that I could not go away without seeing you."

"Away?"

She gave him no time for questioning. These few moments were all she might have. Her very belief in him demanded his confidence. "What has been the matter? You have not been near the house for months. Yet you know we love you, and I know how you feel toward us."

Ellsworth flushed quickly at her first words. How sweet, how earnest she was, with her tightly clasped hands, and her troubled eyes searching his face. It had not been an easy thing for her to seek him thus but he thanked God for her trust in him.

"I'll be frank and honest with you, Mary. I have had a hard struggle merely to live. Since I came here to Chicago. These last months I have gone nowhere, I have done nothing but study law, copy legal papers to make my little living, and drill. Don't think me ungrateful to you or your mother for all the pleasure and encouragement you have given me——"

"I know you are not ungrateful," she broke in gently.

"But it goes against me to take when I can make no return," he continued. "I have tried never to do it, no matter what I wished. You see how it is, Mary, don't you? I can't accept your hospitality and kindness when I can give you nothing. Why, I can only share with you a far off hope——" He stopped abruptly.

"This is foolish independence," she whispered tenderly.

"It is my nature," he answered simply.

"You dear quixotic boy. Take what little we can give you in interest, in companionship. As for return," she smiled happily, "you give us the pleasure, the inspiration of yourself."

He shook his head.

"But all that is over now and we are talking of the might-have-been. What you think honor, in this case, Elmer, is a beautiful boyish dream. Don't imagine I do not appreciate it, and you. I only want to show you how impractical it was, and in the future, elsewhere, perhaps——" Her voice died away softly, her next words she hardly breathed, so low was her tone. "Oh, are we friends? —More than friends."

The girl began to speak quickly, as if thus to break the strain the moment's silence had caused.

"Elmer, I have a confession to make. The wo-

man who showed us where your room was suggested our waiting for you. She showed us your daily schedule hanging above your desk and said you never varied from it a single moment. She was just a plain woman, but so kind hearted, and she said such wonderful things about you, Elmer. When I looked at the way you disposed of your day, the purpose behind each moment, without a single instant for play of any sort, I almost cried. Why, you are only a boy in years. Then I found on the desk this little book, your journal."

"Yes, I was looking over it this morning before the drill." He grew red as he thought of her seeing it, yet he was not sorry.

"I did not read it all," she said in a half pleading tone, "and I felt like a thief stealing the secrets of your life and soul in what I did read."

"You need not, Mary. I might have told you all that it said long ago had I possessed the courage and the knowledge that you cared to hear."

"It seemed so much of yourself." She picked up the little book reverently. "Poor boy, what a struggle you have had to get along, and all the time not one tiny bit of help. Why didn't you tell me before? Elmer, may I keep the book?"

"Of course, you may, if you wish it."

"I like this at the beginning." She read the opening sentences in the little diary:

"I do this because it seems pleasant to be able to look back upon our past lives and note the gradual change in our sentiments and views of life; and because my life has been and bids fair to be such a jumble of strange incidents that, should I become anybody or anything, this will be useful as a means of showing how much suffering and temptation a man may undergo and still keep clear of despair and vice."

The little uncomfortable feeling a man usually has when he hears his own words read aloud by some one else crept over Ellsworth. And her voice! He feared to trust himself should he utter what he knew was in her thoughts. He began abruptly.

"I am going away."

"Back to the East?" she asked, a look of eager hope in her face. The light died out with his words.

"First with my Zouaves. Do you know that we are challenging all the crack militia companies in the United States to competitive drills?"

"Yes, and then where?"

"Then to Springfield."

"Springfield, Illinois? Where Lincoln lives?" she asked with a half note of envy in her voice.

"Do you think you will see him?"

"I am going into his office to read law."

"With Lincoln!" she murmured, half to herself. Then laughingly she went on. "No, sir, I don't wonder now, that you desert all your other friends the way you have us, these last few months. No associates but Presidential candidates, if you please!"

He fell in at once with her half-bantering mood.

"One presidential candidate who has more heart and feeling than almost all of your Chicago lawyers combined. They would have nothing to do with me, Lincoln took me in."

"You lucky boy," sighed Mary. "Oh, you don't know how devoted I am to Abraham Lincoln."

"If you only knew him! I don't expect to study much law this year. Perhaps, though, I can help him a little, make a few speeches, or do something. Think of being able to help him!"

So had their mutual enthusiasm enthralled them that Mrs. Somers' low-voiced, "Mary," dropped them back with a start into their every day affairs.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

With a world of love to dear Uncle Charlie and all of COMFORT's staff, MRS. FANNIE FOAG.

There's enterprise for you—only two weeks in camp and already a Sunday school organized. It deserves to be rewarded by reading matter and suggestions.

Our how-I-helped-my-husband discussion is coming along slowly but surely and I am anxious to hear from others. You did splendidly, Mrs. Pong, and your work out of doors must have been of physical help to you, as well as financial.—Ed.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have taken COMFORT about two years, and find it the best paper for its price.

I have never written before, but now I want some of the sisters to advise me. I am the unhappy woman living, and sometimes I think I would be better off dead, as I am afflicted with stammering. I started to stammer from fright about two years ago. I have a sunken chest and sometimes feel terribly weak, and all this is due to the stammering. I do not stammer badly. Strangers wouldn't notice it.

Now, what I want to ask is, would it be wise for me to go to a school? I know a school in the West, and the professor of this institute is willing to cure me for a fee of \$300; I don't think it's too much, as he says that speech is a priceless gift.

Now, what worries me is, my husband doesn't want me to go and tells me to get that idea out of my head. He says that I don't have to get cured of this trouble. If I cannot get cured of stammering, I feel that I am wasting my life. I have asked my folks to help me, but they won't. They think it's my own fault. I get a certain sum of spending money each month from my husband. I have started to save this money, and I will until I get enough to go to this Institute. I have nobody to help me so I have to help myself. But the longer I let this trouble go the more money it will take and also more time.

I am worried terribly. There is no way for me to make money at home as I have tried different advertisements. I was thinking that I could go out and work as I am a pretty good typist, but I have a baby two years old to take care of.

My husband will be drafted pretty soon, then I will be obliged to earn my own living, but I won't be able to hold my position if they find out that I stammer.

Are any of the COMFORT sisters in such a trouble as I am? I want to be cured no matter if it takes my lifetime to save enough money to go to this school. I want to learn stenography in case I am obliged to earn my own living, but how can I, the way I talk?

Please do not tell me that I can cure myself by talking slowly or something of that sort. It's impossible as I can't cure myself. The speech muscles are too large and that's why I stammer. Any advice will be kindly appreciated. I have given my address to Mrs. Wilkinson.

Wish best wishes I remain yours, MRS. R. T. W.

Mrs. R. T. W. Please don't think me unfeeling or unsympathetic, but do you have to pay the Professor your \$300 before or after you are cured of stammering? You say you are "worried terribly" and I think that is half the trouble. Stop worrying and give yourself a chance to get over stammering. I feel sure that you will in time if only you won't let your mind dwell on your trouble so much. What do the other sisters say about it?—Ed.

RANDSBURG, CAL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: Through a letter of mine which was printed in COMFORT over a year ago I have found my relatives from whom I have been separated twenty-two long years.

Thanks to dear old COMFORT and long life to Mrs. Wilkinson and all of COMFORT's staff.

Yours in joy, HAZEL BLACK.

Hazel Black. Weren't you just the dearest person to let me know of your good fortune and share it with you, and the knowledge that our little corner is doing some good once in a while is the very best valentine I could ever receive.—Ed.

MARTIN CITY, MO.

MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have taken COMFORT for a long time and read each issue from cover to cover and derive much pleasure and benefit therefrom. The Sisters' Corner is an endless chain of thoughts, opinions and experiences, and by reading the letters each month one can always learn "something new."

After reading City Sport's letter, the desire to say a few things in defense of the farmer got so strong within me that I just had to sit down and write a few facts about farmers and farm life. Now I do not blame City Sport for feeling the way she does, for when one has lived in the city all their life and has to buy high-priced food stuffs, it is natural to blame the farmer, and we are all narrow-minded to a certain extent, in certain things, and especially so when we do not first take the time to study upon the subject and get to the bottom of all facts before expressing opinions. I have lived in both city and country, and so far as the people are concerned, find them all the same, "just human beings." Take it altogether, the classes are equally divided among city and country people. There are good people and bad people in all walks of life, and they should not be classed together, but each taken as an individual and upheld on his own merit. City Sport named all of the shortcomings of the farmer but forgot to name a few faults of city folks, so I will do so for her. I will name a few facts just as they came under my observation at different times and places.

As to the farmer working his children, country children are all rosy-cheeked and happy, which proves that they are not worked to death, whereas there are hundreds of city children, with pinched looking pale faces, doing factory work, and if there was not a law prohibiting child labor the factories would be over-crowded with children. But there is still a way to get by the law and it is a common sight to see mere children working in factories today. All that is required is, swear that the child is sixteen and pay fifty cents to have the age certificate made out. I am personally acquainted with a girl thirteen years of age who starts from home each morning at 6:30 A. M. to work in a factory. And no one goes to a factory for health or pleasure, but for the dollar that is in it. It may be true that some of the drunkards got their start at the old cider barrel out on the farm but I know, too, that some of our noted statesmen got their start in the world as barefoot boys behind the plow.

And as to the farmers helping or being in any way the cause of the city man staying poor, there is no truth whatever in that. The farmer is not getting more than common wages for his hard-earned crops. It's the middle men that demand excessive profits and of course the consumer pays the bill. Crops bring a fair price now but do you stop to consider that everything the farmer buys, such as farm machinery, harness, seeds, clothing, etc., are just once again as high as they were three years ago. Hired help's wages have doubled also. The farmer pays the difference. Times have changed since our grandparents lived and don't forget that the working man's wages have changed along with it. My father had a trade and had to work hard twelve hours per day to make fifteen dollars a week whereas the same class of men today work eight hours and get thirty dollars per week, please note the difference City Sport.

When my parents first moved out on the farm, they got ten cents a pound for butter and seven cents a dozen for eggs; today we are offered forty-five cents for butter and thirty-five for eggs and wouldn't we be foolish if we said—"No, we don't want that much for our produce for our grandparents never received that much," when, at the same time, we are paying treble prices for everything. I do not say that city people are bad but they become a nuisance out here, crowds come out to go fishing and they walk over fields regardless of damage done to growing crops, and we have caught them digging our potatoes and taking roasting ears and everything else that's edible. What name have you for such acts?

Permit me to enlighten you on the subject of high-priced potatoes last winter. I have friends in the city that are in different branches of R. R. work and they all told the same story, that is, the commission men had carloads of spuds standing on the side tracks waiting for the market to go up, while

the people were expressing opinions of the farmers because the price of spuds was going up. This is one of the many incidents where blame comes to the wrong party.

Best wishes to COMFORT and all the readers, MRS. ELIZABETH NEIBROOK.

Miss Neibrook. All the city-versus-country letters which I receive (and there are a lot of them from every state) lead me to the old remark that there are two sides to everything—our side and the wrong side; nevertheless, I enjoy the discussions, even if the farmer's side is very well known to me.—Ed.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Will some of you tell me how to cure my little girl of worms? She has had them for a long time and is very bad at times. I have stopped giving her candy or sweets of any kind and have given her worm medicine for some time but she is no better. I hope some of the dear sisters can help me.

Sincerely, MRS. A. F. L.

LYNCHBURG, 402 Main St., VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a young girl, nineteen years old last January. I have blue eyes, dark brown hair, fair complexion, and am five feet, five inches tall—weigh 138 pounds. I am a stenographer and assistant bookkeeper in a clothing store for men, and have lived in the city for the past eight years. I lived in the country until I was eleven years old. But first let me tell you how I came to see your magazine. I am very fond of magazine stories, so when the collector of the store came in this morning I very quickly spied a magazine in his pocket which I asked him to let me see. He said, "All right; but for heaven's sake don't let me go home without it tonight or my wife will have a fit." I was not busy that afternoon and I read most of the magazine. The first thing was Mrs. Wilkinson's dept. I enjoyed it very much until I read where the country lady had been speaking ill of the city girl. Oh! it just makes my blood boil to hear a country person run down a city girl. What do they know about them, if they stay in their places in the country. Perhaps some little frisk has been visiting in their neighborhood and not acted as modestly as the country sisters expected to see her act, but that is no reason why the Arkansas sister should judge all the rest by her. There are good and bad everywhere. The city girl is every inch as good in every respect as the country lassie. I know it. My honest opinion of girls, both of the country and city, is that they can be just what they want to be, it makes no difference where they are. You are just what you make yourself. I pity some of the poor little country girls who marry sporty bad city boys, who have to go to the country to get their wife because the girls of the city who know them won't have them. I know of two cases right here in this town, and the men acknowledged that they married girls from the country because they wanted to get married and knew they could never find a partner who would have them here in Lynchburg. I don't say that they are all alike. There are a lot of good boys in the city. Of course, they may seem, like the girls do to the country people, a little rapid, because they are not used to such actions, but they do not mean any harm about it. Usually, you will find out sooner or later, that the girl or woman who is so extremely modest and precise is not that way all the time, they are more apt to be playing the role of a little hypocrite, thinking they are raising themselves in the estimation of their friends when they are positively not. Now I came from one of the best families in the state of Virginia. I am half Yankee, and proud of it. I am being continually nagged at about being a Yankee, and I get so cross sometimes that I say awful things. My mother was a full-blooded Yankee, and one of the sweetest women that ever lived. I can't keep from losing my temper when they down the Yankees.

I am very sorry for "Brown Eyes, of Nebraska." She has a very foolish opinion of the city, and I would just love to kiss the sweet little hand of the Oklahoma sister who wrote that interesting letter of defense for the city girl. Why if all the city men preferred country girls, why are the towns full of married city men and women? I don't read of very many country girls and city men being united here in Lynchburg. "Isn't war scare either."

With best wishes to your whole magazine, and you, A loving little girl, MARY E. FARMER.

CHINOOK, MONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

WON'T some of you move over and allow a Montana sister to enter your cheerful circle? I am a bride and living on a homestead, so you see it isn't all pleasure. We have our lonesome days, but we always have our home to look forward to.

I wonder if some of the sisters could suggest Indian names for our home. You see it is a part of the Battle-Field Reserve that was thrown open last year and as it was the last stand of the Indians I think an Indian name would be very appropriate.

I enjoy the letters from sisters on child training and housekeeping hints. A young housekeeper has much to learn.

I like to crochet and I don't think it hurts one's character, as one sister thought. I'm sure if she were alone most of the time she would turn to some kind of fancy work to while the lonely hours away. What do you think, homestead sisters?

God bless you, one and all, MRS. M. B. K.

KANSAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading Mrs. V. M.'s letter in October COMFORT, I couldn't be still.

I think Mrs. V. M. should stop thinking about not loving that good, trustworthy man and love him with all her heart and tell him so. Has she ever stopped to think how happy she could make him by so doing? There is no such perfect bliss in this life as she seems to be dreaming of finding (and in some other man besides her husband) and the happiest people are those that forget self and make others happy.

About her husband not being educated—that has nothing to do with her loving him. One cannot help loving a man that is good and true. I married a man like Mrs. V. M. and after four years of married life can say I am as happy as most people.

I have two children, a boy three and a girl ten months. There's nothing like children to weld two lives into one.

Dear Mrs. V. M., those first two years of married life are the hardest. Forget the idea of leaving your husband and be good and true to him as he is to you. Try it for another year or two any way. And write again, won't you? Do your duty.

I love COMFORT and the dear sisters' letters.

Lovingly, PATRIOT.

ERICSON, NEB.

DEAR SISTERS ALL:

I have been still for years and they say that it is impossible for a woman to do, so I want to be heard now.

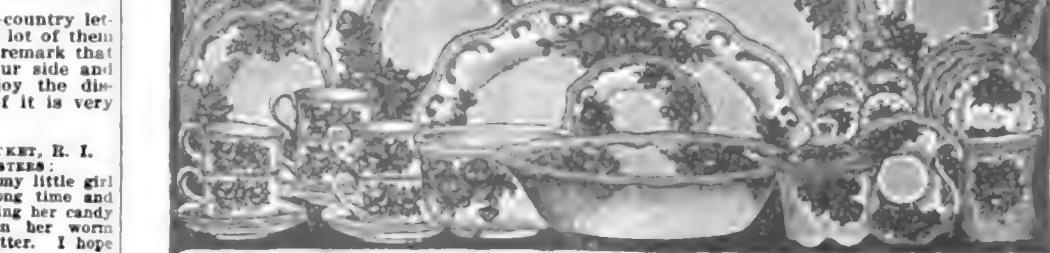
Perplexed Mother, your letter appealed to me. I think you should consult your own choice in the matter of adopting a child. I believe I would talk with little daughter first. Tell her of the many little ones left alone, and, better still, take her to some institution and let her see them. Get her into the way of thinking, if you can, that she would be much happier if she had one to share with and make its life more pleasant. If I were in your place, and was taking a child from an institution or where I had several to choose from, I would let Camele choose the new sister herself. That is, of course, if you approved of her choice. She would probably feel more attached to one thus chosen. Perhaps her choice would be a child older or younger than you had supposed she would care for. It is so hard to find out exactly what pleased a child until we try.

Can any of the sisters help me, I wonder. Several years ago there was a recipe published for breakfast food that we liked very much. The food was made with yeast, baked, dried and then rolled with a rolling pin or put through a food chopper. It was like one kind of patented food when finished but much cheaper. I would like to see this recipe printed again, as I have lost mine, and there are probably lots of new subscribers who would be glad to know of it in these times of conservation of food. MRS. H. F. WAGNER.

STAPLES, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I have been a reader of the Sisters' Corner for several years and like it very much.

I think the idea of Arkansas Grouch, that the conditions she mentions being prevalent among rural schools is rather a mistaken one. I live in a rural district in central Minnesota and have attended both rural and country schools. In the district in which



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of extra quality and finely perfumed, giving as premiums, with each box of 7 large cakes, Baking Powder, Perfume, Talcum Powder, Tea, Spoons, Shears and Needles (as per Plan 2320) here illustrated.

QUALITY as well as QUANTITY are in this offer, as we buy in such large lots that we can afford to give more good goods for less money than any other concern in the entire country.



ALL OF OUR PLANS SELL AT SIGHT. One pleased customer brings another and with our other Baking Powder, Tea, Coffee, Spice Extract, Perfume and Soap Offers, you will get duplicate orders and earn some of our many useful premiums such as Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Linen Sets, Silverware, Clocks, Lamps, Furniture, Granite Ware, Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel, in fact, anything you need. We also pay a large cash commission.

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Write at once for FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT and other things.

If, after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep every thing we send you FREE of charge for the trouble in answering this advertisement. No license needed. We protect you. Our methods are honest. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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THE RIGHT WAY Jim Riner and his wife were good, honest, industrious folks. Like a great many American families they wanted to have the best of everything. Jim loved his wife and would have given her anything in this world he wanted, had he been able to afford it, but although he worked steadily, it took all the money he earned to keep his family. If Mrs. Riner wanted a new dress or a piece of furniture for the home, that they must deprive themselves of something else. One day she received a letter asking her to distribute a few high-grade household articles among her neighbors and friends. It only required a small part of her time and she accepted the offer. For her services Mrs. Riner received a handsome Dinner Set, then some fine Linens, a pretty lamp, and many other valuable household pieces. Mind you, she did not pay one cent for freight or other expenses. Just did the work in her spare time. If you want to do the same thing, send us your name and address and we will tell you the same story. Write to us at once. MASON, 820 Pearl St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

we live we have one term of nine months, beginning in September. First-class teachers are hired exclusively—paying a good salary, of course, but I must say that we receive full value for our money, the teacher we have at present having had twelve years' experience. The school building has a splendid system of heating and ventilation and plenty of light and pure air—something not always to be had in the city. The compulsory school law is strictly enforced, no child being absent without a very good excuse, such as illness. No children are allowed to remain at home to work. There is a playground for the children, with toboggan slide, swings, croquet set, and a baseball diamond for the older boys. The classes are graded very carefully and never fail to enter high school upon completion of the eighth grade.

I cannot agree with City Sport either about conditions in rural communities, as I have tried both city and country life and like the latter far the best.

I wonder if she realizes that people in the country who steal corn and chickens are looked down on just as much as the burglar who breaks into houses or the pickpocket who picks pockets and snatches purses, in the city.

I think all these evils are the fault of the individual communities rather than "the country" as a whole.

If I see this letter in print I'll write again and show the pleasant rather than the ugly side of my disposition.

I am a firm believer in woman suffrage.

MISS HAYSKY.

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Mother, Why Don't You Take Nuxated Iron

And Be Strong and Well and Have Nice Rosy Cheeks Instead of Being Nervous and Irritable All The Time and Looking So Haggard and Old?—The Doctor Gave Some to Susie Smith's Mother and She Was Worse Off Than You Are and Now She Looks Just Fine

NUXATED IRON WILL INCREASE THE STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE OF WEAK, NERVOUS, CAREWORN, HAGGARD LOOKING WOMEN 100 PER CENT IN TWO WEEKS' TIME IN MANY INSTANCES

THE CHILD'S APPEAL



"There can be no Beautiful, Healthy, Rosy Cheeked women without Iron."

F. KING, M. D.

"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author. In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pellar means anaemia. The skin of the anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fogs and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degenerated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants, and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people, who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles, in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe, aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

"Many an athlete and prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jacques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But so many American



You can tell the women with plenty of iron in their blood--beautiful, healthy, rosy cheeked women full of Life and Radiant with Health.

women suffer from iron deficiency with its attendant ills—physical weakness, nervous irritability, melancholy, indigestion, flabby, sagging muscles, etc., etc., and in consequence of their weakened, run-down condition, they are so liable to contract serious and even fatal diseases that I deem it my duty to advise such to take Nuxated Iron. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."



Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, tells physicians that they should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their patients. Says anaemia—iron deficiency—is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American woman—warns against use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and do far more harm than good; advises use of only nuxated iron.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases is not a patent medicine or secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

SPECIAL TO PHYSICIANS:

hardened, tied-up secretions, etc., from the use of metallic iron, again we suggest, try Nuxated Iron. If you have been using the old forms of metallic iron, without success; if you have had patients complain of discolored teeth, upset stomachs, Dr. James Francis Sullivan formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital; Dr. H. B. Vail formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner; Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, former House Surgeon, Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, and others. In most cases physicians direct the use of two five-grain tablets three times per day after meals.

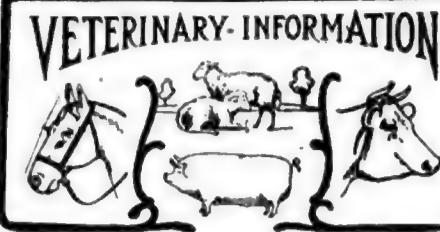


NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE is full of intensely interesting, valuable facts, instruction and information regarding Hunting, Fishing, Trapping, Tells all about guns and rifles; how to select them; how to shoot accurately; how to build traps for hunting game; how to train your dog; best time and places to hunt and fish; kinds of bait to use at different times of the year, and other valuable fishing information by Dixie Carroll; tells all about camping and woodcraft. Sent for a whole year, over 1500 pages in all, of just the kind of stuff you like best, together with this handsome watch fob for only \$1.00. Your money refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied when you receive the first copy.

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Just to show you what it's like, we'll send you a copy of this month's "National Sportsman" and the handsome ornate gold watch fob, or receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin. Wrap the money in this advertisement and mail it right now to

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE
138 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

GARTER—I have a cow that came fresh last April. One of the teats seemed as though there was milk in it, but it wouldn't come and I left it for the calf and it came all right. In the summer another test was inflamed and the udder hard and sore, the milk coming in lumps. Is the milk good to use? F. R. C.

A.—The milk is unfit for use and may be dangerous, as tuberculosis of the udder is to be suspected. The condition of the udder is incurable.

THIN MARE—I have a fourteen-year-old mare that is very thin in flesh and has been for four years. She is too weak to work or ride. She is hasty and eats a plenty. Can you tell me how to put her in good flesh? G. F. S.

A.—The condition of the old mare's teeth probably is such that she cannot perfectly masticate her food. Have the teeth put in order by a veterinarian, then feed her a quart of blackstrap molasses night and morning, diluting it with hot water and then stirring it among cut hay, wheat bran and corn-meal. Feed whole oats at noon and long hay at night.

WORMS—What is good to give a kitten for worms? They are long and white and look like a piece of twine. She seems smart some days and dead others. I have been feeding bread and milk. I do not give potatoes or meat. Mrs. L. F.

A.—Give the kitten raw meat once a day and mix lime water in the milk. When the bowels are normal, a grain of santonin may be given in a capsule and followed in one half an hour by a dose of castor oil. The kitten is very small, Castoria would be a safer remedy.

PARALYSIS—Is there any remedy for rheumatism in hogs? I have a fine hog, seven months old, that cannot stand on its hind legs. The hog eats all right. Miss A.

A.—Rheumatism rarely is present in such cases, nor are kidney worms the cause, as commonly supposed. In many instances the cause is constipation from overfeeding and lack of exercise, and when that is so the hog may recover if given a physic of Epsom salts in slop and then fed sloppy feed containing raw flaxseed oil. More often the hog has rickets from improper feeding, and worms may be a contributive cause. If the hog is in good flesh and does not improve after receiving the physic, we should advise you to slaughter it for meat.

LAME DOG—I have a Spanish collie shepherd that is lame in his right shoulder. He limps. His right hind leg gets very sore between his claws. B. S.

A.—Without an examination we cannot be certain, but if you are sure that the right fore-foot is sound, the condition described probably is due to partial paralysis, which is incurable. Apply sulphur ointment daily to the sore hind foot. If that does not suffice, paint the sore places with balsam of Peru two or three times a week.

GARTER—I bought a cow two months ago and when I milked her I noticed her bag was caked. I milked her a month and turned her dry. It is still caked. Is there anything that will take it out? C. W. W.

A.—The condition is incurable and such a cow is worthless for dairying. If the tuberculin test has proved the cow free from tuberculosis, she should be fattened for slaughter. It is possible that the udder is affected with tuberculosis, and if so the milk would be dangerous to man or animals.

SCRATCHES—What is the matter with my colt? He is eight months old and in fine health. I noticed the other day that he was trying to walk upon one of his hind toes. He can't put it flat on the ground. It isn't bad in the morning, but it gets worse at night. Sometimes his leg or hock joint catches, and as he steps he wants to jerk up, and when he does his hoof pitches over bad. I find the back of the leg where the hoof parts is chapped and seems sore. What can I do about it? Mrs. W. C. D.

A.—The sore condition of the skin of the heels may be the sole cause of the knuckling described. Poultice the sore parts for two or three days with warm flaxseed meal and then apply twice daily a mixture of two parts of sulphur and one part each of spirits of camphor and compound tincture of benzoin and eight parts of lard. Twice daily force the foot flat down upon the ground.

PARASITES—A very peculiar condition recently came to my attention, and I have so far failed to find any one who had ever heard of a similar case. A rabbit which appeared in prime condition, well grown and fat, on being opened was found to be literally lined with glistening white spheres about one half the size of a barley grain. Each of these small spheres was surrounded by a pale, amber-colored, jelly-like substance, which did not readily separate from the sphere and was about four times its size in bulk. These spheres, contrary to their appearance at first sight, were not hard but cut open easily and seemed of a consistency resembling cooked tapioca or soft gum-drops. The meat and also the organs appeared all right. We did not use the meat but burned it. Was the meat fit for food? Mrs. G. H. U.

A.—The vesicles seen probably were parasitic in origin and are also found in other animals, but there is a possibility that tuberculosis was present in the "millet seed" stage. There would be no remedy in either case and the meat would be unfit for use.

CHOREA—I have a stallion four years old that is in poor flesh and will not get fat. When he was four years old, he had a swelling on his left front ankle. It broke, and when healed left the ankle a trifle larger. He stands with his hind feet far apart, and when driving hard jerks them up as though he had string-halt. He has three and four quarts of oats to meal, according to the work he is doing, and all the hay he wants. I have only a small farm, so he is not worked hard. He used to make a mile in four minutes, and has taken first premium both times he was entered at fair. Mrs. C. H. G.

A.—The stallion is unsound from chorea, which is akin to St. Vitus' dance, and incurable. It would not be legal or right to use him for public service. He may thrive better if you give him half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until a quart has been used, then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking ten days to do the work.

POON COAT OF HAIR—I have a seven-year-old cow that has had four fine calves. She has another, and it has very little hair. The calf appears to be all right. Last year, one of the cow's heifer calves had a calf just like it. What is the cause? L. W.

A.—This may be a family trait and therefore hereditary, in which case the animals should not be retained for breeding. In some instances, however, poor feeding of the pregnant cow is the cause, and generous feeding ends the trouble.

LAMENESS—I have a four-year-old horse that ran away and hurt his hind leg. I cannot locate the trouble. It is three weeks now and he is but little better. He will walk a few steps and scarcely limp and then almost hop, it hurts him so. I cannot discover any soreness. We have no veterinarian here.

O. B.

A.—Unfortunately, it is impossible for one at a distance to diagnose a mysterious lameness, so you should have expert horsemen see the case, as you cannot employ a veterinarian. We rather suspect that the trouble is in the ankle, and it would be well to put on a plaster of Paris cast if you locate the lameness there.

CORON—Please give me advice about my cow. She coughs, especially when she eats or drinks, acting as though she had something in her throat. She doesn't appear to be sick. She will be fresh in a short time. Would there be any danger in using the milk? L. W.

A.—As tuberculosis is the most probable cause of the cough, we can only advise you to have the cow tested with tuberculin by a trained veterinarian. Bet-



Ship your Furs to us
We pay all express
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Write for our price list

Revillon Frères
Established 1723
Largest Fur Manufacturers in the World
HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR
RAW FURS
453 West 28th Street
New York

453 West 28th Street

New York

made efficient through the establishment of a Bureau of Militia in the War Department. For a boy of twenty-three this was a tremendous undertaking, but Ellsworth's military genius supplied the lack of maturity. Experts who had seen his plans were astounded at their scope, their simplicity and comprehensiveness.

On Lincoln's part, the early interest and admiration he had felt for this lad deepened and strengthened. He saw repeated his own struggles for an education and a toothhold in the world. He grew to love Ellsworth as a son.

Summer waned into autumn and at last the great day came. It was a day restless with the undercurrent of portentous things. There was work to keep him busy until nightfall, then the long hours of mere waiting drove his active brain and body wild with impatience.

At length, flushed and excited, he rushed from the telegraph office to carry the first definite returns to the little group that sat with Lincoln, laughing and joking to keep the strain from telling upon their nerves.

His triumphant bearing made his words unnecessary, but boyishly he must needs make a formal announcement:

"Gentlemen, I have the honor of announcing to you the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency."

That one exultant moment, he felt at the time, was enough to pay for anything that fate could send him.

Though the strain was over, Ellsworth worked incessantly during the whole winter with youthful prodigality of strength. To him Lincoln confided the preparations for the journey to Washington. That completed, and the inaugural ceremonies over, he discovered that he was worn out and ill.

John Hay, who was now attached to Lincoln's personal staff, came to sit by his bedside one April afternoon.

"This is a fine way for you to act, Lieutenant," he chaffed. Ellsworth had already been given a commission in the regular army by the President, as a step toward his coming work in the War Department. "I told Mr. Lincoln what his commission had done for you, and he said if a Lieutenant could make you as sick as all this, he'd be afraid ever to let you get a higher rank. You're doomed, my boy."

"He may fear for my life," Ellsworth smiled wanly, "but he believes in my militia plans, at any rate."

"Here, you mustn't talk any more. I don't want a fever patient on my hands."

Ellsworth lay still for a time, looking with half shut eyes at the reddening western sky. Finally he spoke.

"War, John?"

"Yes, we all know it now."

"I have felt it coming for a long time, John. And it is going to be a long hard struggle too. The country at large does not realize it yet, but the awakening must come soon."

They sat silent until Ellsworth spoke again.

"You know I have a great work to do, to which my life is pledged; I am the only earthly stay of my parents; there is a girl whose happiness I regard as dearer than my own; yet I could ask no better death than to fall next week in defense of Sumter. I am not better than other men. You will find that patriotism is not dead, even if it sleeps."

When Hay brought the news that Fort Sumter had fallen, Ellsworth did not wait an instant.

"What are you doing?" cried John. "I heard the doctor tell you, with my own ears, that you must stay in bed for another week."

"There is work to be done."

"We'll have your commanding officer to order you back to bed."

"I'm going to resign my commission," declared Ellsworth, vainly trying to dress with his accustomed speed, but weak and unsteady from illness.

"Don't look so horrified, John. I'll warrant that from the President down, my plans will have the approval of the authorities. I'm not going to run away. I'm going to get official permission to start for New York to recruit for volunteers."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN MARCH.

RECIPES FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.



Order today.

HERMAN & CO., 2310 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 500, OHIO.

31-Piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set

Premium No. 46116.

For A Club of Only Sixteen We Will Give Any Woman This Beautiful High-Grade Dinner Set



THIS OFFER NOT GOOD OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold.

Unlike the ordinary dishes that are usually offered as premiums, every piece in this magnificent set (with the exception of the decorations) snowy white in color, dainty in design, light in weight and finished with a Haviland glaze which gives it that smooth, velvety appearance so much admired by every woman. The decorations will last a lifetime because being burned into the ware and underneath the glaze it positively will not wash, rub or wear off. Our illustration does not give you any idea of the real beauty of these dishes because it fails to show up the pleasing color combination of purple, green and gold which is so finely set off by the gleaming white of the ware itself. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of this very liberal offer. No matter where you live (if it is not outside the United States), we will ship you this set direct from the pottery in Ohio by express or freight.

CLUB OFFER For a club of only sixteen one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violet Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, by express, charges collect.

Premium No. 46116.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Non-leakable SAFETY FOUNTAIN PEN

Premium No. 2344

For a CLUB OF FOUR



The cut shows the pen in the exact size when opened and ready for use. The larger cap uncovers when the pen is closed into the smallest compass it measures, only four inches in length. By a late patented device it is an utter impossibility for there to be any leaking of ink and it is so constructed as to be carried in any position, either in a pocket of a coat or vest or in a lady's handbag or valise without the misfortune of spilling valuable contents or garments by daubing them all over with ink.

The ink bottles are fast being discarded. It is so much more handy to use a fountain pen than the old-fashioned penholder and bottle of ink which is either being constantly tipped over and spilled or frozen. Now all women in their homes, teachers and children at school, lawyers, doctors, clerks and persons in all walks of life prefer to have a bottle of ink always on tap in the shape of a good, reliable Fountain Pen. These Pens will always be found in an useable, workable condition.

While the entire article is the petite size, it holds enough ink to write a lot of letters and does not have to be refilled for a long time. The holder is made from rubber and with its wavy lines of embossed engraving makes a beautiful appearance.

If you have been disappointed in previous fountain pens you may have owned or have been thinking of trying this handy way of using pen and ink, don't fail to take advantage of this offer.

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Safety Pen, including a Glass Filler with rubber bulb, and directions packed in sliding case box, free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 2344.

Address
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Children's Happy Hour

The Uncle Sam Doll

Copyright, 1918, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

THE little girl in the picture is Martha Rush. She is just as cute as she can be and does what her mamma tells her to nearly all the time, but some of her habits are not quite nice enough for such a dear as she is. Of course I don't blame Martha altogether, because she is so young, but I do think her mother ought to be a little more strict with her. Just imagine a girl of her size playing with a soiled wooly dog in bed and then running around the house without being fully dressed, on chilly mornings, too; why, it's perfectly ridiculous. That's Martha's worst fault. She's in such a hurry to get playing that she just doesn't care how she looks.

The other morning when her mamma was brushing the snarls out of Martha's hair, the little Dickens squirmed away and ran out of the back door and all the way around the house and then had to be coaxed in with candy.

I think it's awful, but her mother just laughed and said: "Why, dearie, folks'll think you're a regular tomboy if you don't let me finish dressing you."

"I wish I was a boy," answered Martha, "and never had to wear stiff, clumsy old dresses."

Her aunt Julia was there, and she soothed her by saying: "When you come to visit me, hopey, I'll let you wear boy's clothes if you want to."

This pleased Martha and she clapped her hands and cried out: "Oh, auntie when will it be. I'm just crazy to!"

After that she kept teasing her parents until finally, during February, her kind aunt persuaded them to let her go and visit at the seashore. Yes, the seashore at Palm Beach, Florida, where it is so warm that they go in sea bathing all winter. This tickled Martha immensely.

On the night of Washington's birthday there was a tableau of children and she dressed like a boy in an Uncle Sam suit, and bless me if she didn't win the first prize for having the most appropriate costume. Yes, really she did. Everybody, even the judges, thought she was a boy, and when they gave her the prize they said, "Here, Tommy, have lots of fun tomorrow in

swimming." But wait till I tell you what the prize was,—a regular boy's bathing suit. Doesn't that beat all?

Martha was as happy over it as you would be over a brand new dress with lace and embroidery on it, and early the next day she had it on and was in the water having a merry time. A little boy came along and played with her for quite a while but finally he wandered off somewhere. His bathing suit was just like hers and his hair was the same color too.

Martha watched him till he was out of sight, then she sat down on the sand and presently she grew so drowsy—that she just curled herself up like a kitten and went to sleep. After some time a servant came looking for the boy for he had been away since morning. The servant was a new one and when he saw Martha asleep he thought it was the boy he was sent to bring home, so he gently lifted her up in his arms and carried her to the big house and put her to bed.

That night she woke up and began to wonder where she was. The wall paper and the bed and the carpet were strange and even the tick of the clock sounded different, and to make matters worse she was as hungry as she could be.

There was nothing else to do but cry, so that's what Martha did. Soon a nice lady came in, but when she saw a girl where her boy should be, she nearly fell in a faint. Of course our little friend expected to see her own auntie and when the strange lady picked her up she cried louder than ever. Just then the little boy ran in and wanted to know what was wrong. He had been sleeping in another room and did not know about the servant looking for him. Martha quieted when she saw him and soon the tangle was straightened out and she was on her way to her aunt's home.

Excitement reigned there, for everyone was looking for her. Aunt Julia snatched her out of the servant's arms and cried: "Dearie, I thought you were drowned." Martha, still sobbing, mumbled, "I'll never wear boy's clothes again; they caused all the trouble."

Her aunt then dressed her in a loose white dress with a little apron, and she took the kitten under her arm and was just glad she was home safe again.



Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the whole picture on smooth cardboard and rub with hands from the center towards the edges to press out all wrinkles. Use boiled flour paste. When neatly pasted put it in a big book for at least one day or night to dry. Next cut out each figure, hat and suit with scissors

and color them with crayons, chalk or water colors. To put the hats on, cut a slot where the dotted lines are and push them down on the head. The extending flaps are bent back to hold the costumes on. The doll will stand alone if the ends of the strip under it are bent back at right angles.

Comfort Sisters' Corner
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

ST. LOUIS, 4332 Michelberger St., Mo.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT, but when I read Arkansas sister's letter, saying that the young men of her country all say, "give me the country girl raised by one of the South's dear old-fashioned mothers," and that the city girls know very little about caring for a home, and do not as a rule make suitable companions, I thought it was time to say something in defense of the city girls. I was born and raised in a large city, and I could not let such a slur pass. Seems to me, Arkansas sister, you know very little about the city people, or you would not make such a ridiculous remark.

There are just as many old-fashioned mothers in the city as there are in your country. My own mother was a sweet, old-fashioned mother, who brought us girls up to lead good, pure and useful lives. She made it her business to see that we were always in good company, and taught us the many things a girl ought to know in caring for a home. So I don't see why you should not make suitable companions. Where do you suppose the men in the city get their wives? Do you suppose they all go South for them? No, sister, the city girl is just as anxious to own a little home of her own as you are. If you would come to the city, I would show you thousands of little homes that are being cared for by the city girls. They keep their homes neat and clean, cook good wholesome food, and have gardens in which they raise all kinds of vegetables, which are put up for their winter use. They raise poultry of all kinds, and most of all, know the value of a dollar, for when they were single, they had to work for their living, and therefore know how hard it is to earn it. So I cannot understand why you or your friends do not consider our city girls fit to marry. Could you do any more than they are doing?

From my own experience, I will say that I have been married fifteen years and have been in business ever since. I left school at thirteen. Went to work in a large department store as a cash girl, then I was promoted as a saleslady and finally as a cashier.

\$1.00 Down

Sizes 7 to 14

Order by No.
S-20

and we will
ship you this
Three-Piece
Girl's Outfit
for FREE
inspection.

If you are not en-
tirely satisfied,
return it to us
and we will re-
fund your \$1.00
with all charges.
Think of it—only
\$1.00 down and
the balance in
small monthly
payments. Order
today, right now.

The cost of this outfit
is made of a fine grade
woven black and white
check. The jacket
has a belt, and
pockets are trimmed with
genuine silk poplin.
The collar is
a wide-around belt, terminat-
ing in each effect.
The ends of which are
trims with silk poplin
to match the collar.
Coat is lined through
the body with silk.
The dress is of white
organdie. The waist
is faced with silk
and outlined with
a beautifully embroi-
dered with silk. The finishing touch is the silk bow and all-
around silk necktie and sash. The coat, hat and dress are
all made of silk poplin with silk trim and white lace. Outfit includes coat, hat and dress complete. Ages 7 to 14.
Order by No. S-20. \$1 down, \$1.33 monthly. \$6.96 in all

Six Months To Pay!

Easy payments. Take six months to pay. We will open a charge account for you to buy wearing apparel needs for the entire family and pay for them in small monthly payments. We trust honest people everywhere. You can order from us, and we will make a plan that's easy for you to pay. Just a small monthly payment which you will hardly miss. The wonderful bargains we are offering are outstanding, and we urge, for just a small payment down and the balance in small monthly payments.

Order Before
Prices GO UP!

Don't wait—prices
are likely to go up
any time! Prices
on everything are
going up—up—up!
We may be forced
to raise the price
on this article soon.

Order
DIRECT
From
This Ad.

Order DIRECT From This Ad →

Thousands will be sending for this bargain. It will be first come, first served. You may never again get the opportunity of getting such a wonderful value. We are only able to offer you such a value because of our low cost, no extra handling charges. The cost of the outfit is \$11.00. Order by No. S-20. \$1 down, \$1.33 monthly. Now, get out the coupon and send it to us with \$1.00 F. O. order. Also get our remarkable free bargain bulletin of Men's, Women's and Children's clothing on credit.

Elmer Richards Co. Dept. 3042 W. 35th St. Chicago

ELMER RICHARDS CO.

Dept. 3042 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: I enclose _____ as first payment.
Please send the Girl's Outfit, No. S-20. \$1.00 cash \$1.33
monthly. Price, \$11.00. _____
If you are not satisfied with the outfit, I can
have it and get payment back with all charges.
Otherwise I will pay advertising terms.
(Coupon must be signed by your mother or father.)

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____ If you wish Free Bargain Bulletin put X here

NEW MONITOR SELF-HEATING IRON

\$30 to \$100 a week actually being made
now by men and women. The original—the best—the lowest price.
Nickel plated—looks good—makes
good—self-fast—guaranteed. No
experience needed. Women do
as well as men. Exclusive territory.
Work all or spare time.
Mrs. Nixon, Vt., sold \$1 first half
day. Evans, N. C., sold 2 doz.
one Saturday. Liberal terms.
Prompt Service. Write today.

MINISTER SAN JUAN COMPANY

820 Wayne St., Big Prairie, O.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian
diamonds—the greatest discovery the world
has known. We will send absolutely free
this 1/4 gold f. ring with 1/2 carat
diamond in beautiful ring box postage
paid. If this is not satisfactory, send \$1
to cover postage, handling, etc., if not satisfactory, return us
our expense and money refunded. Only 10,000
diamonds in the world. No money. Answer
quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, DEPT. 24,
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

MARYLAND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:
When I read Mrs. V. M.'s letter I was inclined to
smile, for I think she is making a mountain out of a
molehill. Sixteen years ago (I am now thirty-three
years old), I married a man almost fourteen years
older than myself. I, too, had been making my own
way in the world and had been for over two years,
and am certain that I did not love him at that time.
I had known him only about six weeks when we were
married, after an engagement of a little over a month.
I did not love him, although I could not help but
respect him. He was a day laborer with no education.
He had never been inside a schoolhouse. I did not, nor
do I now, consider that a fault, but rather a misfor-
tune. And as for his grammar, when we were first
Best wishes to all.

*MRS. ED. TURCHICK.

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do I now, consider that a fault, but rather a misfor-
tune. And as for his grammar, when we were first
Best wishes to all.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

When I read Mrs. V. M.'s letter I was inclined to
smile, for I think she is making a mountain out of a
molehill. Sixteen years ago (I am now thirty-three
years old), I married a man almost fourteen years
older than myself. I, too, had been making my own
way in the world and had been for over two years,
and am certain that I did not love him at that time.
I had known him only about six weeks when we were
married, after an engagement of a little over a month.
I did not love him, although I could not help but
respect him. He was a day laborer with no education.
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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

Once This Beauty Had Pimples

Stuart's Calcium Wafers Proved That Beauty Comes from the Blood and from Nowhere Else.

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Plaster your skin all over and you'll stop breathing in an hour. There is only one way to remove pimples, blackheads, eruptions and eczema with its rash and itch, and that is by the blood.

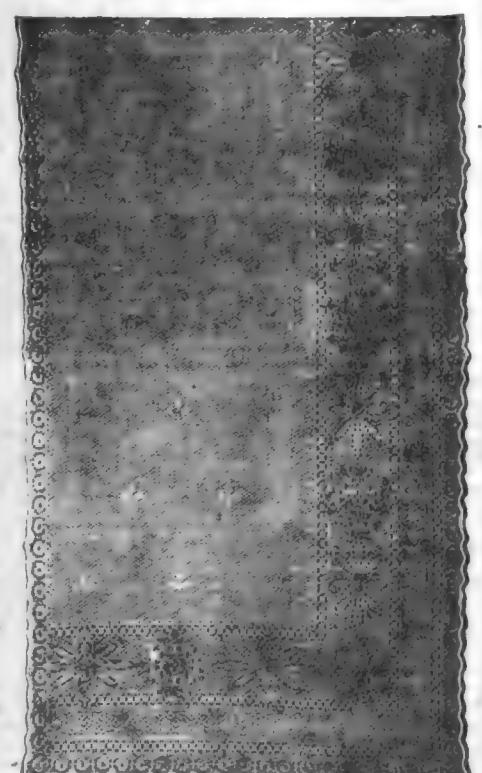


In Stuart's Calcium Wafers, the wonderful calcium sulphide at meals serves to supply the blood with one of the most remarkable actions known to science. This is its activity in keeping firm the tiny fibres that compose even such minute muscles as those which control the slightest change of expression, such as the eyelids, lips, and so on. It is this substance which pervades the entire skin, keeps it healthy and drives away impurities. Get a 50 cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store and learn the great secret of facial beauty.

A free trial package will be mailed if you will write the F. A. Stuart Co., 558 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



Lace Curtains



Nine Feet Long Premium No. 4094 Given For A Club of Four

These Nottingham lace curtains are thirty inches wide and three yards long and are designed after the latest up-to-date pattern, with handsome wide border and firm well-finished edge. These beautiful curtains are suited to any room in your house whether it be parlor, sitting-room or chambers and there is an air of elegance and refinement about them which will dress up any home no matter how richly furnished it may be. We guarantee that every woman who accepts this offer will be proud of these curtains—proud of their real beauty and value and proud of the fact that she secured them without paying out one cent of money. We are now giving away these curtains free upon the terms of the following CLUB OFFER. For a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one pair of these curtains free by Parcel Post prepaid. Or we will send two pairs for a club of seven one-year subscriptions, or three pairs for a club of ten. Premium No. 4094. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address.

We print only fictitious names or initials, but we require true name and address for our own information so that we may answer by mail when, as often happens, we receive more letters than can be answered in this column.

HERE it is the second month of the new year and it doesn't seem more than a week ago that we drew up and signed our New Year resolutions. Notice, though, that I am not asking embarrassing questions about aforesaid resolutions—I really think my sixth sense, which, as you doubtless know, is tact, is rapidly developing. At least, I'm doing my level best to develop it, for I realize its importance. "Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent knows what to do, but tact knows how to do it." Mind, I'm not saying a word against these good, plain-spoken sort of people, but we've got to admit that they ruffle our feelings dreadfully at times. I'm not advocating deceitfulness in the least, but I am a firm believer in the efficacy of tactfulness. Try it and see for yourself.

The first letter is from Peg of Ohio (though maybe she meant "pig") who has been engaged for two years and now her fiance wants her to marry him, but she doesn't "like the idea of giving up her freedom," and furthermore the young man's work makes it necessary for him to live in another city, where he must room and board among strangers, and she thinks I will agree with her that "such a life in a large city with only a limited circle of acquaintances is not very desirable"—for her own sweet self, she means. My advice is: Don't, with a capital D; for if you feel that way about it, you never can live up to the part of the marriage ceremony that reads: "You will love, honor, cherish and care for him, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, and, leaving all others, you will cleave only to him, so long as you both shall live?" I'd release him from the engagement, if I were you, and let him find some girl less selfish than you who is willing to make him happy and comfortable and not regard it as a sacrifice. You want your happiness wrapped up in tissue paper, tied with ribbons and handed to you on a silver platter, don't you? I wonder what you will do about it? Don't marry him unless you really want to, regardless of all I have said.

Betty, Thomaston, Ga.—"Why doesn't he propose?" Goodness only knows, I don't. Perhaps you show too plainly that you want him to. Don't write to him every day, even if it is in answer to his letters, and see if that joins him the least bit.

K. L., Oklahoma.—This letter is the very limit, and if it wasn't so pitiful it would be funny. Here's a woman of thirty-five who left her husband, even though he was kind and good to her, because she was taller than he was, and now she is "struck on a young man nineteen years of age" and wants to know whether to get a divorce and marry this Infant Wonder or go back to her husband and her thirteen-year-old son. And to think that such a fool woman should get a good husband! I don't think he shows very good judgment in being willing to take you back, but if he is kind and generous enough to forgive you, my advice to you is to hustle right back to him and spend most of your time making him happy and the rest of the time thanking God for such a husband. Incidentally, your son might need a little mothering. Console your youthful lover with a toy of some sort and he will be happy. Before long a younger and prettier girl will claim his love and you won't be even a memory.

Lonely Girl of Texas.—I greatly fear that you'll be even more lonely than you are now if you, at seventeen, marry a man of forty-four. There is a time in nearly every girl's life when she is madly in love with a man many years her senior—I know all about it, you see—but it seldom lasts. Seventeen is too young to be married, anyway. Wait until you are twenty-one, and then if you want a husband most fifteen years old, I'll wish you joy and dance at your wedding.

A Walf, Bowie, Texas.—If you want to frighten Jimmie clear across the Rio Grande, you go right ahead and propose to him. Have patience. Maybe you don't love him as much as you think you do. How old are you?

Montana Kid, Montana.—If you were sixty-nine years old, crippled with rheumatism, and had false teeth, a glass eye and wore a wig, maybe Dame Grundy wouldn't have too much to say if you lived alone and entertained your men friends unchaperoned, but since you are young and pretty, don't do it; for the world—or the older and plainer feminine portion of it—will never forgive you. Don't you know of some companionable, elderly woman who would live with you? (2) Always thank everyone for every little favor, no matter if the other girls say it is childish. It isn't. (3) What a shame that your "heavy, curly, gold-brown hair" tumbles in ringlets around your face and makes you look so young! If you feel so terribly about it, you might have it clipped off, but I don't think you will. I've known girls who felt "just terribly" because they had curly hair. But thousands of others not blessed with the adornment with which nature has kindly favored you would envy you.

Three Chums, Delhi, Okla.—Here are three chums and all in love with the same fellow and want to know what to do to make him know which one he cares for most. Candidly, I don't think he cares so very much for any of you, but you might accept the attentions of three other young men and give this uncertain one a chance to think things over. (2) It certainly is wrong for a girl of sixteen, or any other age, to allow a married man to take her to places of amusement, even if his wife is away, and if he is the right kind of a man he won't do it, any more than a girl will allow it if she is the right kind of a girl.

Babe, Rockford, Ill.—Evidently you are all that your name implies, if you don't know that "get me" is slang expression meaning "Do you understand?" (2) No, it isn't proper to ask a young man for a present—or anyone else, for that matter. (3) It is not only vulgar and silly for the young man to wink his right eye every time he meets you, but exceedingly dangerous; he should use his left eye once in a while and thus divide the strain. It would be a dreadful thing if he should wear his good right eye out.

Nellie, Clay Hill, Ga.—Forget all about both you mention and any others you meet, and pay strict attention to your studies for the next four or five years. Fourteen is too young for beaux, and your parents should know better than to encourage it, but it seems they don't, so it is up to you to show that you have better judgment than they have.

Bunny Girl, St. Louis, Mo.—Most assuredly you should "quit" the man you love if he is "somewhat of a drunkard," but why force yourself to love another immediately, or have you just naturally got to love someone? Better take a vacation and rest up and then you can love all the stronger next time. (2) Yes, of course, go ahead and use such words as "dearie," "sweetheart," and "honey" in your letters to men if you want them to laugh at you and call you foolish. Don't scatter your endearing words around so promiscuously, else you won't have any left when you meet the man. Let your motto be "Conservation."

An Undecided Friend, Green Leaf, Del.—No, I don't think it right for cousins to marry. It is decidedly wrong, eugenically speaking, and it is forbidden by law in some states.

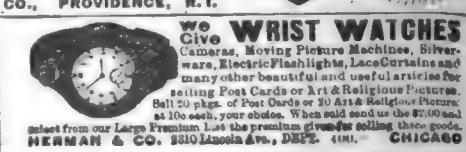
Skjenny, Washington.—Courageous girl, to sign such a nom-de-plume as that. By all means, wait until the war is over before you marry your soldier sweetheart, if you are marrying him simply so he won't

COMFORT

ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Secret Locket and Neck Chain, Gold plated Pendant and Neck Chain, Gold plated Bracelet and 4 Gold plated Rings, 1918 designs, fresh from the factory. ALL Given FREE to anyone for selling only 12 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write to-day.

R. K. DALE MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.



forget you. If his memory isn't any better than that, it is better to be a forgotten sweetheart than a forgotten wife. Don't you think so?

Dimples, Washington.—Don't worry about being in love with a man who doesn't love you, if you let another kiss you and still another put his arms around you. I am surprised that you allow such liberties. Your letter was very well written and I should think you'd know more. Some time you'll really love a man and he won't love you because you've beenched yourself by kisses and caresses from other men. Please, little girl, don't do so any more.

Blue-Eyed Babe, Maryland.—How should you treat four fellows who spread molasses on your best friend's carriage seat? Unless there is a charge for the better in the sugar situation, I'd treat them with the utmost respect and courtesy, and maybe they'd give you a jug of nice molasses. Seriously, my dear, it was a mean thing to do, and I'd forget they existed, if I were you.

There, all your questions have been answered, except a few that were too ridiculous to bother with, and I've tried to be nice to every one of you—and still be helpful—because I want you to regard each message as a little home-made valentine from me, and most assuredly I want this Saint Valentine's Day to be one of the best of the year for you. Sincerely,

COUSIN MARION.



PARKER'S HAIR BALM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 5c. and 10c at drugstores.

CARDS. Send 2¢ stamp for large Sample Album of Golden Numbered Prints, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, etc. and all other kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Beau Catcher and 1918 Songs given Free. No trash. OHIO CARD CO., B-14 Columbus, Ohio.



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If You Are A Woman Who Loves Crochet And Tatting Here Is A Set Of Books You Will Be Delighted To Own!

ANY ONE of these books alone is a veritable treasure house of the newest, most beautiful designs. The seven books combined form a complete library in which you will find any pattern in crocheting and tatting you could possibly ask for. You will fairly revel in the many handsome designs shown. There are edgings, beadings, insertions and laces for every conceivable use. The illustrations are actual photographs of the finished work and show every thread so plainly that they are almost as good to work from as the directions themselves. The directions are adapted for either beginner or expert. They tell stitch by stitch how each pattern is worked, also the quantity and size of material required and the correct sizes of hooks to be used. Following is a description of each book which is 8 by 10 1/2 inches in size with the exception of Volume 1 which is 9 1/4 by 12 inches. Please order by numbers and titles.

Volume 1 contains a beautiful assortment of crocheted yokes for combinations, edgings, nightgowns, carded covers, etc.—Fifteen all different, exquisite patterns superbly illustrated by photographs with complete directions for working including quantity and size of material required, and correct size of hooks to use.

Volume 2 is a real treasure book of hand-some crocheted edgings and insertions suitable for handkerchiefs, underwear, dresses and a multitude of other uses.—Thirty-three different designs, all illustrated by photographs with full directions including a complete table of all the principal stitches used in crocheting and how to make them.

Volume 3 tells how to crochet Cluny laces. It contains eighteen lovely patterns in Cluny laces and laces for centerpieces, library scarfs, boudoir caps, corset cover yokes, piano scarfs, curtains, chemises, envelopes or combination suits. Each pattern is illustrated by an actual photograph and the directions for making are full and explicit, including quantity and size of material, and size of hooks required. This book also shows all the principal crochet stitches and tells how to make them.

Volume 4 contains twenty-five handsome patterns in artistic crochet for yokes, boudoir caps, candle shades, baby bonnets, bedspreads, doilies, library scarfs, pillows, centerpieces, portiere medallions, curtains, etc. Complete directions are given for working each and every design, including quantity and size of material and size of hooks required. The illustrations are actual photographs all the principal crochet stitches are also named and full instructions given for making them.

Volume 5 consists of twenty-five patterns in novelty crochet, including mile-a-minute and clover leaf crocheted yokes, primrose and sunflower yokes; doilies, centerpieces, boudoir caps, unique edges and insertions for serving trays; novelty-aprons and collars. Each design is illustrated by an actual photograph and the directions for working include a complete list of all the different crochet stitches, and how to make them.

Volume 6 is devoted entirely to tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet, containing a varied and beautiful assortment of tatting handkerchief edges, edgings, and insertions, tatting yokes,

boudoir caps, towel edges, medallions; yokes, breakfast caps, centerpieces, edgings and lace in Maltese crochet and yokes in Irish crochet. The patterns are illustrated by actual photographs and the directions for making include the different stitches in tatting, Maltese and Irish crochet and how to make them, as well as quantity and size of material and size of hooks required.

Volume 7 shows a variety of thirty designs each one illustrated by a photograph of the real work showing just how the finished pieces look. There are rose, sunflower, periwinkle, and Venetian yokes; boudoir caps, monkey face library scarf and lace pillow; large and small baskets, hat pin holder, jewel box, vanity tray, coin purse, utility bag, star fish doily, pineapple centerpiece; edgings and insertions in pillow lace; daisy edging; spider, bell, rick-rack, novelty and coronation braid laces. Full directions accompany each design including quantity and size of material and size of hooks to be used, also all the principal stitches used in crochet and how to make them.

We advise you to order all seven of these splendid books before the assortment is broken, but if you do not care for the whole library at this time we have arranged the following special offers which give you the privilege of selecting any two or any four of the books as well as all seven of them. When ordering however, be very careful to state the number of each book desired.

Offer 801: For one 1-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer 8552: For two 1-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you any four books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

Offer 8013: For three 1-year subscriptions at 25 cents each we will send you the complete library just as described above. Seven different volumes in all, handsomely bound, printed on high-grade paper and containing nearly 200 beautiful photographic illustrations of all that is new and pretty in crochet and tatting designs with complete directions for working. When ordering please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.

Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

married I used to tell him when he made a very great blunder, when we were alone and never in the presence of anyone, and the little brats I scolded altogether but was all the more careful of my own speech and in time he came to know what was right and what was wrong to say. And now since the children are growing up if he makes an occasional break the girls will say, "Now this is what you should say," and he will look at me and smile and say, "If I were fifteen or twenty years younger I would get the children to take me in hand and model me over," and we will all try with one accord, "No, no, dear, we don't want you remedied, it would spoil your originality and we want you as you are for we know if you had the wisdom of Solomon you could not love us any more." Of course we wish he could have had opportunities for his own sake but we would not love him any more for it. He does not drink and he denies himself almost every pleasure to give his kiddies what he never had a chance to get. We have seven children, five girls and two boys. The four oldest are girls, all bright and studious, the next a sturdy boy past eight years who is in the third grade in school and learning fast. Then we have a little girl of three and a boy of eleven months who makes a bee line for the kitchen, as soon as he hears his father's voice, to be romped with. There never was a kinder or more loving father than he is and he has always been kind to me and wants me to have everything I wish for. I try to help him in every way. I do all our own sewing and we keep a cow and a few chickens. During vacations the older girls do all they can to help. It is often hard work to make both ends meet as my husband does not get very large wages and prices are so high for even the necessities that it doesn't go very far. We are all blessed with good health so we do not complain. If we have dessert we eat it and if we don't have it, none of us grumble and if it happens that we have one course only, with bread, and always jelly or preserves for us, we tell some joke or funny story and have a good laugh and leave the table feeling better than if we had just partaken of a feast. I think if Mrs. V. M. would only forget herself for a while and try in every way she could to please her John and love him for his good qualities and not think about his grammar, she would find in a short time it worked like a charm. Then she will not worry about that love she has not met but wonder how she never got along without her husband's love. If ever she has children, which I hope she will, they will draw her and her husband closer together than she has any idea of now. Sincerely, Mrs. F. B. W.

RENO, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Will the new year find the Uncle Charlie Home Fund still unfinished business? All who have helped in the work will be sorry if this should be the case. The sisters originated the plan not as a matter of charity but as a means of showing our esteem for Uncle Charlie. We knew that every clergymen with a congregation of a hundred or more people has his home provided for; that Dewey was presented with a house; that Carnegie has pensioned professors; that the Episcopal church has raised five million dollars for the care of its aged clergy, and that every place where Billy Sunday preaches he is presented with enough money to buy a half dozen houses. And we thought that Uncle Charlie whose big congregation mounts into the millions, is even more deserving of some sort of testimonial from us. And we still think so, and hope the Fund will prove that we know how to honor where honor is due. Get busy with contributions and subs, and let's finish up this work as it should be. Yours sincerely, HELEN RAPER.

HIGHLAND, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: As tomorrow will be wash day I will send along a few ideas that have helped me. I keep a pair of white wool gloves just for hanging out clothes in cold weather. I wash every day except Sunday, not that I am so very neat but I have four small children and it is easier for me to wash a few things than so many in one day. I have to carry the water in and out of the house. While I am washing I put my clothespins in the warming oven and heat them quite hot before going out. All small pieces, like handkerchiefs, I fasten together, or pin them to a larger piece before going out into the cold.

I would like to get letters and will try and answer all I receive.

Sincerely your sister reader, MRS. F. W. MINNARD.

S. DAK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Not so very long ago I read a letter in our paper of a discontented wife who did not marry for love. She was afraid she was going to meet "someone" later on whom she would love. I, when I was very much younger and siller, thought I truly loved a man. He was in every way my beau ideal. Well, our romance didn't "pan out" at all. So I made up my mind, having first read Rudyard Kipling's poem "The Vampire" that that was what I would become. I set about my task and married one of God's noblemen, really he was, but I didn't love him in the least. I was simply paying off my debt to all men York the way one of them had treated me. I didn't appreciate my husband's goodness and he worshipped me. Then I met another man who loved me too. In the first place it was only liking but I led him on. He was married. I broke his wife's heart and then threw him aside. In a year I woke up, or in other words I fell in love with my husband and I knew I had never loved the first man at all. Then I told my husband all, not shielding myself in the least. You will say, "It serves her right if he casts her off," but he didn't, he forgave me all my sin. So now I know what Christ must be like for I saw a small likeness of Him in my husband. We are very happy now. So this is my message to all discontented wives—forget it; love your husband with all your heart, serve and honor him if he is worthy, unless you would know my sorrow. This confession really hurts but I am sending it in hopes it will help. Sometimes I hope to be able to prove that I am not all bad.

Best wishes to all the sisters.

Happy Wife.

ERLANGER, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I think COMFORT is the best magazine printed and I enjoy every page from cover to cover—except the "funny" letters. Sisters, why quarrel over which are better, city or country people? We are all children of the same dear God and one is of no more importance to Him than another. If we are not broad-minded enough to see both sides let's not write about it at all. I'm sure if George had realized what strife she would cause by her letter she would not have written as she did. Just see what a few harsh words can do, sisters. I was born and reared in the country but have honorable, refined friends in both city and country. We may search the world over and will always find both good and bad in every community, whether it be city or country.

Dear Little M. B., may God bless and help you. I am sure you have been more sinned against than sinner and if you will keep to your resolve "to be a lady from henceforth" you will finally live down your mistake. Put your trust in God and He will never fail you.

Wishing success to dear old COMFORT and Uncle Charlie I will close by signing myself,

A staunch friend of COMFORT.

ARKANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have just been reading your interesting letters but when I read Mary Helmholz's letter I could keep silent no longer. You do not know what real country life is. Mary, I am twenty years old and have lived in the country all my life. There are six of us children at home and an older sister is married. We have a farm of one hundred and sixty acres and raise almost everything that can be grown in Arkansas. I work in the field and enjoy it. We have a fine peach orchard and I also help there. We have horses, cows, hogs and chickens on our farm, so you see we do not have to depend on salt pork for food as we are not so stingy that we do not have roast chicken and we don't go to a chicken supper for it, either. We have fine schools here and while I do not attend school now, all of my sisters and brothers do. My father, older sister and I hold first-grade certificates. I have taught school three years. We have an Overland car and can go where we please.

Mary, I sincerely hope when we hear from you again you will have learned more about the country and sweet country life and will be teaching those ignorant neighbors of yours.

Love to all,

Blue Eyes.

SLICKPOO, IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT HEADRPN: First of all I want to express my appreciation of

COMFORT. I don't see how such a good paper can be published for the price. I get more helpful hints from it than any paper we take and I've never read any broad-minded or more sensible talk than the editorials and Uncle Charlie's talk. I've often wanted to write but kept putting it off until I read the letter from "Comfort Head" asking for instructions regarding baby's layette.

I am the mother of three, all under three years of age, and have always done my own work until the last month so you see I have had to scheme and plan. I have made all their dresses, coats, hats, or caps, first shoes and stockings and underwear. In our circumstances I didn't think it would be fair to husband if I didn't help all I could.

The material for dresses may be calico, percale, lawn or muslin. My first baby's was white percale with small red polka dots, with little round and square yokes made from the front of an old white embroidered waist and neck and sleeves edged with braid or lace edging. They were long clothes but my two had short clothes for the start, two and a half and four inches in walking length will cover the little feet for the first six weeks or two months. They are made large enough for a year old child as it will take that long, or longer, to wear out an outfit. It is wasteful to let them outgrow them and work to make another.

It is hard to keep a newborn babe warm unless they are bundled up so it is better to have one cotton skirt and then a woolen one between that and the dress. Use long cloth or Shaker flannel for the cotton ones. I never get the cheapest grade, neither do I get the most expensive as the middle course is the most economical for me. You will need, at least, three skirts of each kind. I make the necks of the skirts large enough for a year old child's head to go through them, then they don't require buttons. The whole body of the little fellow can pass through but you can pin them over after they are on. The baby doesn't have to be rolled and tumbled about so much to button and unbutton his clothes. I make shirts from the best parts of our old union suits, as this saves money. The bands are two pieces of cloth put together and the edges finished so they will retain their shape. I use cotton flannel on account of boiling. I make six or seven of these. I make stockings from the legs of my old woolen stockings. These are for the first year, as they need better ones after they begin to walk, on account of the seams hurting their feet. I have one pair of better ones during the first year for special occasions. These may be any color you like.

For the little coats I get cream-colored batiste, or wool cashmere and line them with Shaker flannel. I embroidered a circular collar and cuffs in blue and they were very pretty.

Put buttons on everything that needs buttons then three dozen safety pins, three sizes, will be enough. You will need, at least, three dozen napkins, and a clean dress for every day. I have one or two more, better ones for special occasions or make seven or eight quite nice for every day and that will be enough without any nice ones.

I have made everything my little ones wear, except shoes and stockings, after the first year and I make them as nice and pretty as I know how. They have plenty of clothes to keep them clean and warm and I have never seen any better dressed little ones among my friends. I believe I am safe in saying that the three haven't cost us more than thirty-five dollars yet for clothes and they have clothes enough on hand now to last all next summer.

Just shirt, band, diaper, two skirts, dress, stockings and shoes is what my baby wears. I don't have

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

Needed Knitting for Liberty Boys

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

To turn heel, sl. the 1st st., k. to seam st., p. that; k. 5, sl. next st., k. 1, pass sl. st. over, turn, sl. 1st st., p. 11, p. 2 tog. turn*, sl. 1, k. 5, p. seam st., k. 6, sl. 1, k. 1, pass sl. st. over, turn, sl. 1st st., p. 11, p. 2 tog. and repeat from * till all the side sts. are in and 13 sts. are on needle.

Gussets. K. 13 sts. on heel, and pick up with same needle the loops along the side of the flap knitting each loop, knitting the sts. for the instep on to first needle. On another needle pick up the loops along the other side of the flap and k. 8 or 7 sts. from top of heel. Then k. one row plain. On first foot needle k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to with 3 sts. of the end of the second foot needle, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. instep needle, then k. 2 plain rounds and decrease in same way again.

Continue these last three rows until the stitches have been reduced to the same number as were knitted round the ankle. Continue to knit until foot measures seven inches.

Dutch Heel

After purling seam st. k. one fourth of all the sts. in round; then turn, p. to seam st. and p. as many sts. on other side of seam st. This will make one half of sts. with seam st. on one needle and the other half on two needles.

On heel sts. k. 1 row, then p. 1 row, in turn p. the seam st. in the knitted row and slipping the first stitch in each row, for as many rows as there are there are stitches on needle. This is the flap.

Round Toe

See that stitches are divided on a line with

A Law to Promote Ignorance

Help Us Get this Stupid, Wicked Law Repealed

Read our editorial on page 2 and see Postal Zone Map on page 3. Then, if you favor a level second-class postage rate, one that will be uniform throughout the country regardless of distance, that will not favor some and discriminate against other localities, cut out the coupon below and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper. Thus it will serve as the heading to a petition.

Next fill in the date and the name of your congressman. If you don't know his name you can learn it from your postmaster.

Then write your name and place of residence on the blank paper below the heading.

Circulate the petition among your friends and neighbors and get them to sign, women as well as men.

Finally, mail the signed petition to your congressman at House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Cut this out and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper.

Date: 1918.

Hon. _____ U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

We believe that the flat rate of a cent a pound for second-class postage has been of inestimable benefit by facilitating and promoting the dissemination of knowledge, and that the magazines, which by means of this low flat rate have been enabled to build up a nation-wide circulation spreading information to the remotest nooks and corners of the land, constitute one of the greatest, most unifying and beneficent educational forces in the country. We earnestly protest against grading second-class postage on any zone rate basis as being class legislation aimed against the magazines and an unjust sectional discrimination against the people dwelling in parts remote from the large centers of population.

Therefore, we respectfully request you to exert your influence and give your vote in Congress in favor of the repeal of the zone rate (before they take effect in July), and for making the second-class postage rate, thereafter as heretofore, one and the same, level and uniform throughout the Union regardless of distance.

NAMES

RESIDENCES

Have You Confidence in the Publisher of "COMFORT"?

Of course you have. For W. H. Gannett, Publisher of COMFORT, not only holds the key to over a million and a quarter of homes, but to the hearts of his readers as well.

The fact that you have such a high regard for the publisher of your favorite paper is all the more reason why you will be doubly interested in a letter we have recently received from his wife, Mrs. Gannett himself saying that the helpfulness and good cheer that radiates from the pages of COMFORT have much of their inspiration from her.

Here is her letter, word for word, just as we received it:

Mrs. W. H. Gannett, Wife of the Publisher of COMFORT,

Writes that She Would Not Take \$1,000 for Her 1900 Washer.

AUGUSTA, Maine, Nov. 9, 1908

The 1900 Washer Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN.—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection, was big my clothes as white and colored, and the most rapid and thorough washing very easily and quickly. It has a special wash for laundry, which I have never used. It is the most rapid and thorough wash I have ever had. It is very rapidly surprised to find how quickly and easily the washing could be done without my getting it very tired. Thus I was able to wash my washing, hang up my clothes and what my friends out of the Church, in the forenoon. At another time I arrived home at ten o'clock, Monday morning, as the woman I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer, and more my servants use. By the letter like this, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

I am voluntarily writing you this letter hoping it will be the means of helping other housekeepers to overcome some of the difficulties and drudgery of wash day, for it is well only TRY the 1900 Washer I know they will always use it, as I find it works just as well washing small linens as it does for heavy wool blankets and bedspreads and table cloths. Hoping you will be able to place a 1900 Washer in every home in the land, I am,

(Signed) MRS. W. H. GANNETT.

Yours very truly,

How to Wash Without Work

Write for Free Book About the Wonderful Washer That Almost Runs Itself

This Washer has a whirling motion and moves up and down as it whirls. No paddles or machinery inside. Yet it takes the dirt out so quickly that a tubful is washed in six minutes. Washes anything, from rugs to dustiest curtains. Does it better than is done by hand or with any other washer. And actually does for itself.

Women who have used the Washboard all their lives just rub their eyes in amazement the first time they see a 1900 Washer at work. They claim "Can it be true that it washes clothes clean in six minutes?" They take out the clothes when the six minutes are up, and sure enough they're white and clean, exactly as Mrs. Gannett says. You just ought to write and get one on Free Trial, so you can see for yourself.

Four Weeks' Washings Done FREE! Washers Shipped Everywhere on Trial

We pay the freight. We give you a genuine Free Trial. We don't ask for cash or deposit. You get the free trial Washer just by asking for it. An entire month's use of it from week to washings. Fill in the little card and we will tell you more than you would in a page of this paper. How it saves backache and armache and perspiring over a steaming tub, rubbing the skin of your fingers and getting over a washboard. Thousands of women are now using the 1900 Gravity Washer. They tried it first at our risk. We simply sent the Washer and let it sell itself. Read for the beautiful free book, "Washing in 6 Minutes." This story of the 1900 Washer is of fascinating interest. You should read it. Address, The 1900 Washer Co., 1837 Grand St., Binghamton, N. Y. Or if you live in Canada, send to The Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 500 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

A Clear Skin Or Money Back

20 DAYS' TRIAL

You really get benefit from Young's Victoria Cream or it will not cost you one cent. This wonderful cream will surely take away Freckles, Brown Spots, Pimples, Blackheads and will clear up your skin. Enough for 20 days with sample of Powder and Soap for 10 cents in silver and this adv. Send now and let us prove what we say. Large size at drug stores on same guarantee.

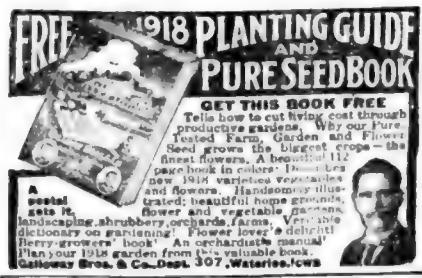
F. H. Young & Co., 32 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio.

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Item Wind, Pendant Set, Leather Strap. Order 20 of our easy selling Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each.

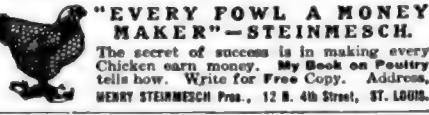
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Absolutely Removes Indigestion. Druggists refund money if it fails. 25c



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The secret of success is in making every chicken earn money. My Book on Poultry tells how. Write for Free Copy. Address, HENRY STEINMESCH, 12 E. 4th Street, ST. LOUIS.

Wanted An Idea! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and list of "Patent Buyers." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 112, WASHINGTON, D. C.



FREE Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed to last 10 years. Send 10c for catalog. Also 100 pictures or 25 post cards at 10c each. Order your choices. GEO. GATES CO., Dept. 228 Chicago.

Comfort's League of Cousins (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

and force us to sue for peace. This war is the last dying kick of divine right monarchs against the onrushing tide of world democracy. In this hour when every American, whether of foreign birth or not, and whether this is a war against the country of his birth or not (for he realized when he came here that a war against his native land was possible, and knew he had no right to come unless he was willing to defend his adopted land against all comers) should do his all, not merely his bit, if democracy and freedom are to live, and they must and shall live. If we falter now we go back to the dark ages, and Prussian brutality and bestiality, lust and frightfulness will scourge humanity and dominate the world. If we are conquered, Washington and Lincoln will be torn from their graves and their ashes scattered to the winds, and kings, princes and titled tyrants will lash our quivering hides with whips of scorpions. Ernest Graf knows this, and you too must know it. Humanity here will be put on the cross and crucified for the edification and amusement of blood-thirsty barbarians just as has been done in Europe.

BARNES CORNERS, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Like most American mothers I'm profoundly interested in this war, and deeply concerned about its outcome. I've always thought that if we lost this war it would be due largely to the activities of the enemies within our gates, who seem to be allowed to do pretty much as they choose. They have poisoned the minds of our people everywhere, turned them against their own country, turned them against everything and everybody except the Kaiser and his fendiish war machine. If our people had not had their minds poisoned, and knew what I know about this war, for I have loved ones in it, they would be bendeing every atom of their strength and energy in an effort to down the common enemy. In some cases the poison has gone so deep I fear nothing but actual invasion and the slaughter of their own kin would wake some of them up. Now some are waking up and want to know, and if we can get the truth into the hands of these people they can combat some of the lies of the traitors and spies who are doing such fendiish work. You are doing a wonderful work, Uncle Charlie. Thank God there is one magazine, good old COMFORT, that is one hundred per cent American and willing to put its patriotism before its pocketbook. Won't you tell us where we can secure those pamphlets the Government is issuing about the war so we can combat the lies of our enemies, take the truth to those who have been deceived and put something in the hands of our school teachers that would help them to spread the truth in the schools, so that it can be carried home to the parents. Ever your true friend, MRS. E. MURROCK.

What Mrs. Murrook says is only too true. The national mind has been poisoned by our enemies and that poison must be met and combated or we shall be licked and subjugated right here at home without even one enemy soldier landing on our shores. Write to the Government Information Bureau, Washington, D. C., for war pamphlets.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A intensely interesting, attractive book 9 1/2 by 7 1/4 inches, free for two subs. at 25c. each—fifty cents in all.

Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily" and

"Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. Sixty pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, gilt covers, gold topped. Free for four subs at 25c. each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs at 25c. each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT'S greatest premium has gains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

plets. Most of them are free; some of the larger ones cost a few cents. Now these are some of the free pamphlets you should write for to address given above. To combat those liars who say this war was made by Morgan, Wall Street and for the interests of Great Britain and other little, send for "How the War Came To America." This 32-page pamphlet is printed in German, Italian, Swedish and several other languages as well as English. "The President's Fighting Day Speech, With Evidences Of Germany's Plans," and "President Wilson's War Message and Facts Behind It," are of vital interest. "The Great War" Series No. 4, is very helpful, be sure and get it. Especially I beseech all those of German birth, German descent or German sympathies to send for "Pamphlet No. 6, On American Loyalty," written by citizens of German birth. Here is German truth from German lips, men who though loving the Fatherland, are heart and soul with America against the military monsters of Berlin, who have enslaved the people they love and made them their tools in their bloody adventures. The Government also gets out a very valuable pamphlet "The American Blind Spot," which shows the utter failure of the volunteer system in our military history. Try this on the slackers, the quitters and the pacifists and those who don't like the draft system because it forces cowards and soreheads to fight. Above all I want you to send two cents to the American Defense Society, 303 Fifth Ave., New York City, for "A Searchlight On Germany," by Dr. Hornaday. This is a 40-page booklet, written in simple, burning words for the man in the street, a pamphlet that will make the sleepiest American want to get up and fight and avenge his country's wrongs. All England haters, or those who want to make England haters look foolish, can by enclosing a stamp for postage, get from Geo. H. Doran Pub. Co., New York City, a splendid booklet entitled "The Character Of The British Empire." Doran has other valuable pamphlets on the war they will gladly distribute free of charge. Send for some or all of these booklets and learn the truth about this great conflict. Those who fight ignorance and disloyalty at home are doing just as much to win this war as those who are shedding their blood in the trenches, for ignorance is doing as deadly work as bullets.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Laura Yow, R. R. 1, Box 106, Stanfield, N. C. Widow. Unable to work. Has two small children to support. Very needy case. Give her a boost. Well recommended. Lulu Thornburg, Brunot, Mo. Helpless invalid. Unable to work. Send her a dime shower. John Robinson, 719 E. Adams St., Springfield, Ill. Sixty-seven years of age. Almost blind and afflicted with rheumatism and heart trouble. No means of support. Do not forget him. Mary Stafford, R. 3, Box 54, Vincent, Ala. Shut-in. Unable to work. Depends on the charitable for support. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Rosetta Craig, R. 5, Stuart, Va. Invalid. Has two small children. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send her. Mrs. Clara Crawford, Hartford, Mich., 71 years of age. Sick and penniless. Send her some cheer. Annie Arthur, R. 1, Box 63, Ona, W. Va. Invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Mollie Burriss, Price, N. C. Shut-in. Needy and worthy. Remember her. Mrs. Queenie Spencer, Spencer, Va. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Rebecca Whitfield, Finleyton, Ga. Invalid. Send some sunshine her way. Mrs. M. E. Glassbrook, Brace, Tenn. Eighty-seven years of age. Sick and helpless. Send her a greenback shower. Mrs. Ada Furnish, KIowa, Colo. Twenty-seven years of age. Crippled from rheumatism. Has three small children. Would be grateful for any help. Well recommended. Mrs. E. D. Stone, Hollidene, Okla. Great sufferer from rheumatism. Would appreciate letters from people who have been cured of similar affliction. No financial aid needed. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, R. R. 1, Methuen, Mass. Invalid. Would appreciate outing flannel pieces for patchwork. Also canceled stamps. Fred McKittrick, R. R. 1, Toney Creek, S. C. Invalid. Would appreciate cheery letters and postal cards.

The poor souls whose names are listed above are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial aid. They cannot eat or wear sympathy and they despise tracts. Fork over your silver or your currency. It is the only thing that goes with God or man. Do to others as you'd have others do to you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership in the League is \$1.00 per year to COMFORT subscribers, and for non-members, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do is keep in good standing to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope to COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button, certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a one-year subscription to COMFORT, and without extra cost.

Never in the history of the League has much been given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter

has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Make You Laugh, Scream and Yell!

This is exactly what they will do, and they are the best and cheapest medicine for the blues in the world. Only one in two hundred of our readers have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure this exquisitely beautiful 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in lilac silk cloth, free for a club of only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. This elegant book also contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his family and a touching account of his life. It contains, too, the funniest recitations ever written. It is a present fit for a king, and no home should be without it. If you won't get it for yourself, get it for your children and make them happy. Free for an hour's easy work. Start your subbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is a Knock Out! The Best Ever!

A home without music is a home without joy. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the danciest songs ever written, songs for church, parlor and concert platform. Here you have a great, big, beautiful music folio containing such gems of mirth and melody as "My Beautiful Queen of Dreams," "The Dream That Never Came True," "The Old Village Choir," and "Broke Again." Five dollars' worth of music with full score for voice and piano, a splendidly gotten up folio with a handsomely decorated cover on which appears several pictures of Uncle Charlie, equal to photographs, and all free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each. Both books free for a club of six. Work for them today.

Rat Skins Marketed

In England and in India rat skins have become a commercial article and may be readily marketed. They are manufactured into purses and trimmings for furniture, gloves, belt parts, book binding material and various other articles of use and adornment. The value of the skin depends largely on the manner in which the rodent met its death. If shot or killed in a manner that punctures the skin it cannot be used, and if plague or epidemic visits ratland, which frequently happens the industry wanes for a long time. Whole hides, free from incision or holes or worn spots are the only kind that can be sold and these can only be sold in large enough quantities to pay by professional rat catchers. One good that might come out of the utilization of the skins, is the impetus it would give to the campaign against the pests. This has grown to be a matter of public welfare in cities, because scientists have proven that the nocturnal prowlers are carriers of disease germs and a menace to the health of the communities they infest.

\$195 Made to Your Order

Special Offer — to prove our fine quality: These fine pants for Dress or Business, choice of many handsome styles, guaranteed for 18 months. Solid wear and satisfaction or MONEY BACK, absolute 150% value for this trial, one pair to the customer. Express prepaid \$195 PANTS

No Extra Charges

No charge for big Extreme Peg Tops or Cuff Bottoms, nothing extra for fancy Belt Loops or Pocket Flaps, no charge for Open Welt Seams or Large sizes—all novelty features Free—no extra charges of any kind. Cash Profits to you for taking measures Young George Gekeler made \$10,000 in one year. Write for FREE samples today. Chicago Tailors Association Dept. F10 515 S. Franklin St., Chicago Send No Money

INDOOR TOILET Sanitary and Odorless on ten days

FREE TRIAL

No Money Down—No Deposit. No more outside back yard inconveniences. No chamber to empty. No sewer or cesspool. Chemical process dissolves human waste in water. No trouble. Kills disease germs. Prevents flies, filth and bad odors of outhouse. A real necessity for old, young or invalids. Preserves health.

Costs 1 Cent a Week to Operate per Person. Place in any room, hall or closet. No trouble to install. Great convenience and odorless. Endured by thousands of users, doctors, sanitary experts, health boards, etc. AGENTS WANTED.

Kaw-near Cabinet Co., 402 Kaw-near Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Wonderful Spring Motor Talking Machine, mahogany finish, and popular record is yours. A real Talking Machine. Plays all size records up to 10 inches. Given for mailing only. Beautiful Pictures or 25 pack Post Cards at 10 cents each. Satisfaction positively guaranteed. Order your choice today. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 725 CHICAGO

Military finish air rifle. Sell or trade. Write for prices. U. S. Supply Co. Dept. 110 Greenville, Pa.

DO YOUR EYES BOTHER YOU?

Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog. COULTER OPTICAL CO., Dept. B. CHICAGO, ILL.

See The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope

Magnified, Life-Like Views Of Scenes And Events Of The Great War Taken With The Camera Look At The Views Through The Scope And See Things As They Really Are—Not As You Imagine Them To Be!

THOUSANDS upon thousands of our young men have left their homes for the battle fronts in France. The mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts and children left behind are anxious to know something of what is to be seen and endured by these loved ones who have gone bravely forth to join the fight for humanity, justice and freedom. Newspapers, magazines and the "letters home" are eagerly read and re-read—but it remains for the "Pan-Chro Scope" to show things as they really are. The Pan-Chro Scope takes you direct to Belgium and France and shows you the actual scenes just as clearly as if they were happening before your very eyes.

Fascinating As Motion Pictures!

If you have ever been to the "movies" and watched the magnificent spectacle of a fleet of Uncle Sam's huge battleships under full speed or a thrilling infantry charge "over the top"—or gazed upon the melancholy ruins of a Belgian village, then you have some idea of what you see when you look at the same scene through the Pan-Chro Scope, only of course the objects are stationary not moving.

The Pan-Chro Scope is a new invention, something like the stereoscope, but larger and more powerful being fitted with twin stereo-lens of wonderful magnifying power. The war views are taken with a specially constructed double lens camera. On the back of each view is printed a complete and accurate description of the scene represented. You place the view in the Scope, adjust the focus to fit your eyes, and immediately you find yourself face to face with an astonishing lifelike scene that resembles a section of a moving-picture film. One moment you are on the deck of an American warship; the next moment you are "somewhere in France" looking into a trench where an anti-aircraft gun is working; next you find yourself among the barbed wire entanglements in "no man's land";—again you are watching fierce house-to-house fighting in a captured town, Belgian field artillery in action on the firing line, and many other scenes of actual warfare just as interesting and exciting. Of course you read about these things in the papers, in the magazines and in the letters the "boys" write home, but after all how little you know about what really happens.

Magical In Its Effect Upon The Mind!

The Pan-Chro Scope enables you to follow the boys "over across" with your eyes—on the firing line and behind it—you can see what they do and where they go. The different views take you direct to Belgium, to France, or wherever the place may be, and show you the scenes just as plainly as though you were there yourself. One glance through the Scope and you find you have a real picture—an image—in your mind that will never be forgotten. Henceforth you will read every newspaper and magazine article about the war with a new interest—an understanding never before experienced.

Interesting! Instructive! Educational!

The Pan-Chro Scope should be in every COMFORT home. It will prove a constant source of pleasure and instruction to every member of the family. Boys and girls attending school should have one. It will enable them to visualize modern history in the making—to see and understand things as they actually happen. One look through the

This Lad's Mind Is In Far-Away Belgium

He is looking into a trench. One soldier is operating an anti-aircraft gun; another is feeding it with a ribbon of shells; a third, through field glasses

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12 Large Ivory Soap, 8 bars 25
10 Fresh Roasted Peas, 3 lbs. 93
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10 New French 30-40 size, 5 lbs. 21
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30 Apple Butter, 14 oz. jar 21
18 Fancy Head Flax, uncoated, lb. 11
Sugar & Flour govt. price, reasonable quantity. Special Bargain List Free. Haft-Green & Co., 213-223 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 3042 - CHICAGO, ILL.

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At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 15 Lincoln Bldg., Chicago.

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Print Film Pack Camera, for selling 25 beautiful pictures or 25 slides, post cards at 10¢ each. Order today. Sent prepaid.

GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 625 - CHICAGO

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for selling 25 pkgs. Art and Religious Post Cards at 10¢. Post Sellers. UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO., Dept. 102, Lewiston, Maine.

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14K Gold filled, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to receive our catalog. Send 12¢ to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Engle Jewelry Co., Dept. 60, East Boston, Mass.

SELL 24 AM. FLAG PINS AT 10¢
Send no money. When paid send \$1.00 and we'll send stock not worth or keep 75¢ for your trouble. Write today. CLARK WATCH CO., Dept. 15 - CHICAGO, ILL.

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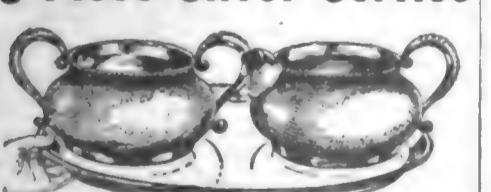
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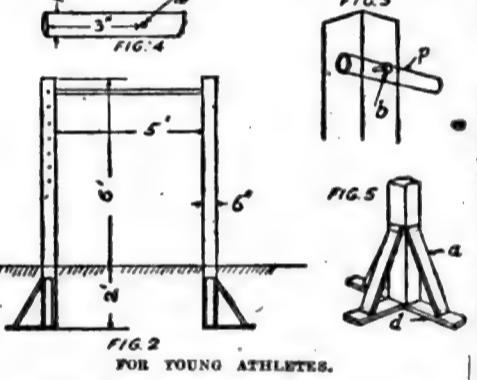
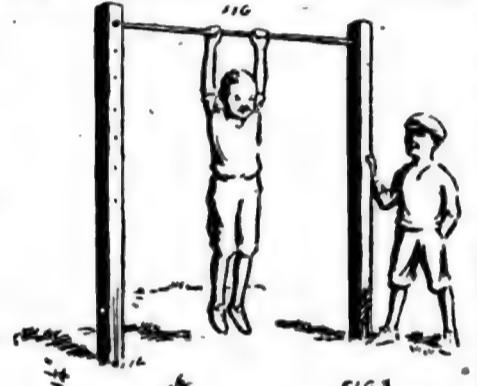
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

THIS month brings us the anniversary of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, the two greatest men America has ever produced. They not only served their country gloriously by bringing it safely through the perils which threatened its existence in their times, but by their wisdom, patriotism and force of character raised the ideals of humanity the world over. In the present crisis we can do no better than look to their teachings for guidance and their lives for inspiration. The great principles of liberty, justice and mercy, for which they contended so strenuously in their day, are eternal and unchangeable, the same now and forever. They loved peace and hated war, but worse yet they abhorred oppression and were willing to suffer any calamity of war rather than accept peace with dishonor and submission to oppression. It is against an equally dishonorable form of oppression that our country and its allies are now fighting in the world war. I hope you boys will read in this number the story of what France did to help us in our war for independence.

Turning Pole

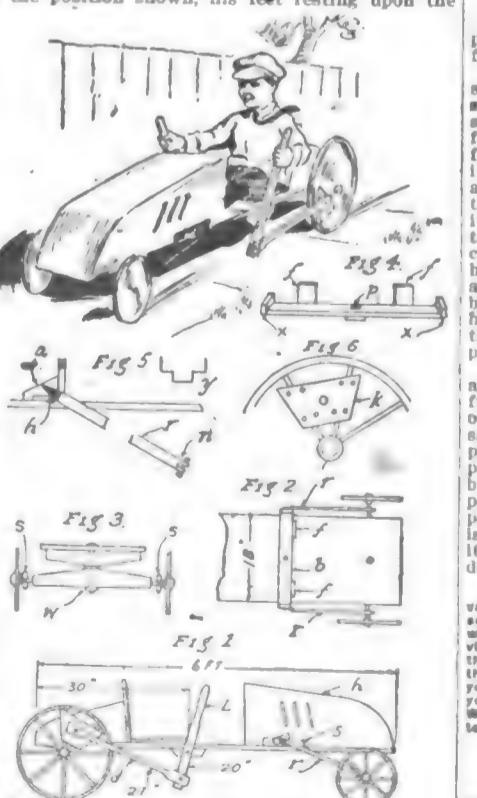
The turning pole is perhaps the oldest and most popular of athletic devices. In this plan the posts are six by six inches and eight feet long. At least two feet should be underground. Fig. 5 illustrates the method of bracing the base to keep the posts rigid. The pieces "a" and "d" are three feet lengths of scantling. They are firmly spiked to the upright. It is some little trouble to dig a hole large enough to receive this flaring end but it must be solid. If possible set it in concrete and allow two weeks for hardening. Other braces may be placed over the ground if necessary. The crosspiece is an iron



pipe of the size marked. Note in Fig. 4 that a hole is bored three inches from the end of the pipe to receive the bolt "b" in Fig. 3. This keeps the pipe from turning. To make the device adjustable, holes are placed three inches apart. In one post they go all the way through and in the other one half way. To lower the pipe you remove the bolt "b" and pull the pipe through the hole and insert it in the one underneath. The adjustability of the bar permits you to try a greater variety of stunts and makes the turning pole a veritable outdoor gymnasium.

A Hand-Power Racer

This wagon is propelled by working hand levers back and forth and is steered by manipulating a crossbar with his feet. The rider must sit in the position shown, his feet resting upon the



RARE SPORT FOR THE BOYS.

bar, which is shown in Fig. 4. The heels press against the blocks "f, f." The center bolt or pivot which permits the bar to move is marked "p" and the end blocks to which the steering rods are attached are marked "x." Fig. 2 is a top plan view of the entire steering mechanism. The main part or crosspiece is marked "b."

the heel rests "f, f" the rods which run from the ends of "b" to the axle "x." The rods are of wood, preferably buggy spokes. Fig. 5 clearly illustrates how they are attached. The letter "p" is the rod itself; "n" is the notched end which fits over the axle; "b" is a hinge joint which allows the bar to move forward and back. Fig. 3 is a picture of the front wheels, to which the steering gear is attached. The letter "x" is an end view of the rod bolted to the axle, by means of the joint "n." A one fourth inch bolt three inches long is used for each one. The bolt "w" is eight inches long and three fourths inches in diameter.

The drive or power levers are seen in Fig. 1. Shape two buggy spokes like "a" and "L." Drill three one fourth inch holes at the points shown. Leave the end hole until you have otherwise completed the double lever and tested it for length. You can then bore right through the spoke and the block attached to the rear wheel at once. Fig. 6 is a detail of the double one inch block bolted to each of the rear wheels.

The hood in front is for appearance sake only. The sides of it are made of wood and the curved top of sheet metal. Fix it up to look like an auto and paint it accordingly. The power wagon when finished is strong and reliable, the idea is simple and the work easy. In coasting, the drive levers can be used as brakes.

Puzzle

Divide this orchard into four equal parts with a different number of trees in each part and no dividing lines touching any.

Indoor Game

Tell the company you have mastered the art of mind reading and stand ready to prove it by giving an exhibition. When put to the test, go into a dark room and have the doubter tell your confederate or secret partner will loudly ask: "Is it a hickory?"

You will say, "No," and you will continue to answer "No" until the questioner uses six words in asking the question. That is your cue to say "Yes." Supposing the person thought of a buckeye tree and told your partner so; the latter would name a half-dozen wrong species in order to puzzle the listeners, and then using exactly six words would say, "Well, now, is it a buckeye?" If you are closely noting the number of words used, you will know at once that it is, and much to the surprise of the company will say, "Why, certainly." The one asking the questions must be careful not to use six words in any of the preliminary queries. This little trick is amusing and will puzzle folks who seem to be keen in solving mysteries. Never, under any circumstances, divulge the method of discovering the right answer, and occasionally change the number of words in the key question.

Permutation

When a certain teacher attempted to size a class composed of 10 boys, she found to her surprise that they were all the same height. As it was considered an honor to be first, she told them she would permit one to have the place one day and another the second day and so on until all possible ways of arranging them were exhausted. Some of the boys thought this would take a month, some said a year, but when they asked the head professor to figure it out he told them it would take exactly 3,628,800 days, or in other words 13,000 school years. This principle of mathematics is called permutation. To find out how many different ways any number of things can be arranged, multiply all the terms together. In the case cited, multiply $1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 6 \times 7 \times 8 \times 9 \times 10$, which gives the answer above.

Try to earn and save some money to buy stamps. To do so will help you as well as being a patriotic duty to help your country to win this war. Ask your postmaster or rural mail carrier for the stamps and for full information about them.

Good by, and be good boys 'till we meet again.

Uncle John.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

pigs should come strong and find plenty of milk for their sustenance.

Brought to the farrowing time in this desirable condition, given a clean, dry bed in a sanitary place and handled daily so that the sow will not fear man, there should be no need for pig forces, but the attendant should refrain from feeding the sow for 24 hours after farrowing, should merely allow laxative, tepid drinks and should see that a wide board is spiked to the wall around the pen at such a height that it will protect the pigs when they get under it to avoid being laid upon by the sow. Only the cross, nervous, constipated, unprepared sow eats her pigs. Loss from that vice will largely be avoided by the treatment we have prescribed, but if any sow starts killing her pigs, let her have all the salt she will take. That often stops the trouble and it is better than feeding salt pork. Prevention is far more important.

Given the right start, the pigs should do well and develop quickly. If the sow is allowed her freedom with them, on clover, alfalfa, rye or other green stuff, and in addition, sweet skim milk and meals are allowed. Stunting of pigs starts with poor feeding and care of the pregnant sow and is made certain and disastrous by inadequate feeding throughout the nursing period and after weaning of the pigs. Keep the pigs growing fast from "the word go." That is the only profitable plan of producing pork and it is made cheapest while pigs are growing fast during the first few months of life.

The Questions and Answers section one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answers when you ask for advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

ALCOHOL FROM SAWDUST.—I have just read in COMFORT an article entitled "Alcohol from Sawdust." I would like to ask if alcohol can be made successfully from peat soil (which is all vegetable formation), and just where I could obtain full and detailed information concerning how to manufacture same.

A. R. EA Jacksonville, Ore.

A. Write the U. S. Forest Product Laboratory, Madison, Wis., for detailed information relative to the manufacture of alcohol from sawdust. We do not believe that any effort has been made to make alcohol from peat. So far as we know the experiment is yet to

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be tried. Possibly some wood alcohol might be obtained by the destructive distillation of peat, as it is from wood in the process of making charcoal, but we doubt the possibility of obtaining ordinary alcohol (grain alcohol) from peat.

CATFISH, MOLES, CABBAGE WORMS.—Please tell me how to rid my garden of catfish and moles. I would also like to know what can be used successfully, other than Paris green, to destroy cabbage worms—something to use when the cabbage is so large that Paris green would be dangerous to use.

M. C., California, Pa.
A.—Moles can be caught in a "mole-trap." There is no poison for cabbage worms that is not dangerous to human beings if eaten. Arsenite of lead is a good poison, but sticks closer than Paris green and is quite dangerous, if not more so. We have been told by some gardeners that they successfully destroy cabbage worms on large cabbage by sprinkling the cabbage heads and leaves with common salts dissolved in water. We have never tried this, but it is such a simple remedy that it might be tried out first on a few plants without much trouble. We are unable to give a remedy for the catfish nuisance.

PEACH TREE GUMMING.—Several of our peach trees exude gum and the peaches do the same, and the peaches do not grow to any size. Is there any remedy for it?

O. A., Danville, Va.
A.—Gummosis is usually caused by injury of some sort to the bark of the tree or the skin of the fruit. The bite or sting of an insect may be sufficient. There is no remedy except prevention. Little peach is a disease not fully understood. Both these conditions are helped by promoting a more healthy growth of the tree by cultivation and the use of fertilizers.

A Peculiar Farm

A mountain cave which is, in effect, a huge cellar, is the site selected by a Western man for agricultural experimenting. The unvarying temperature, the balanced state of humidity and the absence of light, greatly favor the growth of some kinds of vegetation, and with proper selection of plants and fertilizing it was bound to prove a success, which indeed it has done. The first work was to clear away the salty deposit left by vanished oceans, then on the hard limestone, compost was spread for a seed bed. Mushroom spawn was broken up and scattered and almost without care it matured and produced an abundant crop of the much-prized fungus. Next, celery and rhubarb plants were set in and they prospered prodigiously, the average growth of the latter being one inch a day. Another use to which the cave was put was that of a storage plant. It has every advantage which men try in vain to put into such plants and so admirably suited to the work did it prove that now farmers many miles away are using it. There are many caves in this country, but most of them are too cold or too inaccessible to be employed as plant incubators or public cellars either.

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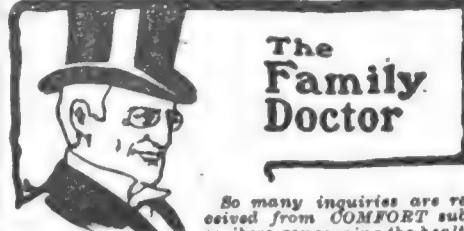
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The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As this privilege of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given to any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

W. C. P., Iva, S. C.—The loss of voice may be due to hysteria, paralysis of one of the vocal chords so that they do not approximate sufficiently for phonation—or some small growth on one or the other chord sufficiently large to prevent speaking along. The first condition should be treated by suggestion and cold douches to the spine, with gentle massage of the larynx. The local application of electricity also would be beneficial in either of the first two causes mentioned—using the galvanic current only. Any other condition must necessarily have competent medical assistance. The removal of growths from the larynx is now accomplished with ease and without discomfort to the patient.

Farmer's Wife, Oklahoma.—You may have an intramural fibroid tumor of the uterus, or you may have delayed involution of the womb after confinement, or a falling down of the womb due to being torn at labor, causing congestion, back-ache, etc. Tonics, operative procedures of some kind may be useful. You should not nurse your baby after the return of your menstruation as your milk lacks quality and the baby will not grow or thrive on poor milk.

"Old Timer," Calvert, Montana.—Your trouble is undoubtedly so-called urticaria. You should regulate your diet at once. Give up red meat and eggs. Eat green vegetables, fruit, and above all drink plenty of good spring water—not less than two quarts a day. Baths are of course useful, especially baths containing Epsom salts, one pound to the bath. Also the use of ordinary bran mixed in with your cereal.

Mrs. M. R. D., White City, Kansas.—Putty putting some lycopodium in your stockings. A drying powder, not too fine, will sometimes work wonders in such cases. Undoubtedly change of climate has had much to do with your condition.

M. A. P., N. Pomona, California.—Keep your hands out of dish-water and use raw linseed or olive oil as a daily lubricant, as well as a cleanser for your hands. So-called cold cream will also do good especially if the cold cream contains a small amount of lanolin.

E. F., Victoria, Texas.—From your description, your shortness of breath is undoubtedly diastatic, as your physician evidently thinks. You should set to it that your constipation is remedied, your diet limited to those foods that agree with you and drink plenty of water. Use no pastries of any kind, but eat good ripe fruit and green vegetables, always leaving the table before your appetite is fully satisfied.

Mrs. H. D. S., Bend, Oregon.—Your symptoms point to a neuritis of the intercostal nerves. In other words to a neuralgia of the nerves located between the ribs. Sometimes large doses of quinine sulphate will relieve the condition. It should be combined with a good calomel purge.

Mrs. G. R., Plainville, Kansas.—You undoubtedly have several adhesions following your operations. Massage, electricity, and regulation of your bowels, with the addition of high-up enemas of some saline might relieve and perhaps cure you. These, however, should be done under the advice and care of your physician only.

J. K., North Middleton, Ky.—Try a hot salve bath at night, with massage of the hands and feet just before retiring.

Miss L. H., Canton, Miss.—You probably mean the Bulgarian Bacillus, used for modifying milk. This can be obtained of any good druggist. Your dry skin may be due to the lack of fats in the system. Try using cod-liver oil after meals in small doses.

Mrs. May V., Lisbon, Ohio.—As we have noted several times in COMFORT, your trouble is neuralgia of the intercostal nerves, and not lung trouble. A good tonic would benefit you. This you can get by consulting your local physician.

Mrs. C. R., Nelsville, Minn.—You are a "bunch of nerves" and magnify everything. Give up doctors, take good out-of-door exercise every day, eat digestible food, drink good spring water, give up your tea and coffee, and add a spinal douche, before you retire, as described often in COMFORT. Try, in other words, good hygienic treatment, and above all forget your many symptoms and imaginary troubles.

R. E. F., El Dorado Springs, Mo.—Your trouble may be of malarial origin, or due to the need of glasses. You should have your eyes examined by a good specialist as a beginning. Maybe this will be the one thing needed to correct your trouble, if not cure you entirely.

Mrs. L. L. R., Roark, Mo.—Maybe your irregular menstruation is due to chronic malaria. Child-birth should have helped you if not cured you. You may have some displacement of the uterus which needs attention. Would advise the employment of some good local doctor, and operation if necessary.

D. H. R., Newark, New York.—You should consult a good doctor, and have him put you on a good antipruritic diet, even going so far as keeping you on rice with milk and water for a time. Try this exclusive diet and see what it will do for your intense itching. Add also when retiring a good hot bath to which is added a pound of baking soda.

W. O., Porterville, Cal.—You should go on a strict diet. Omit all foods of the starchy variety as well as sugar, and pastry of all kinds. You should exercise daily. Take long walks, drink plenty of water. Hot vaginal douches also will be beneficial, especially combined with a teaspoonful of table salt to the quart of water. Possibly your appendix is at fault. Consult some good surgeon and if the appendix is at fault have it removed at once. Of course observe all the ordinary hygienic measures, such as frequent bathing, looking after your teeth, etc.

Mrs. R. R. S., Dolores, Col.—Your trouble is intense introspection, and no doubt many of your troubles are imaginary or directly due to your mental attitude. You should observe all the rules of hygiene, as to care of your body. Eat only such foods as agree with you and are acceptable, never forcing your appetite. Get engaged in some activity or sport that will build up your physical condition and will lead you for the time being at least to forget your troubles mental. Cold baths are always indicated and should be used as described often in this magazine. You are not exercising enough to make the skin active and thus relieve your kidneys. Drink more water and omit tea and coffee. Hygiene, exercise and the control of your mind by the ways indicated will cure you.

E. C. M., New York.—Some stages of consumption are curable, but the treatment in a given case must be left to the skill and experience of the doctor immediately in charge of the given case. Pains in the chest may or may not have some significance. They may be simply of neuralgic origin. But-pains with slight cough plus temperature at times during the day with loss of weight, means more than pains without the accompanying symptoms mentioned.

F. F., Waunakee, Wisconsin.—You should be very thankful that you have your father with you after passing through with such a condition as you have described. You evidently know the usual diabetic diet, but after the loss of a limb from gangrene, we should advise an ordinary diet free however from too starchy foods. The pain in the stomach might be relieved by the ordinary mustard plaster, or the use of the turpentine stoup. A few drops of turpentine sprinkled on a flannel cloth wrung out of very hot water. Let him eat little and often, and above all insist on his drinking a lot of water—at least two quarts a day.

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Miss Nonentity

Girls New and Old

Girls of the True Blue

Out of the Fashion

Turquoise and Ruby

Polly

A Little Mother to Others

A Bunch of Cherries

The Temptation of a Live Latimer

Bob and The Duchess

Lawrence J. Leslie

The Rivals of the Trail

With Trapper Jim

in the Northwoods

Caught in a Forest Fire

Lost in the Great

Dismal Swamp

In Camp on the Big Sunflower

The Strange Cabin on Catamount Island

Closet

Sweet Love's Attainment

The Test of Love

To His Fate

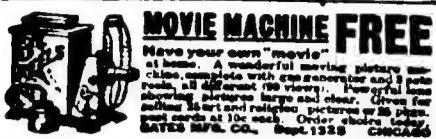
The Trail of the

Serpent

The Unloved Wife

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The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

congratulated on your cook, Lady Levallion. I never ate better chicken done with almonds than this."

"I hope you won't get tired of it," she returned. "Levallion is so fond of almonds. He arranges the dinners, you know. I should have roast beef and plum tart, he thinks—and so I would."

Lord Chayter thought she looked as if she lived on peaches and cream, but he did not say so, for something caught his attention.

"Do you never have the blinds down in this room?" he inquired suddenly. "Oh, I see, there are none. But don't you think it's rather uncanny to look over the table and candles and things, and the ladies' pretty frocks, to those blank, dark windows? It makes me feel creepy," frankly. "As if ghosts might be peering in!"

"We never use this room when we're alone. The windows must be a fancy of Levallion's. I don't see very well how we could have blinds on them."

For the state dining-room was on the ground floor in the oldest part of the castle, and the windows were sunk deep and narrow in the six-foot wall which slanted inward from them till each foot-wide window-glass made the apex of a wide **cone** V.

"I should!" said Lord Chayter, who was fat and fair and screw-up eyed. "Makes me nervous. Now look, just opposite us! Couldn't you swear some one was looking in? though, of course, it all fancy."

Lady Levallion's glance followed his and grew suddenly startled. For, though it was gone in an instant, even as she looked at it, there had been something like a white face, like gleaming eyes, pressed to the window-pane of the embrasured window.

"There, you see! Though it's either imagination or a gardener's boy," said Lord Chayter.

"Don't look so frightened."

"I'm not frightened," quietly, "but I think you're right. Those blank windows make the room uncanny. I'll have something done to them tomorrow," but like lightning her thoughts had flown at the sight of that face against the glass to the strange woman who had come to inquire for Adrian; though there could be no earthly connection.

"Let her look!" she thought contemptuously. "She won't see much to please her. And not a soul in the house knows anything about Adrian and me, and that's all I care about." Quite unconscious that Tommy and the duchess suspected what Sister Elizabeth knew; and that every wind that blew, every hour that passed, was pushing her nearer to the greatest horror any woman can face.

"Screens would do it," returned Lord Chayter serenely, turning some attention to his dinner, and determined to drop a hint to Levallion. For there were windows on both sides of the big room, and it seemed a coincidence that if any one had looked in they should have chosen the side behind and not facing Lord Levallion's sharp eyes. He gave the subject what he considered a happy turn.

"Captain Gordon looks pretty shaky! He ought to be careful, if he prefers earth to heaven," he observed. "Better keep him here and let some of these charming ladies take him in hand. He wants a course of petting, the platonic kind, you know!" Ravenel caught the duchess' eye, and rose thankfully.

"Any one on earth to nurse me rather than you!" Adrian had said. But her punishment would be more than she could bear if she must stand by and see any of these women do it. She utterly forgot that white phantom face at the dark window.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN OUTER DARKNESS.

And yet it was not such a phantom, after all! Inside were women in satin gowns, sitting at their ease among lights and flowers and frivolous talk. Outside in the damp chill of the autumn rain stood another woman, raising herself uncomfortably to the level of that unblinded window. Cold to the bone, sick with envy and despair, she saw the lighted room as at the stage of a theater where she should have been among the actors, but had been cast out into the pit.

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Oh, the night, and the rain! What a fool she had been to come out in her house dress without a mackintosh; she would be wet to the skin. Suddenly, fiercely, she knew she did not care; and she raised herself on tiptoe on the stone terrace, clinging with one trembling hand to the sharp stonework round the window. It was senseless, useless, yet she must see. And, perhaps, if luck were in her way, if she came night after night, might see something that, if it did not turn Levallion to her again, might at least turn him from some one else.

There was Levallion with his back to her. She had tried the other side of the room first and left it hurriedly for fear of his eyes. And over his shoulder, opposite him, she could see the girl who had supplanted her; whom she—Hester Murray—had helped to do it. A sheer physical pang made her move back from the window. Lady Levallion in her ivory and orange, her exquisite young throat and arms bare, her face immaculately fresh and young, was not a sight the woman who shivered in the rain could bear to look on. Ten years ago she had been within an ace of sitting in her place; a year ago would have been hand in glove with all that well-dressed company who surrounded her. Tonight she knew quite well that not one of them but would have cut her in the park. For things had come out! Her not being asked to Levallion's wedding had set a match to the train, and poor, kindly drunken Bob Murray had made a scene one night before a lot of people, and said things that made even Hester's gods of money and smartness look at her askance. He had named no names, it is true; but he had said quite enough. And then he had departed from her house, from her and her boy forever; saying they were no concern of his. And though Levallion did not believe her, for excellent reasons, when she told him she had no money, it was quite true. Her debts—that she had made sure would be paid for her—had swallowed up all she possessed. It took all she could scrape to keep her boy at school, and her tenancy of the raw new bungalow in Levallion's own village was her last throw her forlorn hope. When he was tired of his new toy, perhaps he might come back to her; at all events she would give him the chance and trust to luck to pay her rent!

But she was not thinking of those things now. Only that her downfall had been all her own fault. A little carelessness, an unskillful lie found out, and her life had toppled about her ears. And even this marriage of Levallion's was partly her work. She could still see Ravenel Annesley's face as it looked in the glass the day she had told that mad lie about Adrian Gordon.

"The girl cared then," she thought, pressing her hand to her burning eyes. "And he's here still. If she cares now Levallion will get rid of her. I know him. Oh, I hope she'll care! I wonder what there was between them, and if Sylvia told the truth about their meaning to get married?" Once more she raised herself to peer through the barren window, and saw Adrian Gordon plainly enough to catch with a fierce leap of her heart how very ill he looked. "He may die yet! But it would be better if he lived, perhaps, and made love to his old flame," with the course thought of a woman who habitually speaks faintly. "If he does Levallion shall see it, shall—" She had been so occupied with Adrian as not to notice that two faces, Lady Levallion's and Lord Chayter's, were turned curiously in her direction. But she felt their eyes with sudden intuition and moved swiftly away into the dark. It was no part of her schemes to be seen looking at Levallion's dinner-party like a dismissed servant.

"All that for her," she thought bitterly, "and nothing for me and the boy! I would have done better to have stuck to Bob. He never drank till I ran away from him; he would have been kind to me. Oh, Levallion's a devil! a devil!" It was all she could do not to cry aloud. "If I can't get anything out of him, I'll be even with him. I'll find some way to make him feel, if I know anything of faces, that pink-and-white girl won't be able to keep away from her old lover. And then we'll see. Levallion in a rage would do anything, anything! Oh! I'm not done yet, I'm not despairing yet. Not with Adrian Gordon in the house and Levallion in love with his wife. Oh, my God!" and this time she spoke in a dreadful croaking whisper. "What a fool I was ever to imagine for one instant that he was in love with me!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

embroidered skirts for every day, but just one for best. I have three baby blankets.

This may not sound nice enough for some but I wish you could see my baby clothes. They are prettier than a great many I have seen and they keep baby warm and clean and are not burdensome. My motto is—have plenty but waste nothing.

My youngest has sailor dresses with all-over embroidery yokes. I use quite a lot of lace edging and insertion for trimming. The little dresses do not cost more than twenty-five or thirty cents apiece.

Thanking everyone for the help I have received from their letters, I will close,

MRS. E. C. HAWLEY.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Nails dipped into soap will drive easily into any hard wood.

To remove smoke from mica plates in stoves, wipe with a cloth wet with vinegar or alcohol.

To polish nickel on stoves, take cold wood ashes and add enough water to make a paste. Apply with cloth and when dry polish with a soft woolen cloth.

Make a partition of bricks across middle of grate in stove and build a fire in one end. This will save heat and coal and the fire will not slip down.

Ground wheat is excellent for a breakfast food. Boil at least an hour in plenty of water. Serve with cream and sugar. Also use instead of graham flour for muffins and pancakes.

To CLEAN WHITE FELT HAT. (Requested).—Mix a cup of gasoline and three tablespoons of corn-starch to a paste and rub on hat. Keep gasoline away from fire.

EDNA J. VAUTRE, Oakley, Kans.

If rose-water and glycerine is too strong for the face, use equal parts of witch-hazel and glycerine. Apply after washing and wiping face and hands.

MRS. HELMA PASO, Lake Norden, S. Dak.

If silverware is washed quite frequently in hot soapsuds in which a little pulverized borax has been dissolved, and then rinsed in clear boiling water, it will not require so much cleaning with powders or silver polish.

An excellent way to keep mashed potatoes hot for anyone late to dinner is to place the pan in a larger pot of hot water and set it on the stove. Cover. They keep hot and are still moist and light.

MRS. C. T. REESE, Tregu, Md.

TO MEND BROKEN CHINA.—The broken parts together with stout string, being sure that the edges meet evenly; then completely submerge the dish in a pan of skim-milk and place on back of stove to gently simmer all day. Do not remove from the milk until thoroughly cold and even then don't cut the string for another twenty-four hours. Hot water will not cause the pieces to come apart again.

MRS. L. F. ARFOLTER, Nesquin, Oregon.

Requests

Cure for milk leg.

How to make vinegar of lemon peelings.

I would like to get pieces of cloth for quilts.

MRS. M. M. ELLIS, Beaumont, Texas.

How to restore a white sweater that has been washed in too warm water to its former fluffy prettiness.

MRS. ELLA KYLE, Wood River, Ill., would like to correspond with people in small towns having no newspaper.

Can any reader of COMFORT tell me where I can obtain a "New Life" song book?

J. M. GANTZ, Hermann, R. R. 2, Mo.

Will the sisters send me seeds of the large, old-fashioned sunflowers and hollyhocks? Will return favor.

MRS. W. A. REED, Aurora, R. R. 1, Colo.

Will the COMFORT sisters kindly send me quilt pieces and silk and velvet pieces for cushions. I am seventy-one years old and want to keep busy.

CLARA CRAWFORD, Hartford, Mich.

Mrs. Henry Nichols, Ogdensburg, R. R. 1, N. Y., would like the June, July and August issues of "The People's Home Journal." Will pay postage both ways and return them in good condition.

Rosa Koch, Bloomer, R. I., Wis., would like songs, "Where the River Shannon Flows," and "I've Seen Flowers Rare Growing Everywhere. But I've Never Seen a Rose Like You." Will return favor.

I would like to get the song entitled "Geography Song," beginning.

"Oh, have you heard geography sung, For if you've not, it's on my tongue, About the earth in air that's hung, All covered with green little islands."

MRS. FRANK BURKE, Dade City, Fla.

Remedies

KIDNEY TROUBLE.—Boil two tablespoons of buchu leaves in one and one half pints of water for a few minutes and drink one half cupful morning and night.

MRS. C. G., Phoenix, Mo.

EYE CURE FOR SCUTTLE.—Cook fifteen eggs until hard, mash the yolks and put in pan and heat till the oil renders out; press out and put in bottle and apply every night till rupture is healed.

MRS. E. M. MC., Pa.

NEURITIS.—(Requested.) Take one tablespoon of fresh lime juice in two tablespoons of water, eight mornings in succession, then stop for five days and repeat eight days more, if necessary. Fresh lime must be used.

This cured me, and I thank the lady who sent it in.

PUMPKIN SEED REMEDY FOR TAPEWORM. (Requested.)—Take one quart of dry pumpkin seeds, put in muslin bag, take a hammer and pound them as finely as possible; empty into a dish, add one quart water, place on stove and let simmer until only one pint of water is left. Now put in muslin bag and squeeze until all liquid has been squeezed out and saved for use. The night before using it is best not to eat any supper but take a dose of epsom salts or Castor oil. Upon arising in the morning, drink all the pumpkin liquid at one time. In one or two hours the tapeworm will pass away, head and all. If not, take another dose of Castor oil. This remedy was given by a physician.

JENNIE B.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Post Cards

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and from foreign countries. Just send in the appearance of your name in the Exchange List. It is necessary to send a card of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine City Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

MRS. CHARLES WILSON, R. R. 1, Mariette, Mich. Miss EDNA MOORE, 429 Woodward Terrace, care of Kresge College, Reading, Pa. Mrs. C. O. DEMAR, R. R. 1, Willboro, N. Y.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; as in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Mrs. WILLIAM WOOD, age, 25 years; height, 5 feet; weight, 175 pounds. Brown hair and eyes. Please write his mother. MRS. GEO. R. WOOD, St. Elmo, Ill.

NELLIE SCOTT, ANNIE DAW, or others at Sheltering Arms Mpls. 1802. Write, Mrs. Sadie McCormick, Bad Axe, R. R. 7, Mich.

Wanted to know the whereabouts of Ethel May Loy, once of institution at Plymouth, Ind.; from there taken to "Children's Home Finding Society and Indianapolis, Ind., in 1904. Marie Thomas, Ethridge, Tenn.

Would like to know the whereabouts of Jacob Fritzel, or any of his children. Last heard of in Okolona, Ark. His niece, Mary L. Anderson, 108 So. 6th St., Alhambra, Calif.

Want to know the whereabouts of Ethel May Loy, once of institution at Plymouth, Ind.; from there taken to "Children's Home Finding Society and Indianapolis, Ind., in 1904. Marie Thomas, Ethridge, Tenn.

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Want to know the whereabouts of Ethel May



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Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainments for one whole month. Return the outfit at our expense.

For many reasons you do not wish to wait, send us a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonial. Applicants must be at least twenty-five and not over forty. Health, strength and a good education are essentials.

H. L. R., Beebe, Mont.—See answer to C. P. Buchanan, N. D. Your first step should be to obtain entrance to the training school for nurses of some large general hospital. Write to the superintendent of such an institution for information regarding the entrance requirements.

Mrs. H. M., Higbie, Mont.—There would not be much value to your pearls obtained from mussels if they are very small. No one could judge of their worth without having seen them, as value depends on size, color and shape. Show them to your nearest jeweler.

A. Z. Y., Leedy, Okla.—Alf colleges and universities have four-year courses, and an education equivalent to that obtained in a high school of the best sort would be needed to pass the entrance examinations of the average college or university. Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia are four of the largest and best known universities, and at these the tuition charge averages about \$200 to \$225. With board and other expenses it costs at least \$800 a year to attend these institutions—or as much more than this as one wishes to spend. Bureaus are maintained to help in securing work for those wishing to aid in paying their expenses by some sort of labor of hand or brain. A university might be considered a collection of schools or colleges. If you want to know what is taught in one of these institutions, write to the Registrar of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., and ask for a catalogue. And as to colleges, the state of Maine has several good ones, among them Bowdoin College—of which the poet Longfellow was a graduate.

V. F., Nebraska.—Government positions are not secured by mail, although courses to prepare one to pass civil service examinations for positions in the Federal service are given by mail, and we think this is what you mean. Write to the Chief Publishing Co., 5 Beckman St., New York City, for a sample copy of the paper which they publish dealing with the civil service.

Mrs. R. M., North Bergen, N. J.—One of the best methods of treating small skins that are to be used for muffs and hats is as follows: Tack on a board, flesh side up, and remove all bits of flesh by scraping with a blunt instrument, and the skins can be also washed with a solution made of a pound of alum and a quarter of pound of salt dissolved in a gallon of water. Remove surplus moisture and sprinkle with a mixture of powdered alum and salt in the same proportions as the solution. Let this stand over night, and the next day sprinkle again if the skin has absorbed the mixture. Two or three days of this treatment should be sufficient—the idea being to have the skin given all the alum and salt it will soak up while still fresh and moist. When the skin is thoroughly dry after this treatment it must be worked carefully by hand to make it soft and pliable. If through accident or delay the skin becomes too dry, it may be softened by soaking for a short time in lukewarm water—care being taken to remove it from the bath as soon as possible after it is sufficiently softened.

A. Subcriber, Bonanza, Ark.—See answer to Mrs. R. M. North Bergen, N. J.

Mrs. M. W. C., Fidelity, Ill.—Total eclipses are very infrequent in any one place, compared with their actual frequency of visible occurrence somewhere. During the 19th century, total eclipses of the sun were visible in some part of the U. S. in the years of 1834, 1860, 1869, 1878, 1880, 1888, 1900.

F. L. M., Oakwood, Ill.—You are mistaken regarding the land to which a child of a soldier in the Civil War is entitled—as you have been told. Your nearest U. S. land office would be at Marquette, Mich. Write there for information, addressing J. L. Heffernan, Register. There are over 90,000 acres of government land in Michigan.

Inquirer, Mo.—Marriage between a negro and a white person is prohibited by law in the following states: Ala., Ark., Cal., Colo., Del., Fla., Ga., Ida., Ind., Ky., Md., Miss., Mo., Neb., N. C., Okla., Ore., S. C., Tenn., Tex., Utah, Va., W. Va.

Mrs. J. O. R., East Alton, Ill.—The Dictionary of the Bible, published by Charles Scribner & Sons, New York City, will give you a full history of Sabbath. This book is a standard on the subject, and one which is complete and authoritative.

A. Subcriber, Martinsville, V.—Porto Rico is one of the cleanest, the most sanitary, and the most healthful of countries, under Uncle Sam's new management, and it is doubtful if another city in the world can compare with San Juan for cleanliness and health. As to climate, the average annual temperature is 76 degrees, with a mean winter temperature of 73 and a mean summer of 79. There are no well-defined dry and wet seasons, but in the winter the rains are lighter than in summer. The monthly average extends from February until May, after which the variation is very slight—until September or October when the maximum rainfall is reached. Droughts or prolonged dry spells are very rare. There are mountains on the island as high as 4,000 feet,



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given to any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

L. H., Northport, Wash.—No process of law is required for the adoption of a second Christian name, and if you wish to add a middle name to your signature, it only remains for you to pick out the one you like best. This department knows of a girl who was given a rather ordinary Christian name by her parents, and she pleased herself in later years by annexing the middle name of Mercedes. Yet even that is better than Gwendolyn. Mind you make a good choice.

Mrs. C. G., Muskegon, Mich.—If you have friends that receive barrels of second-hand clothing and you wish to know where they get them from, we are sure you could find out much better and more easily by asking them than by inquiring in faraway Maine. Such barrels and boxes are often sent out by churches, but they go, almost without exception, to missions or societies in the large cities for distribution.

C. P., Buchanan, N. D.—Many COMFORT readers desire to aid in the war by taking up nursing and we believe that most of the inquirers do not realize that it is no light or simple task to learn to become a nurse capable of dealing with the conditions that must be met in the present conflict. The Red Cross has uniform qualifications to govern the enrollment of its nurses. No training school is conducted, but the local committees of the society are empowered to enroll graduate nurses who fulfill the requirements prescribed by the National Committee. To be eligible an applicant must have had at least a two years' course of training in a general hospital which includes the care of men, and which has a daily average of fifty patients or more during the applicant's training. In states where registration of nurses is required by law, an applicant to be eligible must be registered. She must be a member of and endorsed by an association affiliated with the American Nurses' Association, have the endorsement of the training school from which she graduated, and must submit such evidence of her fitness for the work as may be acceptable to the National Red Cross Committee. Applicants must be at least twenty-five and not over forty. Health, strength and a good education are

something of patrician look, while the mouth, though a trifle large, was handsome and expressive. Her skin was fine and white, without a speck or flaw upon its satin smoothness, and her arms, from which the large, flowing sleeves of her robe fell away, were perfect as a piece of rare sculpture. But her hand, though delicate in outline, rosy of tint, and soft of texture, had, nevertheless, a strong, wiry, cruel appearance. "I have the advantage, though many might consider hers a richer style of beauty," she said, "but I have a thousand arts and wiles to attract, of which she is perfectly innocent."

"Yes, Miss Sibyl Prescott, I have the advantage over you; I am your bitterest foe, but I'll make you think that I am an angel of light. And as for your handsome knight, I'll pit my charms against yours, and we'll see who will win in the race. I, with my knowledge of the world, of men and things, do not fear much as to the issue; and it may be well worth the conflict, since I understand that the Prescotts are immensely wealthy. And now, since I have settled upon a plan for my campaign, I think I will go to bed."

And, suiting the action of the world, Miss Therwin was soon sleeping as quietly and sweetly as if she had never thought of plotting the overthrow of an innocent life.

The third day after the birthday reception Miss Therwin made her duty call at Lady Prescott's.

She found the two ladies and Raymond forming a happy trio, sitting around a cheerful fire in a charming parlor, looking out upon a bright southern landscape.

Raymond could not fail to remark the two beautiful women, as Miss Therwin came forward and greeted Sibyl with every appearance of delight.

Miss Therwin at once made herself the center of attraction, both by her right as a guest and by her brilliant conversational powers.

She had traveled a great deal; so also had Raymond, and, by degrees, she adroitly managed to monopolize him upon subjects concerning which they alone were familiar, while Lady Prescott and Sibyl, blissfully unconscious of the duplicity of which they were the victims, became delighted listeners to brilliant, vivid descriptions, anecdotes, wit and repartee, that were really very enchanting.

Their caller very unfashionably stayed an hour, and only started up in pretended dismay when the door opened, and a servant brought in lunch.

"I beg pardon," she said, flushing and laughing, as she looked at her jeweled watch. "I had no idea that I was overstepping the bounds of etiquette at this rate."

"No apology is necessary, Miss Therwin, when you have such power to charm the time away," Raymond said, gallantly.

A deeper color stained her cheeks, as she turned her expressive eyes upon him, saying, gayly:

"I shall charge all the blame to you for tempting me into such enchanted regions."

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FOR HEADACHES, NEURALGIAS, LA GRIPPE, COLDS,
WOMEN'S ACHE AND ILLS
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR "A-K" TABLETS
THE ANTICKAMIA CHEMICAL COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

10 CENTS
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"I'm sure you helped to make them such," was the smiling rejoinder, while Raymond was wholly unconscious of the admiring glance which he bestowed upon the animated face.

Lady Prescott now arose, saying, with her general smile:

"Since you and Raymond have given us such a delightful 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' I shall insist that you bring your minds down to more substantial viands for a while, and join us at lunch."

Miss Therwin modestly demurred, but her hostess would not be denied, and she finally consented to remain, providing Sibyl would consent to accompany her upon a drive afterward.

The young girl gave the desired promise, and another hour passed as "pleasantly as the previous one had done."

Then Sibyl donned her rich sables, and crowned her pretty head with a lovely white velvet hat, with its nodding, graceful plumes, and its three small scarlet poppies just touching her midnight hair, giving color and effect to the whole, and the two girls went gayly forth upon their drive.

"I think I never saw two prettier girls together in my life," Lady Prescott remarked, as she and Raymond stood watching them from the window, as they drove away, and waved them a smiling good-bye.

"They are very beautiful, mother. Sibyl has the purest, sweetest face, but how exceedingly talented and cultivated Miss Therwin is," he replied; and his eyes lingered upon her face as long as he could see it.

"Yes; but remember that she has had the advantage of several years—four, at least, I should say—over Sibyl," Lady Prescott answered, with the shadow of a frown upon her fine face.

Somehow she did not exactly believe in the brilliant guest of General Maplewood, and it did not please her to have Raymond quite so enthusiastic over her accomplishments.

"We must give Sibyl a little change, in the way of travel, when it comes to warmer weather," he remarked, thoughtfully.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

ONE-THIRD OF GASOLINE

saved to all users of Fords by our new **HOT PIN MANIFOLD**. Makes explosive gas of every particle of fuel. **No condensation** of fuel in cylinders. Vaporizes present percentage of Kerosene in all gasoline. **Less wear** and smoother running motor. Starts instantly on the coldest day.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL with our money-back guarantee. Write today for complete descriptive circular.

K. R. C. Co., Dept. 130, 2015 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Inventions Wanted!
Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. List of Inventions actually requested and book "How to Obtain a Patent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Special assistance given our efforts in selling patents. Write for details of interest to every inventor. **Chandler & Chandler, Patent Attorneys Est. 21 Years 5117th St., Washington, D. C.**

Genuine Diamond 4 Rings YOUR BIRTHSTONE FREE
Genuine Diamond ring with your initial Birthstone and Wedding Ring. Solid White Gold. One year. Order 12 pieces. Price \$10.00 each. Ready to wear. Send money and today. Send today. Get a beautiful ring. **BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**

Boys! Girls! Look—See Who Is Here! The "Comfort Twins"



American Made Unbreakable Dolls With Life-like Indestructible Composition Heads!

Don't they look as if they were out for a good time? And wouldn't you like to have them to play with? The little boy's name is Johnnie, his sister's name is Josie and they make the most charming pair of twin dolls you ever saw. They are entirely different from the ordinary doll having a life-like head made of an indestructible composition, a new style cloth body and the latest improved jointed arms and legs which never get out of order. Neither doll can be broken because both head and body are indestructible. They are over a foot tall with rosy cheeks and blue eyes and dressed just as you see them in the picture. Josie has on a cute red-and-white checked dress with a handsome blue sash and trimmed with lace around the neck. Johnnie is dressed in pretty blue-and-white checked rompers with lace trimming and blue belt. You can dress and undress these dolls as often as you please, make them stand up or sit down or bend over and by moving their arms and legs around in different positions you can get them to look exactly as if they were walking, running, stretching out their arms, waving their hands, in fact they will cut up most any antic that might be expected of a real live healthy two-year-old baby boy or girl. They look so life-like in their baby clothes with their happy smiling faces you would almost think they were alive and ready to talk to you in that baby language so dear to the heart of every little doll mother. We are sure no little boy or girl ever had a doll that could furnish quite so much real satisfaction and enjoyment as either one of these two handsome twins. You may have either doll—your choice of either Josie or Johnnie—or both of them free as a COMFORT premium as we have bought a quantity of them to be distributed in this manner. Remember these are real American made unbreakable dolls—not paper "out-outs" or "rag" dolls—with a strong durable-stuffed cloth body, jointed arms and legs and an indestructible composition head that will not break. They will last a long time.

We Will Give You Both Dolls!

For eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25¢ each, we will send you both dolls—Josie and Johnnie—free by parcel post prepaid. (Premium No. 7345) or Josie (Premium No. 7355), free by parcel post prepaid. When ordering be sure to give the premium number of doll or dolls wanted.

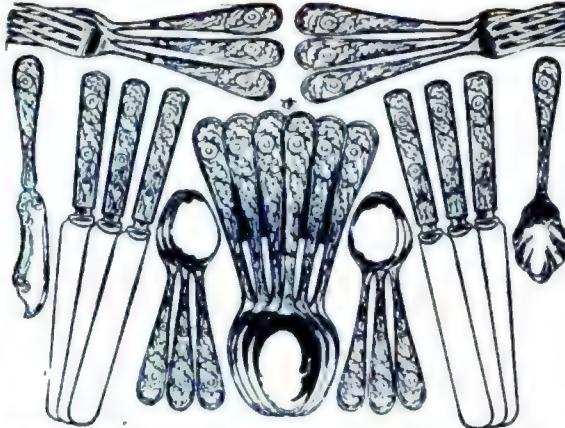
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Daisy TABLE SET

Premium No. 73010

Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Ten

We have in the past made many offers of table ware, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer a complete set of 26 pieces in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think that because we are giving away this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. This set which we offer here is plated on a white metal base therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and decorated with the beautiful Daisy design which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished.



WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS

It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept this offer we are going to guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Daisy Table Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 73010.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons

Premium No. 7356



Warranted For 10 Years

New Plymouth Design

FOR A CLUB OF SIX

NO woman ever has too many teaspoons—especially the "Rogers'" kind—as here is an offer that will surely interest thousands of our women readers. For a few subscriptions to COMFORT secured among your friends we will send you this handsome set free. They are the famous 1881 Rogers' Al brand which is guaranteed to be full standard silver plate upon a genuine 18% nickel base. Please notice the beautiful design of the new "Plymouth"—which is a splendid reproduction of the universally popular hand-hammered ware. You will have to see the spoons themselves in order to fully appreciate this latest fashionable pattern as our illustration does not do it justice.

We will give you this set of six Rogers' silver teaspoons on the terms of the following club offer. Remember—they are the genuine 1881 Rogers' Al brand—the Rogers' trademark stamped on each and every one. This protects you fully, furthermore each spoon is absolutely warranted for ten years.

CLUB OFFER: For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this set of six Rogers' silver teaspoons free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7356. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Electric Flash Light

With Powerful Long-Lived Battery

Premium No. 7335

For Five Subscriptions

ARE you in the habit of stumbling around in the dark with the uncertain aid of lighted matches or dangerous kerosene lamps or lanterns? Don't do it any longer! It's dangerous—as you very well know—and entirely unnecessary. Get an Eveready Daylo or "flash light" and you have all the advantages of the incandescent electric light in portable form. It can easily be carried in the hand or pocket. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on and off as desired—and it is absolutely safe. No matter what happens it positively cannot set anything on fire.

In the night it shows you your way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, stairways, closets, the dark corners in attic or basement. You can use it in the shed, stable, barn, around hay, powder, gasoline—in fact, any and all kinds of inflammable material and explosives without the slightest danger.

The Eveready is just as useful outdoors as it is indoors. Neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after nightfall, it throws a shaft of brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. The loneliest road, the gloomiest depths of the woods, need have no terrors for you if you go prepared with an Eveready.

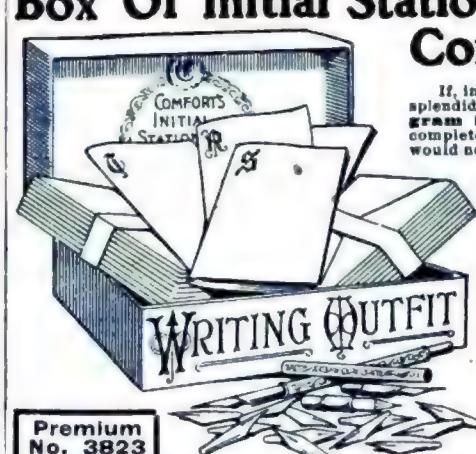
The Eveready is 6 1/2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches in diameter equipped with a strong reflecting lens, Maxda bulb and the latest improved Tungsten battery. This battery with average use will last from two to four months, the bulb from six months to one year. Fresh batteries and bulbs may be obtained from us or any hardware or general store at trifling expense. The light itself—that is, the case and everything except the battery and bulb—is good for many years, in fact with proper care should last an ordinary lifetime.

We will give you this Eveready Daylo or "flash light" complete with battery and bulb, all ready for business upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you an Eveready Daylo complete as described above, free by parcel post prepaid (Premium No. 7335). We can also supply you with extra batteries at the rate of one battery for one-year subscriptions at 25 cents each (Premium No. 7743) and extra bulbs at the rate of one bulb for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 25 cents (Premium No. 8131).

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery, Envelopes And Complete Writing Outfit



Premium No. 3823

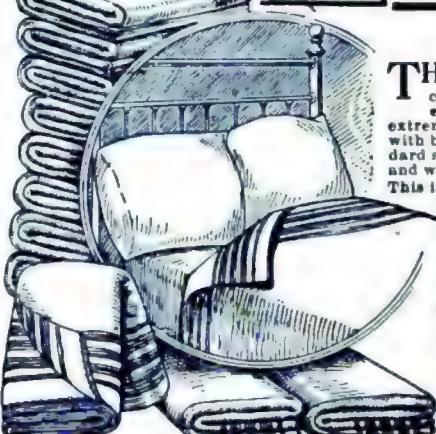
If, in place of this illustration, we could actually show you this splendid assortment of handsome high-grade embossed monogram initial stationery with envelopes to match and complete outfit of everything you need to write with, you would not believe it possible for us to make such an offer. However, that is just what we are doing and you will miss a big bargain if you don't take advantage of it at once. It is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it, so in this big outfit we have arranged to give you two dozen sheets pure white linen stationery 10 1/2 x 13 1/2 inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in dainty colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, one combination sheet guide lines and blotter, same size as stationery, and a complete outfit of writing materials consisting of combination pencil and penholder, one dozen best quality steel pens, one pencil and regular penholder. The complete outfit being packed in a tasty box and sent to you by Parcel Post prepaid. You would have to pay many visits to the stores to get together such a splendid assortment of writing material as this and pay a big price for it in the bargain, but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices and this tells the story how COMFORT is able to offer such a complete outfit for so little.

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this splendid monogram initial you want. Premium No. 3823.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Ten



Premium No. 73210

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need without a cent of expense. These fine double blankets are six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is white or gray with border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 73210.

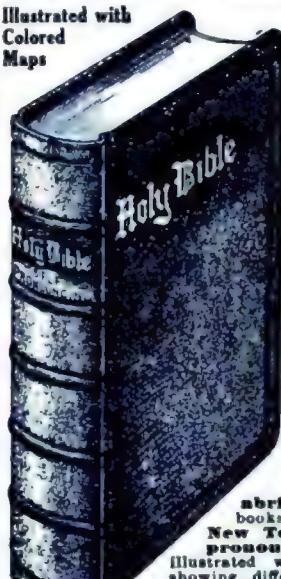
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Self-Pronouncing Bible

Illustrated with Colored Maps

Premium No. 7444

Given For A Club Of Four



SMALL enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or in pocket, or in hand bag, yet complete and unabridged, containing full books of both the Old and New Testaments, is self-pronouncing and handsomely illustrated with colored maps showing different interesting portions of Palestine and surrounding country. It is 6 1/2 inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in black leatherette and contains over a thousand pages finished with round corners and red edges. The "Holy Bible" is stamped in gold on back and front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact all Bible students at home or in church to secure a Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT's readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a cheap paper-bound book but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this self-pronouncing Bible exactly as illustrated and described upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Bible free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7444. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LOCKET AND CHAIN

Rolled Gold Plate!

Warranted For 5 Years!

MON'T every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is always fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for two pictures. The cable chain is 16 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of heavy rolled gold plate that is absolutely guaranteed to

stand an acid test and warranted for five years. It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7295.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Prize Valentine Package

Here Is A Happy Valentine Surprise For You—A Big Package Of Handsome Lace Valentines, Dainty Cut-Outs, Cupids, Hearts, Folders, Turnover Cards, Lovely Gold And Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

ALL YOURS FOR ONE SUBSCRIPTION

WE realize that it is hard for our readers to secure the latest up-to-date Valentine novelties so we have had made up for us at a great bargain a special assortment of latest style Valentines, Cards and Novelties including a number of exclusive designs which are not to be found in the stores. Just see what this big assortment contains:

1 Large Lace Two Leaf Valentine Folder in a pretty Heart and Flower embossed Valentine Envelope, 1 Large Lace Heart Canopy, Two Leaf Folder in Envelope, 1 Large Novelty Lace Pergola Valentine in envelope, 1 Magic Turnover Valentine, 2 Pretty Heart Folding Valentines, 4 Assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-outs, 2 Juvenile Valentine Hearts, 1 Handsome Embossed Valentine Folder, 1 Embossed Flower, Heart and Cupid Panel Valentine Bookmark, 5 Beautiful Gold and Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

Feb. 14 is considered as St. Valentine's Day although Valentines are used all through the month. It is a beautiful custom that appeals to all, both young and old—the exchange of these tender Cupid dart missives between husband and wife, sweethearts, near and dear friends and relatives. And, of course, the children like to exchange with their little friends these dainty love tokens beginning on the fourteenth of February, the month when the birds are supposed to choose their mates. Most of the schools now have Valentine Boxes in which the children drop their Valentines to be distributed later in the day, an hour or more being set apart by the teacher for that purpose.

Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The large beautiful lace Valentine is actually 6 inches long and nearly 5 inches wide, of pretty and fine lace work raised two inches on an accordion plaited standard with a heart and gold decorated base and a charming illustrated sentiment of verse on the inside. Then there is a dainty lace pattern on an embossed card over 6 inches long and nearly 3 1/4 inches wide, over the pretty face of a young maiden giving the fine Pergola effect so popular in the olden days. Another is a pretty heart-shaped canopy of elevated lace paper on a background on which is shown a childlike figure on the inside and you find an illustrated verse of tender sentiment. A magic Turnover Valentine first appears to be an ordinary folder, then presto—a flip of the finger and it unfolds and shows a smiling little girl sitting on a stile and an expectant youth standing at a short distance. We also include in this remarkable collection two pretty embossed heart-shaped folders with verse inside, four choice assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-outs of little children, two red and gold illustrated and inscribed Valentine Hearts, one beautiful embossed Cupid and Heart Floral Bookmark, printed in bright colors on a tinted background, and five handsome Valentine Post Cards embossed in gold and many bright colors showing flowers and children at play each having the suitable sentiment expressed by an appropriate verse underneath.

We will send you this big Prize Valentine collection packed in a neat tasty envelope free and postpaid if you will accept our special offer printed below. Be sure to send in your order early so as to get it in time for St. Valentine's Day.

Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this prize assortment of beautiful up-to-date Valentines, Valentine Cards and Novelties free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7291.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Sent To You Prepaid For One Subscription

Premium No. 7291

Three Wheel Chairs in January

449 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

War conditions complicated by unprecedented bad weather are responsible for the decline in the volume of wheel-chair subscriptions the past month so that three chairs is as many as I can award for January.

The three January wheel chairs go to the following shut-ins. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Mrs H. B. Newell, 1824 E 27th St, Des Moines, Iowa, 129; Susie Harbin, Kansas, Ala., 126; Florine Weldon, Rochelle, Ga., 113.

Mrs H B Newell, age 34, is badly crippled by rheumatism in her lower limbs. Since June, 1916, she has been unable to walk. She has two small children to care for and her husband's wages are barely sufficient to provide necessities for the family. You can imagine what a blessing the COMFORT wheel chair will be to this poor woman.

Little Susie Harbin, several years a cripple, is a patient sufferer and in much need of a wheel chair. The one I have sent her will be a great pleasure to her and a help to her widowed mother in taking care of her.

Florine Weldon, age 10, has been a cripple from birth. She is helpless, not being able to use her legs or arms, and has to be lifted and carried about when moved. The poor child is an orphan and is dependent on relatives for support and care. Mrs. J. M. Baker, Lillian Luke, Alice Weldon and other good ladies of the Woman's Mission Union have canvassed and procured the subscriptions for little Florine's wheel chair, which, as Mrs. Baker writes, she is "awfully" in need of.

On our list of applicants are many other unfortunate who are "awfully" in need of a wheel chair and have no hope of obtaining one except through COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club.

Of course I know that the Red Cross work and the other war charities are making heavy drafts on your time and your purses but, even so, we must not forget or neglect our home charities, and least of all the crippled shut-ins.

Surely you can spare a little time to get a few subscriptions on the wheel-chair account. Every little helps, and never was there a time when the shut-ins were more in need of help. Kindly do your best to help.

Our Roll of Honor and the letters of thanks, printed below, are interesting.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums in which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little easier each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Simply Delighted with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

MAHL, TEXAS.

Mr. W. H. GANNETT.—The wheel chair for Mrs. Maggie Winder has arrived in good condition and I wish to thank you many times for your liberal offer that made it possible for me to help obtain it for her. I know there are many more needy shut-ins who would be delighted if they could obtain one of your wheel chairs. I shall tell others how we secured this one, and I shall help them to get one in the same way. Mrs. Winder is simply delighted and can use the chair all right. If any more subscriptions are due you on her chair I will try to get them soon, and if the account is square I will send what I can to help secure a chair for someone else. Thanking you again, I beg to remain,

Mrs. MOLLIE HOGAN.

Wheel Chair Received in Good Condition

KITE, GEORGIA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: I received my wheel chair in good condition, for which I thank you very much, and I thank all those who helped me get subscriptions. I will send you my picture as soon as I get one. Wishing you and COMFORT the success which your good work deserves, I remain,

Gratefully yours,

Mrs. W. T. McBRIDE.

Little Girl Proud of her COMFORT Wheel Chair

GAINESVILLE, ARK.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: We wish to thank you and the many friends who helped us get the wheel chair for our little Callie. The chair came in good shape, freight all prepaid. Callie is proud of her chair and sits in it nearly all the time. I will send you one of her pictures when I have them made. With best wishes to you and COMFORT, Sincerely your friend,

M. A. WILLIAMS.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Help

FREDERICK, OKLA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: I received my wheel chair in good condition and am very proud of it. I want to thank you and my many friends who helped me get the 200 subscriptions in so short a time. I can now go to church in it, what a great comfort! May there be many more of your wheel chairs go out to carry comfort to the shut-ins, and may you be richly blessed, as you deserve, for your good work.

Sincerely your friend,

MARY BRYAN.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Blanche Jamieson, Maine, for Eastern Maine General Hospital, 85; Louise Carpenter, Miss., for own wheel chair, 50; Susan Rumpf, Montana, for own wheel chair, 31; Mrs. Jerry Jansen, Ill., for Carl G. Jansen, 29; Etta Clark, Ala., for Susie Harbin, 26; Mrs. S. M. Hunnicutt, N. G., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 25; Mrs. E. E. Bennett, La., for Mrs. Louisa Myers, 25; Mrs. R. L. Schell, Colo., for Verna Dutro, 21; Mrs. E. E. Gothard, Texas, for C. M. Gothard's boy, 20; Eva Blythe, Tenn., for Blythe, 16; Mrs. Roy Wilson, Ga., for own wheel chair, 14; Mrs. R. W. Phillips, New Mexico, for Bernie Phillips, 12; Lucille Smith, Iowa, for Olive Stribley, 12; Miss Al. Strieber, Minn., for Mrs. Lawrence Olsen, 12; Mabel Wade, Indiana, for General, 11; Viva Proffitt, Ky., for Roscoe Proffitt, 11; Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Jones, Texas, for Bernie Phillips, 11; Mrs. T. J. Ragland, Texas, for Mr. T. J. Ragland, 10; Lillian Luke, Ga., for Florine Weldon, 10; Edw. H. Ober, N. J., for Mrs. H. B. Newell, 9; Mrs. H. L. Henderson, Pa., for General, 8; Mrs. O. B. Williams, Texas, for Bernie Phillips, 8; Miss Julia Adams, Miss., for Jack Adams, 8; Mrs. Belle Olmstead, S. Dak., for General, 8; Mrs. Mary Karnes, Okla., for Bernie Phillips, 7; Mrs. M. E. Wilson, Ala., for Lovie Belle Taylor, 7; Willie Price, N. C., for own wheel chair, 6; Addie Lumsford, Ala., for Mrs. Mary Green, 6; Mrs. John W. Hartzen, Idaho, for General, 6; Mrs. M. A. Spears, N. C., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 6; Mrs. Ida C. Irby, Okla., for Garnet Pace, 6; G. A. Slough, N. C., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 6; Mrs. Pearl Jackson, Miss., for General, 5; Mrs. Mary Cline, Texas, for Harlon Lane, 5; Miss Martha Jenckel, N. Y., for Willie Price, 5; Mrs. R. P. Colbath, N. H., for General, 5; Miss Jewell Fox, Okla., for Mark Clark, 5.



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. T. L. H., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the use of the wrong name by your aunt at the time of her marriage would not invalidate her marriage, unless such use was for some fraudulent purpose, in which event it might be evidence in any action brought by her present husband to have the marriage set aside on the ground of fraud.

H. S., New Jersey.—We are of the opinion that the laws of your state provide for compulsory compensation to all injured workmen for injury or accident arising out of and in the course of employment causing disability of over two weeks or death, unless intentionally self-inflicted or due to intoxication; that all industries are covered in the absence of contrary election, and all employees except casual, non-resident aliens and certain public employees; that the entire cost rests upon the employer; that the rate and number of weeks for which the compensation must be paid is regulated by the nature and extent of the injury, the amount of pay of the person injured, and the number and age of the dependents; that the enforcement of the law is in the hands of the judge of the court of common pleas, who shall hear and determine any dispute as to a settlement in a summary manner, subject to review of questions of law by the supreme court.

Mrs. A. G., California.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a married man leaving no will, his widow would receive one half of his community property, and that the balance would be distributed as his separate estate. We think that in the absence of both a will and descendants, his widow would receive one half of his separate property, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left, if none such the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

Mrs. L. McK., Tennessee.—We think that if there was a defect in the marriage of the man and woman you mention, they should now have a new ceremony performed. We think if the man you mention does not wish his property disposed of as provided by the laws of intestacy, he should execute a will disposing of his property in such manner as may be desire.

Mrs. M. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child, the widow would receive dower of one third interest for life in the real estate and one half of the personal property, absolutely, after the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to the child, whether or not the child was by the surviving widow or by a former marriage.

Mrs. M. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child, the widow would receive dower of one third interest for life in the real estate and one half of the personal property, absolutely, after the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to the child, whether or not the child was by the surviving widow or by a former marriage.

Mrs. M. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child, the widow would receive dower of one third interest for life in the real estate and one half of the personal property, absolutely, after the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to the child, whether or not the child was by the surviving widow or by a former marriage.

Mrs. M. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child, the widow would receive dower of one third interest for life in the real estate and one half of the personal property, absolutely, after the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to the child, whether or not the child was by the surviving widow or by a former marriage.

Mrs. M. B., New Jersey.—We think that if there is a survey defect in the title of the property you have purchased, you should reject the title before accepting the deed and paying the purchase price, unless the defect can be corrected in some way; but if you have already closed the title and paid over your money, you will have to proceed against the grantor upon the covenants of the deed for such damages as you have suffered by reason of the defect in title, provided your deed is a full covenant and warranty deed; if there is no covenant of warranty in the deed, we think you will be unable to recover any of your damages. We think you should have had a survey and title search made of your property before taking title and paying your money for the property.

A. J. L., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the woman you mention was legally committed to an insane asylum, it would now be necessary to get her discharged in order for her to return to her daughter's home; we do not think this should be a very difficult matter if the woman has recovered from her insanity. We think you should take the matter up with the authorities and have her examined, and then apply for her discharge.

J. G. D., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property, both real and personal, of the wife, owned by her before marriage, and all that she may acquire afterwards by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, with the rents, issues and profits thereof, shall be her separate property, and may be sold, conveyed, mortgaged, encumbered, or assigned by her without her husband's consent; but that all property acquired after marriage by either husband or wife, except such as may be acquired by gift, bequest, devise, or descent, shall be common property; but whenever any property is conveyed to a married woman by an instrument in writing, the presumption is that the title is thereby vested in her as her separate property. We think that the husband has the entire management, with absolute power of disposition, other than testamentary, of the community property, except the homestead, and except that he cannot dispose of it with a view to defraud the wife of her interest therein, but he cannot make a gift of community property or convey the same without a valuable consideration, unless the wife in writing consents thereto; upon the death of the husband the wife succeeds to one half of the community property, after payment of debts and expenses of administration. In case of divorce, the common property shall be equally divided between husband and wife, except when the divorce is granted on the ground of adultery or extreme cruelty, in which case the court apportions the property in its discretion.

Mrs. E. L., Carpenter, Okla.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that if your husband voluntarily performed the work you mentioned on the government land you mentioned, upon simply the verbal consent of some government agent and it thereafter turned out that the land in question was reserved by the government for some other purpose than that under which you propose to lay claim for same, we think he did this work at his own risk and that he should have made sure that he could get a government grant before doing so. But if there was any fraud in connection with the awarding of this land to some one else, we think you might have ground for contesting his claim to same. We think the question of your rights depends largely upon facts not submitted in your inquiry to me. We think it might be advisable for you to take this matter up with some one in your locality, with whom you can go into greater detail. If you could interest your Congressman in your behalf, he might be able to prevail on the authorities at Washington to right matters for you.

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A Whole Garden Of Roses For You!

Their Colors Are Gorgeous—Their Fragrance Delightful!

12

Prize
One
Year

Old Rose
Bushes Sent
By Prepaid Parcel
Post Direct To
Your Door For A
Club Of Three!

**Every Bush Guaranteed
To Bloom!**

THESE roses are grown by the largest, best known firm of florists in the country. Our contract with them provides that every bush sent out must give absolute satisfaction to our subscribers. They are to replace free of all cost any bush that fails to bloom. Please remember, therefore, that in accepting this offer you take absolutely no chances of being disappointed. These bushes are one year old, well rooted, and will be delivered to you in a healthy growing condition, covered with bright clean foliage. Just before shipment they are packed in damp moss and this keeps them perfectly fresh and green during the time they are on the way to you. They are ready to be planted as soon as you receive them. Place them in any good garden soil, give them ordinary care and attention and in a little while you will have a garden of roses that will prove a never ending source of delight to yourself and win the admiration of all your neighbors and friends.

The time for planting roses varies according to the locality in which you live. The date may also vary a little in event of an early or late spring. However, you may depend upon us to forward your bushes at the proper time for you to put them in the ground.

When To Plant Roses

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after Feb. 1
" " Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	" " h. 1
" " Wash., Tenn., Va.,	" Mch. 15
" " Nev., Kans., Mo.,	" Apr. 1
" " Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	" Apr. 15
" " Mont., Mich., N. Y.,	" May 1
New England States,	

YES, you can have a rose garden next summer—one that you will be *proud* of. In it you can have roses of all varieties and all colors—from the beautiful, *bright, cherry pink* of the charming "Lady Gay" to the larger, magnificent, deliciously fragrant *double blossoms* in glorious shades of *red, white, crimson* and *golden yellow*.

This very minute cannot you see, in your mind's eye, these fresh blooming beauties growing luxuriantly beside the fence, along the walk, climbing in delightful profusion up the side of your house or porch, or forming a rich, brilliantly shaded canopy over the doorway? Can not you imagine the pleasure of going out and cutting *loads* of these beautiful fragrant flowers—as many as you want—any time you want them?

These Roses Will Bloom And Bloom All Summer

Their wealth of blossoms and radiant colors will transform your home surroundings into a flowery paradise. And to think that all this pleasure can be yours with really less effort than it takes for us to write this offer and place it before you. By special arrangement with the largest and best known florists in the United States COMFORT offers you **twelve** of the finest Hardy Ever-blooming Roses in cultivation—and to insure your complete success in growing them we will also send you special printed instructions on their planting and culture. There are eight different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the prize of its class, noted for its hardy vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright clean foliage. You should have no trouble at all in growing them. They will thrive in any good garden soil if given a little care and attention. Each bush is one year old and in a growing

condition when delivered to you. With the exception of the climber, all of them should bloom soon after planting.

No matter in what part of the country you live our florists will send the bushes at the proper time to plant according to the schedule printed below. In event of an early or late spring these dates may vary a little but you can depend upon us to forward them at just the right time for you to place them in the ground. You will receive the bushes, packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you free of all cost. Following are brief descriptions of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember that it is not too early to send in your order today.

Mrs. Folly Hobbs

A DELICATE *ivory white* rose—one of the most delightful and showiest of recent years and absolutely distinct—there is no other white rose quite like it. Its rich green foliage is unusually thick and close set forming a plant of rare beauty. Its fragrance is superb and it produces an abundance of large magnificent blossoms with thick shell-shaped petals on long stiff stems.

Etoile De Lyon

THIS is a deep *golden yellow* rose, marvelously rich and pure, with an exquisite fragrance. The blossoms are beautifully formed, large, full and double and of splendid substance—the texture being very thick and lasting. It is an unusually strong grower quickly forming a stout hardy bush and producing a profusion of glorious flowers on long stems all summer. Grace of form, charm of color and vigor of growth are three characteristics which make this one of the finest roses ever offered.

Rosemary

A RICH *silvery pink* rose that is as beautiful as its name. It is very vigorous and hardy, will withstand all extremes of climate and quickly forms a handsome shapely bush the first season planted. It flowers practically all the time—from early spring until late fall—producing masses of blossoms brilliant in effect and exquisitely lovely, but most difficult to describe.

Meteor

FOR an intense rich, velvety *crimson*, there is no other rose to compare with this splendid new variety. It represents a new color in its class and is fast becoming the greatest of all crimson roses for home cultivation. It is always in bloom and its large handsome double flowers are produced in great quantities. It is a hardy plant with a vigorous rapid growth. "Meteor" is the premier crimson rose of today and its numerous charms will delight you.

Red La France

A DEEL, warm glowing *red* rose. There is no other like it, either in growth or beauty. It is the ideal garden rose, thriving to perfection in any soil under the most adverse conditions. The blossoms are marvels of loveliness, composed of heavy satiny petals and stand out well from the plant giving it a most regal appearance. This beautiful variety is without question one of the finest of all garden roses.

Lady Gay

ONE of the finest climbing roses ever grown, producing a perfect riot of bloom in large clusters of a beautiful *bright cherry pink* color. Hardy as an oak it grows canes from twelve to fifteen feet in length in one season and so is admirably suited for training around porches, pillars, trellises and walls. Both flowers and foliage are of excellent substance and withstand unfavorable conditions better than any other variety. The blossoms retain their bright color and luster as long as the season lasts.

Red Letter Day

A NEW prize-winning *crimson* rose of rare beauty. Its velvety, glowing scarlet buds and flowers which are without a tinge of purple are produced on long stems freely and continuously. Its beautiful dark green foliage and profuse blooming qualities combined with absolute hardiness make this one of the finest roses for massing and bedding ever produced.

My Maryland

THIS is a great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness and as such is greatly admired by all true lovers of flowers. It has an indescribable charm that is all its own. Its color is a brilliant, lively shade of *pink* which gradually deepens as the flower expands until the whole bush fairly glows with warm, rich color and delightful fragrance. In this rose you have the rare combination of a poetic name and exquisite beauty.

Order Now—Roses Will Reach You At Planting Time!

Our Offer Of 12 Bushes! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each (50 cents in all) we will send you **twelve** of the above described Rose Bushes (8 different varieties) free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you direct from the florist at the proper time for planting in your locality. Premium No. 7773.

Our Offer Of 8 Bushes! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each (50 cents in all) we will send you **eight** of the above described Rose Bushes (8 different varieties) free by parcel post prepaid. They will be forwarded to you direct from the florist at the proper time for planting in your locality. Premium No. 8602.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



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Agents—Steady Income Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Address Preport Mfg. Co., 50 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—with experience sell to consumers made-to-measure Suits \$14.00 and \$18.00. Build independent business with big money. Outfits furnished. Midland Tailors, Dept. 10B 19 So. Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Agents Wanted to sell Egg-nit—a pure food substitute for eggs. Easy selling article—big profits—quick repeater. Stuart & Co., 7 Broadway, Newark, N. Y.

\$100 to \$200 Profit Weekly. Complete Moving Picture Outfit, furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 2-A 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Sell Insdy Tyres, inner armour for auto tires double mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Do You Want To Travel At Our Expense? We want good men and women for traveling general agents. Must have fair education and good references. Will make contract for three months, six months or year at salary \$22.50 per week and necessary expenses. Can assign most any territory desired. For full particulars address George G. Clows Company, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 4-F.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendies, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 422-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Would \$150 Monthly as general agent for \$150,000 corporation and a Ford auto for your own, introducing stock and poultry remedies, dips, disinfectants, sanitary products interest you? Then write Royley Co., Co-operative Mfg. Co., Dept. A-35, Monticello, Ind.

Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer, 90 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. Favori Chemical Co., 619 North St., Dayton, O.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

233% Profit selling Jubilee Spark Intensifiers to auto owners, garages. Banishes spark plug trouble. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. K-3, Omaha, Nebr.

Rennant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents—200% Profit. Wonderful little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. E. M. Feitman, Mgr., 5215 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

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I Want 100 Men And Women To Act as my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge \$88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made \$314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for \$3.95. Four average orders a day gives you \$2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., J-17, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Water-proof Kitchen Apron. Every house buys dainty, durable, economical, acid-proof, grease proof. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2119 North St., Dayton, O.

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Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hose, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

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Agents: Big Hit! Our 5-Piece Aluminum Sets is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Sets like wildfire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell houseswives for only \$1.95. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shows. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. S. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

Agents, sell "Everything a Lady should Know" new 160 page book. Over 1100 valuable household hints, wrinkles, recipes, health hints, etc. A veritable Encyclopedia of useful information. Not a cook book. Popular price (\$2.00). Enormous Seller, Big Profit. Sample Copy 25c. Particulars free. Johnson Smith & Co., 54 W. Lake St., Chicago.

Young Man, Would You Accept A Tailored suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 102, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

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Would You Like To Wear A Beautiful New Suit, made to your own measure. Free, and make \$35 to \$50 every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at once for our beautiful samples and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 276, Chicago.

Naphtha Washing Tablets clean clothes without rubbing. Harmless to finest fabrics. Factory to you prices. Cash refund guarantee. N. W. T. Co., 720 So. Dearborn, Chicago.

Agents Wanted. Men and Women. Wonderful opportunity. \$7.50 to \$15.00 paid for \$25.00 worth of business. Something new. Write for particulars. National Photoplay Exchange, 220 W. 123 St., New York, N. Y.

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Salemen—City or Traveling. Experienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—\$2,500 to \$10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thousands of our members have done. Our Course combines careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited Employment Service rendered. Members. Address nearest office. Dept. 105-B, Nat'l. Salemen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago, San Francisco, New York.

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Lay All Winter White Leghorns. Baby chicks and hatching eggs. Booklet. Hamilton Farm, Huntington, N. Y.

Day Old Chicks For Sale. 10 varieties, thousands per week, strong, healthy, hatched by one of the oldest hatcheries, circular Free. Good fowl, well watered land \$15 an acre up. Excellent for truck and general farming, poultry, livestock, dairying, etc. Details and copy Southern Homeseeker free—write today. P. H. LaRouche, Agric. Agric. N. & W. Ry., 265 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

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Southern Crops Bring Top Prices Today. The mild climate and long growing season on these Virginia and N. Carolina farms means bigger crops and larger profits for you. Good fertile, well watered land \$15 an acre up. Excellent for truck and general farming, poultry, livestock, dairying, etc. Details and copy Southern Homeseeker free—write today. P. H. LaRouche, Agric. Agric. N. & W. Ry., 265 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

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Small Missouri Farm, \$10 cash and \$5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; write for photographs and full information. Munger, D 104, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Get A Farm Irrigated By Uncle Sam in Salt River Valley, southern Arizona, under Roosevelt Dam. Raise alfalfa for feeding cattle and sheep. Raise vegetables and fruits for early Eastern market. Buy land now, before it costs more. Deep soil, assured water, reasonable prices, fine winter climate. Write for our Salt River Valley folder free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1946 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

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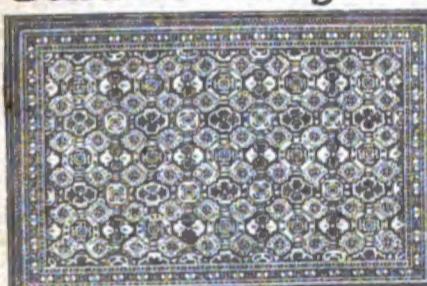
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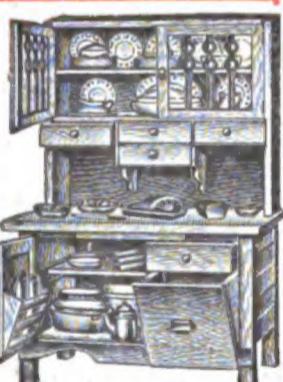


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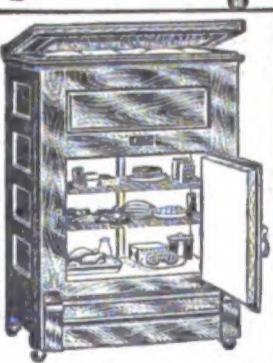
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